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EDITORIAL

This issue of the ALABAMA HISTORICAL QUARTERLY concludes Volume 7. The Editor had reserved Volume 4 for our earliest French history to be translated from that language into English from manuscript material in the Library of Congress. The party employed to translate the material failed to deliver it to the Department of Archives and History and the idea of publishing it has been abandoned by the Director. A very valuable history of Coosa County, written by the late Rev. George E. Brewer for the Department more than twenty years ago, will be published in the next issue of the Quarterly which will bear the imprint of Volume 4, Number 1. It is not likely that the one issue of the magazine will be sufficient for the whole article. In that case it will be continued from issue to issue until the whole is published.

MARIE BANKHEAD OWEN, Editor.

SAM DALE
PIONEER, TRAIL BLAZER, INDIAN SCOUT, SOLDIER
AND STATESMAN

By George H. Ethridge, Jackson, Miss.

In the development of our country there has been a progressive moving forward from primitive conditions to our present day civilization. Most men are moulded by their environment and become a part of the moving forces of their day without much perceptible influence upon the destinies of those who come after them. But the few who stand out as leaders often mould institutions and affect, for good or ill, the lives and times that come after them.

BIRTH AND YOUTH

Sam Dale was one of those interesting personages, that adorned our country's history and ranks with such characters as Daniel Boone, Simon Kenton, David Crockett, Kit Carson, Buffalo Bill, and Jim Bridges. These pioneer leaders were necessary and useful in the age in which they lived. Dale's great usefulness and service was mostly in the territory now constituting Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi. He was greatly admired by Andrew Jackson and admired and loved Jackson. General Dale was popular with the Creeks, the Choctaws and the Cherokee Indians and they called him "Big Sam." He served in the legislature of Alabama and was a Brigadier General in the Alabama militia. He was the first representative from Lauderdale County, Mississippi, and is buried in that county, about two miles west of old Daleville.

Sam Dale was of Scotch-Irish extraction, and his parents were natives of the state of Pennsylvania, their forebears having come over to America years before the birth of Sam Dale's parents. They moved to Rockbridge County, Virginia, where Sam was born in the year 1771. In 1775 they moved to Clinch River in what is now Washington County, Virginia, which then was on the frontier and in close proximity with the Indians. The Cherokees, who were as most Indians in that time a warlike and aggressive people, did not relish the settlement and clearing of their hunting and fishing grounds. Dale's father purchased a

tract of land for a home, and in connection with a few other citizens built a fort, for protection from Indian depredations, called Glade Hollow Fort. Here these families remained for a time, the women and children remaining in the fort while the men tilled their fields, keeping their guns handy to guard against sudden attack. It was a wild and precarious life upon the frontier, often interrupted with ambuscade and massacres. But these frontiersmen never shrank from danger and moved from river to river, across mountains and streams penetrating wilderness, encountering danger at every step with a resolute and unshrinking courage and fortitude. They never dreamed of retreat and their women and children were as stout-hearted as the men.

One of the first incidents of danger and peril that Dale gave to his biographer, Claiborne, was one wherein his father figured. Dale's father, with a fellow colonist, went from the fort together, one starting to a mill and the other in search of horses. Shortly after they separated, the Indians captured Whiteside, Dale's companion, and tied him to a tree in the custody of two warriors and started to the fort for a surprise attack. Dale's father fell in with a foraging party of whites and soon saw Indian signs. The Indians having charge of Whiteside decided to go nearer the fort and untied him, one of them laying his gun across his lap, while he untied Whiteside. Whiteside seized the gun and shot the Indian and clubbed the other before he could get his gun in shooting position and ran to the fort giving the alarm. As Dale and his companions approached the fort, they were fired upon and two men killed.

One day two men, Joe Horn and Dave Calhoun, went to their clearings to plant their corn and imprudently carried their wives and children with them. While the men were out hunting on one of these days the Indians captured these families or killed them and the men returned to the fort and loud were the lamentations and vows of revenge. Shortly after this, Dale's father went to the salt works on the Holston River and his wife and children were alone. About nine o'clock at night they saw Indians approaching. Dale's mother threw a bucket of water on the fire, bolted and barred the door, made the children lie down and posted herself with a rifle and an axe near the door and awaited the attack. But the Indians for some rea-

son did not make the attack and some hours later Sam's father returned safely.

MARRIAGE PARTY MASSACRED

A few days thereafter Dale's family set out for Clinches Mountain to attend a wedding. They knew the Indians were about; that their household effects were left unguarded; that they incurred the risk of an ambuscade, capture, or even death; yet they went on. This shows the fearless spirit of these pioneers who were ever willing to face danger and adventure. While they were on their way to this wedding they met Captain Barnett with a party who informed them that Indians were about and that he was scouting for them. The elder Dale, ever ready for a fight, joined this company and the rest trudged on to the Clinch Mountain, but instead of a bridal party and a well spread table, ringing laughter and dancing feet, they found ghastly corpses, tomahawked and scalped. The intended bride and her mother and some children had been captured and taken away. The Indians tore the infant child of the bride's mother from her arms and scalped it. While this was happening, one of the children dropped into a sink hole, and hiding there until the Indians had gone, got away and returned. The Indians were too apprehensive of pursuit to follow this girl. The same night the bride-to-be made her escape under great difficulties and returned to the homestead. A few neighbors had buried the dead. After a parley it was decided that it was best for the marriage to take place forthwith and it was there consummated. This shows how these pioneers, with but meagre education, had the venturing spirit and the grim determination that characterized our forefathers and made them triumphant over great difficulties and obstacles.

In November 1791, Sam Dale's father moved to Greene County, Georgia, and bought a tract of land near Carmichael's Station, for which he paid seven thousand pounds of tobacco. He built a cabin and made a clearing but the "blind staggers" got among his horses and all but one died. The following Christmas Mrs. Dale, Sam's mother died, and one week later the father followed her to the land of the spirits. Sam Dale, then less than twenty years of age, was left as the head of a

family of eight younger than himself, one of whom was an infant. Speaking of this, Sam Dale says, "Never have I felt so crushed and overpowered by the feeling of helplessness and isolation. . . . No foot of earth could be called our own; we were crushed with debt; no kindred blood or opulent friends to offer us sympathy or aid; eight brothers and sisters, all younger than myself, with one an infant, looking to me for bread, and the wilderness around our lonely home swarming with enemies. In this state of mind, on the night after we laid father by our poor mother's side, when my little brothers and sisters had sobbed themselves to sleep, I went out to their graves and prayed. Ah, those who are cradled in luxury and surrounded with opulent kindred cannot know the whole strength of the tie that binds together parent and child that have no friends, and how it tears the heart when that tie is broken. 'Tis the survivor that dies.' I went to the grave a broken hearted, almost despairing boy. I came back a tearful and sad, but a hopeful and resolute man. I felt the weight of responsibility upon me, that I must be both father and mother of those orphaned little ones. I had faith in Providence and in myself, and when they woke I met them with a smile, and with kind words and a cheerful spirit. We all went resolutely to work according to our strength, and God blessed our labors."

The memory of this night and the strength given from this prayer at the graves of his parents lived with Sam Dale in many later times of trial and danger.

DALE BECOMES AN INDIAN FIGHTER

In 1793 the Indians became restless and discontented at the advance of the whites. Captain Foote was authorized by the governor of Florida to organize a troop of horses for the protection of the frontier. Putting a steady man in his place on the farm, Sam Dale volunteered for service. After some months of scouting they were mustered into the United States service and ordered to Ft. Matthews on the Oconee. That year a first rate crop was made on the Dale farm and the income received, together with Dale's salary in the service, enabled Dale to pay more than half of the debt due on the farm. In the following year the farm debt was paid.

In 1794 the Creek Indians renewed their depredations, burning houses and driving off horses and cattle and the military company to which Sam Dale belonged was ordered out and followed the Indians to the Oke-fuskee village near the Chat-tahoochie River, crossed the river silently and got into the town just before daybreak just as the Indians, having taken the alarm, were rushing from their houses. Thirteen Indians were killed, ten captured and the village burned. Scouting in front of his company, on this occasion, Dale came upon an Indian lodge occupied by two warriors and shot one of them dead but the other jumped into the canebrake. A man named O'Neal who came up just then joined Dale in the pursuit of this Indian. The cane was very thick and the two white men wormed their way through the cane when the Indian fired and killed O'Neal. By this time the troops came up and began firing into the cane and imperiled Dale. He had to use the corpse of O'Neal to protect himself from his friends who could not see him. The Indian, not twenty feet away, but concealed in the cane, determined to attack Dale. As he glided through the cane towards Dale, as soon as he was visible, Dale fired but missed him. Before he could reload his rifle, the Indian was upon him with his knife at his throat and his hand in Dale's hair. At that moment a trooper fired and killed the Indian. This is just a sample of the many scenes of peril and times of danger. Many other scenes of even greater danger and horror confronted Dale in after time. He was a most valuable Indian scout fighter and guide in the Creek war.

In 1796 Dale's company was disbanded. He procured a four horse wagon and engaged in wagoning. Thriving in this line of business, Dale in the year 1799 began trading with the Indians. About this time a brisk emigration from Georgia and the Carolinas to the Mississippi territory, through the Creek country, began and Dale became active in moving such emigrants. In 1803, commissioners were appointed by the President to mark a highway through the Cherokee territory and Ellick Saunders and Sam Dale were appointed as guides. When this highway was laid out, Dale with one Buffington, a half-breed, set up a trading post on Hightower River. They traded goods for pelts which they sold in Charleston. While engaged in this trading, Dale witnessed the death of Double-Head, a noted Cherokee chief, who was killed because he had sold to speculators a

tract of the Cherokee country near Muscle Shoals. The sale was deeply resented by his tribe and his death was resolved upon. This tragedy is vividly described by Dale to his biographer.

In 1811 the grand council of the Creeks was held at Tookabatcha and at this council the great Shawnee Chief Tecumseh appeared with a group of warriors and made his famous appeal to the Creeks for assistance in his scheme for driving the white race out of the country. Dale was present when this speech was made and gives a graphic account of it. Tecumseh was a remarkable man and a very great orator. This sketch is a most interesting one. He is reported to have said: "In defiance of the white warriors of Ohio and Kentucky, I have traveled through their settlements, once our favorite hunting grounds. No war whoop was sounded, but there is blood on our knives. The Palefaces felt the blow, but knew not whence it came.

TECUMSEH SPEAKS TO MUSCOGEES

"Accursed be the race that has seized on our country and made women of our warriors. Our fathers from their tombs reproach us as slaves and cowards. I hear them now in the wailing winds. The Muscokee (Creeks) was once a mighty people. The Georgians trembled at their war whoops, and the maidens of my tribe on the distant lakes sung the prowess of your warriors and sighed for their embraces. Now your blood is white; your tomahawks have no edge; your bows and arrows were buried with your fathers. Oh, Muscogees, brethren of my mother, brush from your eyelids the sleep of slavery; once more strike for vengeance—once more for your country. The spirits of the mighty dead complain. Their tears drop from the skies. Let the white race perish. They seize your land; they trample on the ashes of your dead. Back whence they came, upon a trail of blood, they must be driven. Back, back, aye, into the great water whose accursed waves brought them to our shores. Burn their dwellings. Destroy their stock. Slay their wives and children. The red man owns this country, and the Palefaces must never enjoy it. War now. War forever. War upon the living. War upon the dead. Dig their very corpses from the grave. Our country must give no rest to the white men's bones. This is the will of the Great Spirit, revealed to

my brother, his familiar, the Prophet of the Lakes. He sends me to you. All the tribes of the North are dancing the war dance. Two mighty warriors across the Great Waters will send us arms. Tecumseh will soon return to his country. My prophets will tarry with you. They will stand between you and the bullets of your enemies. When the white men approach you the yawning earth shall swallow them up. Soon you shall see my arm of fire stretched athwart the sky. I will stamp my foot at Tippecanoe and the very earth shall shake."

MUSCOGEES TO WAR

This fiery speech had a profound effect upon the Creeks, or Muscogees, as they were called among the Indians, and they afterwards went upon the warpath as a part of this Indian conspiracy. In that war Dale had a most conspicuous part. In 1813 the war broke out and the first battle was fought on the eastern side of Escambia River, near Burnt Corn Creek, and the whites were defeated. At this battle Sam Dale was wounded and the bullet remained in his body for a long time. The battle at Burnt Corn Creek and the hostile demonstration throughout the Creek nation at last aroused the Federal government. General Dale was severely critical of the inattention of the Federal authorities to the activities of Tecumseh. He blamed the Federal authorities for the war and much of the trouble in other parts of the South. It does seem that wisdom would have dictated a more severe course with Tecumseh than the Federal authorities took.

On the 2nd of August, 1813, General Claiborne wrote General Flournoy that the inhabitants of the settlements had taken shelter in the stockades, but that few of them were capable of defense; that they were crowded with women and children who were daily threatened with the scalping knife; that he had but 80 men then at headquarters and that the presence of reinforcements were highly desirable; that should he be reinforced and authorized to enter the Creek territory that he would within ten days do so and give the frontiers peace and give the government as much of the Creek country as it desired. He advised that strong forces should enter the Indian country before they were in arms everywhere. That with permission of his superior

and a thousand men he would burn their principal towns; that three months hence it would be difficult to effect with three thousand men. He was not given the necessary authority or the proper reinforcements. It was rumored that the Choctaws might enter this war with the Creeks and General Gaines sent Major Ballenger to visit the Choctaws. He had an interview with Pushmataha. This distinguished Chief was induced to visit General Claiborne and was given the rank, uniform, and accoutrements of a Brigadier General. This greatly pleased the Chief who had but little love for the Creeks or their cause and he enlisted the Choctaw nation with the whites against the Creeks within thirty days.

On the 30th day of August the Indians attacked Ft. Mims and massacred the occupants of that place. The massacre at Ft. Mims alarmed the whole country. Dale took charge of Ft. Glass. Colonel Carson was ordered to abandon Ft. Madison, some fifteen miles from Ft. Glass. He obeyed orders reluctantly and as his drums beat for his men to march, Dale beat his drums for volunteers, being determined to remain if he could get ten men to stand by him. Fifty men volunteered and as Carson's men marched out, Dale's men marched in. At night Dale illuminated the approaches for a distance of one hundred yards, using a device of his own for that purpose. The illumination was so efficient that no covert attack could be made. It will be impossible to give the details of Dale's activities during this war. His most famous exploit is perhaps the battle in the canoes where he won over great handicaps.

After the war was over, Weatherford, the Chief of the Creeks, stated to Dale that he was unable to arrest the carnage. Weatherford fought like a hero and with great military tact until his towns were burned, his country ravaged, his warriors slain, and, when moved by starving women around him he surrendered to General Jackson. His speech on the occasion of his surrender is said to be a masterpiece of eloquence. Sometime after peace was restored, Weatherford moved into the white settlements near Montgomery and married there, and Sam Dale was best man at his wedding. In accounting for his moving among the whites, he said his old comrades were hostile, ate his cattle from starvation; that the peace party ate them from revenge; the squatters because he was a d---d Redskin, so he

had, he said, come to live among gentlemen. Weatherford died in 1830.

During the period when General Jackson was at New Orleans, Dale was sent with an important dispatch to that General. He made the trip with incredible speed and delivered the dispatch. He saw the Battle of New Orleans fought at this time. General Jackson replied to the important dispatch and desired Dale to return with his reply. He did so, passing through the great wilderness of Indian country alone and with true courage and tireless energy made that dangerous trip without harm. He was a wonderful woodsman and he knew the Indian country better than most men.

DALE RETURNS TO CIVIL LIFE

After the war, Dale settled into peaceful pursuits. He was not an educated man in books, yet had acquired some learning and knew some of the better literature. In those days, there were few schools and opportunity for acquiring an education on the frontier was exceedingly difficult. Yet, many men learned to read and write and with this equipment read and studied alone, whiling their few idle hours away in the pursuit of knowledge from books. Dale was one of these men. He had a profound knowledge of men and of their natures. He occupied important positions in both military and civil life. He served in the legislature of both Alabama and Mississippi. He was, as you, perhaps, know, the first representative from Lauderdale County. There he met the most brilliant men of the times. Men like Sergeant S. Prentiss, J. F. H. Claiborne, Adam L. Bingaman, Wm. Vannison, Benj. Stockton, Thomas H. Williams, Tighlman Tucker, D. M. Fulton, John Bell, Wm. Vick, and others who then adorned the public life in Mississippi. He had during the Creek war furnished the Federal army supplies for which he was never paid. During the administration of Andrew Jackson, whom Dale greatly admired, and who in turn greatly admired Dale, he went to Washington to try to get a settlement of this just claim, which was never paid. He there met the most prominent men of the nation, such men as John C. Calhoun, Thomas H. Benton, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, and many others. He gave his impressions of these men which is very interesting

reading and shows a discerning and discriminating mind. He also gave a pen picture of the conditions among governmental employees and social conditions at that time. He was every inch a gentleman and was greatly honored and admired by "Old Hickory" and others. He gave information, obtained on that trip to Washington, that every person should enjoy reading and which is set forth at length in Claiborne's *Life of Dale*. This book is now out of print and difficult to obtain, and it should be reprinted for the use of those who are interested in men of that type which have passed permanently from our national life. We could all profit by its publication and I hope that a movement will be inaugurated to have it reprinted for general sale. It will, of course, take a considerable outlay and no single person should be expected to do this work. Its sale would not, perhaps, be extensive, yet it is so wonderful in its recitals of much that we should hold dear and was written by such a graceful writer, J. F. H. Claiborne, that no person would regret buying a copy for his personal library.

General Dale's ashes lie within the soil of this community (Lauderdale County, Mississippi) and we today do him honor. May there be some way devised to perpetuate his memory and his achievements for the future generation in a more complete way than can be done by mere marble. His life furnishes a shining light in the annals of our country. It links the frontier days, with their deficiencies of learning, with this day of our great flood of literature and history and educational systems. Few men reach that height of achievement under the handicaps that environs men like Dale. His memory should be a sacred treasure to us who have inherited the fruits of his time.

TEXAS RANGERS A UNIQUE FORCE'

Like No Other Organization in the World

The Formation of the Body Dates Back to 1836, When the
Texans Were Having Trouble with Mexicans—Sam Houston
Organized a Body of Sixteen Hundred Mounted Rifle-
men—Their Doings in the War Between the States—
Good Riders and Hard Fighters—Some of the
Encounters in Which They Have Been
Engaged

(Anything connected with the life of General Sam Houston is of interest to Alabamians for two reasons, first because he fought in Alabama under Gen. Andrew Jackson in the Creek Indian War of 1813-1814; second, he married as his second wife Margaret Lea, of Marion, Ala. Born near Lexington, Va., March 2, 1793, he died in Huntsville, Texas, July 26, 1863, and it can truthfully be said few American characters had a more varied and picturesque career. Reared in Tennessee he spent a number of years with the Cherokee Indians, taught school in his adopted State and while in his young manhood volunteered for service in Jackson's army after the Massacre at Fort Mims, then in the Mississippi Territory, but in Alabama after 1817, where five hundred white men, women and children were killed by the Creeks. With Jackson also were William Barrett Travis, David Crockett, and other heroes who later died at the Alamo in the Mexican War in which Houston distinguished himself especially at Beuna Vista. Houston was wounded in the Battle of the Horse-shoe Bend, Tallapoosa County, the decisive battle with the Creeks, and it is said that after William Weatherford's surrender to General Jackson at the ruins of the old French Fort Toulouse, later called Fort Jackson, that he went to Wetumpka nearby and nursed Houston back to health. When Houston was Governor of Tennessee, 1827-1829, he married Eliza Allen, daughter of an aristocratic family, but they separated a few months later for reasons never revealed. After Houston had had his military triumphs in the Mexican War and been made President of the Republic of Texas, he met Margaret Lea, of Marion, Ala., and married her in the home of her mother, Mrs. Nancy Lea, widow of a Baptist minister. The historic house is still preserved in Marion. M.B.O.)

The Texas Rangers as an organization dates from the spring of 1836. The hardy Texans were at war with Mexico for the freedom of the Republic of Texas from Mexican rule. When the Alamo had fallen and the frightful massacre there had occurred,

¹From the San Francisco Chronicle, date not given.

General Sam Houston organized among the settlers in the territory a troop of 1,600 mounted riflemen. They were the original Texas Rangers. They did wonders in the face of the army under General Santa Ana in the battle of San Jacinto. When the Republic of Texas was organized in December, 1837, the Rangers were retained as a sort of standing army for the frontier of the unique republic. During the seven years before Texas was admitted as a state in the Union, the Rangers repelled a horde of murderous Mexican marauders from beyond the Rio Grande, fought into submission the fierce Apaches, Comanches and Kiowas dozens of times, and administered justice on a wholesale plan to a great number of the red-handed outlaws and ruffians who flocked into the new republic from all parts of the United States.

The Texas Rangers became so much of an institution for the protection of life and property of the settlers and lonely ranchmen of the territory that when Texas became a state, 1,200 of the Rangers were retained as mounted police along the Mexican border and for holding in check the almost intractable Indian tribes of the Southwest. Until the Civil War broke out the Texas Rangers were kept constantly in the field. At times there were reserve Rangers to the number of 3,000 among the frontiersmen who were called out many times to aid in quelling an Indian outbreak and to drive out or slay a band of Mexican marauders. After the war the Rangers were gradually reduced from 1,000 to 300 men, and for some ten years there has been no legally constituted force of Rangers. The men who occupy to some degree the places of the old-time Rangers are officially designated the Frontier Battalion. Up to 1879 the battalion was composed of six companies. Companies A and C were disbanded about five years ago. There were forty men in a company, officered by a captain, a lieutenant, a sergeant and a corporal. The present organization provides for only captains and sergeants, and the force was cut down in 1896 from fourteen men in each company to seven, "a mere handful," says an old Ranger, "but they are all aces."

Still there are in the office of the adjutant general at Austin a list of 1,800 equipped and experienced men who are amenable to calls for immediate duty as Rangers by the governor. The list is revised every year, and only the most hardy may

serve. There is also a list of reserve Rangers to the number of 6,000. The stock men and owners of the big Texas ranches all employ some men belonging to the Rangers on their own account.

In the Civil War

When the Civil War broke out General Con Terry, an old Ranger, organized the famous body of men known as Terry's Texas Rangers, composed almost entirely of former Rangers and frontiersmen. They fought from Bull Run to Appomattox, and lost seventy-five percent of their original muster roll. General Sherman's memoirs comment upon the bravery of the Rangers at Shiloh. Soon after the close of the Civil War the Texas legislature provided for calling out 1,200 Rangers to protect the frontiers against hostile Indians. They were what would have been known five hundred years ago as wardens of the marches. It was a formidable little army thus provided, and for some years thereafter the Rangers formed a strong body of troops. As late as 1873 there were organized and armed along the frontier of Texas, twenty-eight minute companies of Rangers, and four more companies were mustered into service late that year or early the next.

Senator Roger Q. Mills has said that it is unfortunate for the glory of the West that a history of the Texas Rangers cannot be written with any satisfaction. The chief actors and participants in the history-making days of that wonderful body are all dead, and they have left no material for a correct account of their deeds of cold heroism. Then, too, the achievements and acts of the Rangers—their supremest tests of valorous duty—occurred away out on the plains of Texas, many miles remote from the border of civilization, and the homely, everyday heroes had no idea they were doing things as sublimely brave as any Theban band or Spartans or six hundred at Balaklava ever did.

It is only by piecemeal that one can get an idea nowadays of the dangers the Texas Rangers have faced as easily as daily duty. In the summer of 1847 the Rangers followed the Comanches, numbering over 3,000 ceaselessly for two months. Seven times there were engagements of several hours' length. Then

when the Comanches had been temporarily subdued the even more hostile Apaches on the west had to be attended to for three months more, but in this the United States troops were the leaders. In October a half-dozen bands of Mexican bandits, who had burned, murdered and marauded along the Rio Grande while the Rangers were engaged with the Indians three hundred miles away, had to be searched out amid vast stretches of arid wastes and trackless foothills, and fought under all imaginable hazardous circumstances. In one week twenty-two Rangers were killed by the intrenched half-breed bandits to the number of three hundred. Altogether the campaigning against Comanches, Apaches and marauders lasted ten months, and there was not a rest day—no time when the Rangers felt secure from danger—in all those months. In that campaign of 1847 fourteen out of every hundred Rangers were killed. Seventeen percent more were wounded by poisoned arrows and bullets so that they became invalids for life. No danger was too severe, no duty too risky for the Texans.

Little squads of Rangers had no thought of the fearful chances they were taking in going for miles into a hostile Indian region where hundreds of braves might be concealed for massacre at any moment. "I have heard from the lips of reliable Rangers," said General Miles, when the Rangers were enlisting in the Rough Riders' troop for Cuba, "tales of daring by the Texas Rangers that are incomparable. It is indeed too bad that the world knows so little about these marvelous men. There have been hosts of men among the Texas Rangers who were just as nervy as Davy Crockett, Travis or Bowie were at the Alamo."

Statistics are kept in the office of the Adjutant General of Texas regarding the Rangers, and they give something of an idea of the constant dangers and the almost constant campaigning that these hardy men have experienced along the Texas frontier. In 1852, 600 Rangers were engaged in a fight with over 2,000 Cherokees. The latter were intrenched near where Denison, Texas, now flourishes. Scouts reported the size of the Indian body to the Rangers, and said that if a certain hill seven miles off to the left could be gained in the face of the terrible odds against such a movement the Rangers would master the situation. The desperate chance was accepted. With a whoop of defiance to the Indians, the Texans rode forward.

Exactly 137 men fell dead in the charge. But the hill was taken and held until the United States troops came a few hours later to take the brunt of the battle.

Fights with Indians

From 1865 to 1883, the Texas Rangers effectually followed 128 parties of Indian marauders, had 84 fights with Indians and Mexicans, killed 82 Indians, wounded 62 and captured 6; killed 27 Mexicans and wounded 5; recovered nearly 6,000 stolen horses, mules and cattle, three citizens carried off by Indians and desperadoes. During those years 396 citizens were killed and 81 carried off by Mexicans or Indians; 12 Rangers were killed and 21,600 horses and mules, 43,400 cattle and 2,400 sheep and goats were stolen. There were in addition homes of settlers burned, prairie fires purposely started, many people lynched and a vast number of minor outrages which the Rangers were called upon to redress.

Conditions had so far changed in Texas by the year 1899 that the Rangers were no longer needed for defense against hostile Indians as Indian raids had ceased. But the force, now reduced in numbers, was active in the suppression of desperadoes along the border, some of them raiding Mexicans, other native products, and all more troublesome from the fact that increased vigilance on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande tended to confine the operations of such persons to Texas. The Rangers made in the years 1899-1900, 579 arrests, mostly of desperate criminals, among them 76 murderers, 160 cattle thieves and 25 robbers and burglars.

Although Mexican outrages had decreased in numbers and the Indians had utterly disappeared from the state, the Rangers, from December, 1890, to November 30, 1892, made more than 900 arrests.

The story of the Ranger service is one long record of unwavering fidelity to duty during all the sixty years and more in which its members have guarded the lives, liberties and property of their fellow citizens. No gaudy trappings nor gay equipment have any place in their outfit; no bugle calls them, and no flag floats above them in their swift and silent rides, yet none

the less surely has this remarkable organization ever shown itself admirably adapted to the times and conditions under which it has developed. In all the elements of true courage and earnestness, in ready obedience, efficiency and patriotic devotion, its record has been surpassed by that of no body of constabulary ever mustered.

Requisites of a Ranger

Any unmarried man over eighteen years of age is eligible as a Ranger, but it is an exceedingly difficult matter to get into the organization. Courage, physical soundness, first-rate horsemanship, precision with firearms and steady habits are the requisites for membership. The term of enlistment is one year. The Ranger furnishes his horse, accoutrements and arms, while the state furnishes food for the men, forage, ammunition, medicine and medical attendance. The pay for captains is \$100 a month, of sergeants \$50 a month, and of privates \$30 a month. The force is made up of young men, sober, well ordered, and, as a rule, fairly well educated. The Rangers of today attend to business in the same thorough fashion as their predecessors, and in small bands of six or eight men they pursue and capture the worst desperadoes of the border counties.

In the equipment of its men and officers but scant regard is paid to military law and precedent. Each Ranger dresses as he pleases, experience having taught him the best outfit for utility and comfort on his unending round of duty. He usually wears a corduroy coat, with reversible waterproof lining, heavy riding trousers and boots well spurred, a flannel shirt, buckskin gloves and a big hat. For arms, he carries a short carbine, a bowie knife and a Colt's sixshooter, which is not strapped close to his body, but hangs almost to his knee, it having been found that thus suspended there is less risk of the weapon catching when drawn in a hurry. In his belt are his cartridges. And so accoutred, he is always ready to mount and ride "We live in the saddle, and the sky is our roof," say the Rangers, and this is almost literally true, for the greater part of their time is passed in active pursuit of criminals. The raiding Ranger takes a horse where he will, and may arrest or search in any part of Texas.

A veteran Ranger is held in deep respect all over Texas. Every town that is the home of a very old Ranger—one who fought under Sam Houston or went through the rebellion—gives first honor always to the aged Ranger. A veteran Ranger is naturally the most popular man in the precinct. His foibles are overlooked and his old clothes are hallowed. An old Ranger may have almost anything that the border counties have to bestow, and it is from retired Rangers that sheriffs and other county officers are usually chosen. In Waco there is a club of ex-Rangers, and when the members assemble and are in a mood, a visitor may have some of the most thrilling anecdotes and stories he ever heard or read.

Active Rangers, when in camp, employ their time cleaning their arms and training their horses. There is very little of what an army officer would call military drill. A Ranger is expected simply to be a good rider and a quick and accurate shot. Every one of them is all that and more. No crack cavalryman in any army in all Europe can mount a horse quicker and dash in pursuit of an enemy with greater celerity than a Texas Ranger. He can keep a constant blaze of fire pouring out of a Winchester when his horse is going at the top of his speed, and his bullets will hit the mark nine times out of ten. His Winchester empty, he seizes the bridle reins between his teeth, and, with a revolver in either hand, he can rain bullets into a man's body at a distance of 100 yards. Should he drop anything or see anything on the ground that he wants, he does not even check the speed of his horse, but bending from the saddle as if he were made of India rubber, he picks the object from the ground.

Though a little suspicious of strangers, the Rangers are very clever and hospitable to gentlemen who come into their camp armed with the proper credentials. At night, around their camp-fires, they are constantly telling stories of their own or some comrade's adventures. Many of them are men of superior education, and since they are constant readers of newspapers no class of frontier people are more entertaining. In listening to the history of their many battles and hardships, one wonders that they would continue in such dangerous service for so little pay. With them there is no such thing as peace. Constant

vigilance day and night and war more than half the time is demanded of them by the citizens of the border.

Some of Their Exploits

Out of hundreds of extraordinary deeds of bravery, two will give some idea of what the Texas Rangers have been doing in smoothing the paths in the Southwest for advancing civilization. In July, 1870, the Rangers were making the last of many campaigns against the Comanches. Quanah was the new chief then, and a great warrior. He was living a few years ago, when he described the last battle in 1870 with the Rangers as follows:

"Heap bunch of Rangers rode out on the prairie, tied their horses to the saddle horns by their bridles and opened fire on us. My men fell fast. We fired and tried to kill horses. Then the Rangers lay behind their dead horses and killed us like grass; we tried to rush them; twice we tried, and failed. After much time they did not fire so fast. We thought powder and bullets all gone. Then, as we were going to charge again, they all stood up. They took off their hats and yelled. We were much locoed (deceived). At last we charged, but you Rangers don't fight like pale faces, but like devils. We killed thirty-four, but you killed us like grass. Comanches had heap more men in that battle than Rangers had."

Several years ago the Rangers accomplished the capture of the famous band of outlaws and cutthroats known as the Bill Cook gang. For eleven years that gang had murdered, robbed, pillaged and had wrecked railroad trains and burned the homes of settlers. Detectives, sheriff's posses and bands of outraged farmers and cowboys had pursued the bandits again and again. The Cook gang had always fought shy of Texas, especially localities where remnants of Rangers were yet in force. Captain Watson, formerly of Company D, of the Rangers, tells of the final capture of the terrifying gang in the following words:

"One evening we received a telegram worded: 'Bring boys and saddles; hot work.' This came from Bellevue, Texas, on the Fort Worth and Denver road, 290 miles southeast of Amarillo. We packed up our saddles, put our guns in good order and took

the train. We left the train just before reaching our destination, so as to prevent suspicion of our movements.

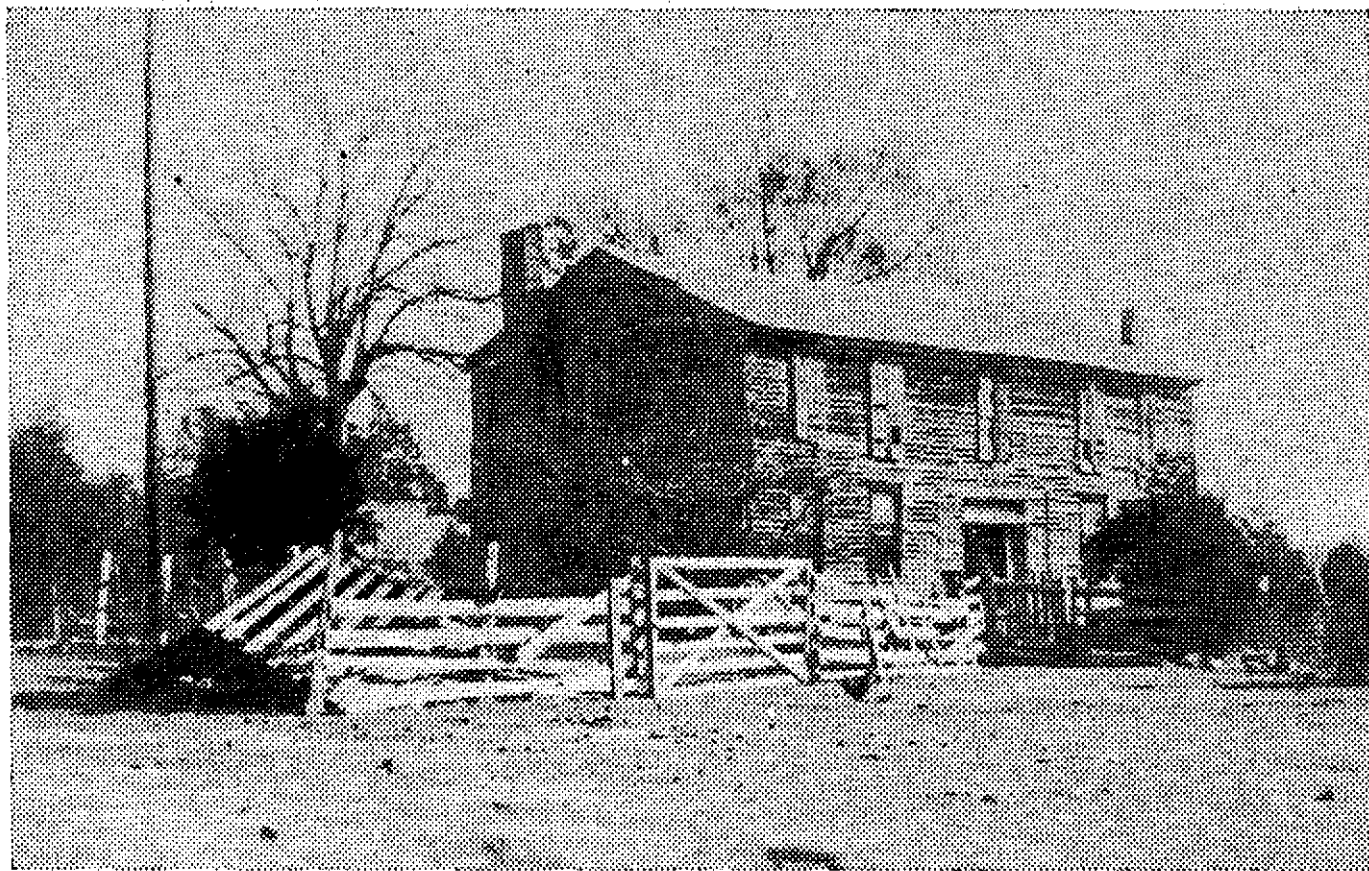
"The man that sent the call for help met us, and said that he had located out in the country a bunch of men that had been acting strangely. We waited till dark, and sent to the livery stable for horses. Then we rode off toward the place where the strangers were.

"We lay near the house until daylight, and captured one of the desperadoes, who was acting as sentinel. He did not wish to go with us to the house, as he said there was to be a tremendous fight; so we tied him to a tree and advanced. The outlaws did not know we were near until we rapped on the door and asked them to come out and see how pretty the weather was. Their reply to this polite invitation was several shots through the door. We then opened fire, and those within replied. Finally a ball from one of our guns struck the magazine of a Winchester in the hands of one of the outlaws, and a piece of the broken magazine cut a deep gash in the outlaw's chin. They all then retreated up-stairs, and kept up the firing. We broke in the door, and fired into the room above through the ceiling, when the outlaws decided it was time to ring down the curtain, and surrender. They came down stairs with their empty hands in front of them, and we gave each of them a pair of bracelets. It was four out of Bill Cook's gang of six, and we had six men on our side. Among those captured was 'Skeeter,' Cook's right bower. I keep as a memento of the affair Skeeter's leather coat, a pair of huge spurs taken from the dead body of one of the outlaws, and Cook's belt of cartridges found in the house, though Cook himself was absent and thus escaped capture."

THE MOST HISTORIC HOUSE IN MY COUNTY

By Mrs. Frank Ross Stewart, Centre, Ala.

The old Garrett House on the north bank of the Coosa River about one and one-tenth miles from Centre in Cherokee County is considered by many natives to be the oldest and most historic structure in the county. Through Cherokee County the Coosa winds its way through broad valleys, making wide sweeping bends, every one of which bears the name of some prominent early settler. The Garrett house is across the river from Garrett's Bottoms, a fertile section adjacent to Pollard's Bend. The soil in these bends is unusually rich. The river overflows every year at least one time and usually two or three times during the Spring and the Bottoms are covered with water for acres. It was this fertility as well as the availability of water for transportation which attracted pioneers from North Carolina to this section of the state.



The Old Garrett House—Cherokee County, Ala.
1.1 Miles from Centre on the North Bank of the Coosa River
Built 1816-1820

Stephen Garrett was born in 1796 in North Carolina. The earliest recollection he had was of talk of the new Indian territory that whites were entering under the plan of homesteading. Stephen Garrett left his home in North Carolina in 1816, and with his beautiful young wife, Elizabeth Steele Hammond, of

South Carolina, born 1802, he made his way to that part of the territory of Mississippi which is today Cherokee County, Alabama. Betty Steele Hammond was a comely lass with coal black curly hair and ivory skin. At fourteen years she was a mature figure and all who saw her declared that she was the most beautiful in the state. She bore her husband eight children—four girls and four boys.



Family Cemetery, Old Garrett House—Cherokee County, Ala.
1.1 Miles from Centre, Ala.

Stephen and Elizabeth “homesteaded” Garrett’s Bottoms. The north bank of the river directly across from their first home attracted their attention immediately. It was high and never flooded. They decided the first year they were in Alabama that the river bank would be the site of their home, so when the crops were gathered, the slaves began to fell choice trees for lumber for the house and Stephen made a long journey back to North Carolina for glass, additional tools and furniture for his home. The harvest was a tremendous yield for several seasons and it took the family four years to build the house, it being completed in 1820.

The house is an imposing structure. There are two floors with a cellar. Four stack chimneys, two on each end, provided large fireplaces in every one of the eight rooms. Both floors have center hallways, the lower hallway opening to the front and to the back alike. The double front doors are carved by

hand and above them are sixteen small window lights similar to a transom brought from North Carolina. The window frames are hand-carved as is the stairway, leading to the second floor. The front porch has been added in recent years and does not bear the marks of good workmanship which the main part of the house bears. The walls are plastered and age has turned them yellow, although at one time they were snowy white. The mantels are simple home-made ones, while the floors are pine, the boards being six inches in width. The brick for the chimneys were made in the yard and show a surprising strength in view of their age. One chimney, however, has been torn away. Green shutters were made for every window and some of the original shutters remain. The kitchen was attached to the main house by a covered catwalk. This part of the structure no longer stands.

Outhouses built in 1820 included barns, stables, cotton houses, and corn cribs as well as slave quarters. The pasture at the side and rear of the house was dotted with the negro cottages. The family graveyard where both family and slaves were buried lies to the rear of the house along the steepest bluff of the river.

A flower garden can be traced today from the dim outline of flowers, beds, shrubs and hedges, placed here and there. Mrs. Garrett must have had a lovely garden, from letters in possession of the family written at the time the house entertained guests from far and wide.

The old house saw many weddings. The old house saw births and deaths¹. The oldest to the youngest daughter, with the exception of one who was killed, was married in the house, as well as several relatives. Charlsie's wedding to the wealthy McSpaden was a great event². One of the sons, William, was

¹John Hammond Garrett, the youngest son of Stephen and Elizabeth, was born in 1830. His union with Mary Ann Counts was blessed with several children, among whom was Sidney James who married Hattie Hale. There were four children born to Mr. and Mrs. Sidney James Garrett, one of whom, Laura C. Garrett Blair (Mrs. Hugh Blair, Centre, Ala.), furnished the information for this paper.

²Charlsie and her husband built a palatial home in Centre. She fell heir to most of the furniture as she was the youngest daughter and was at home after the other children left. One of the McSpadden girls married a Cardon who built an imposing home near his father-in-law. The Cardons had several girls and one boy. These children have much of the furniture originally in the Garrett House.

engaged by the government to conduct the Indians to ground assigned them farther west. They were instructed to meet at Turkeytown just across the river from the house and were removed in a great body. William never returned.

A little community grew up around the house. A ferry was put in operation even before the house was built. A store and blacksmith shop, a post office and jail were erected. The ferry was on the direct route from north to south and was a much used transport. Boats came up the river to load cotton and unload articles for sale to the surrounding country. A wharf suitable for river boats remained in operation for years.

During the War Between the States the old house served as a meeting place for couriers and a center for the country-side where work was done and news was received. James Hammond Garrett went off to war from the house and was never heard of again. Stephen, the builder, was in the war also.

The old house is pathetic as it stands today so much in need of repair, a land-mark forgotten.

JAPANESE SAMAURAI SWORD PRESENTED TO THE STATE

The Alabama State Department of Archives and History is attempting to bring together as many interesting articles relating to the part Alabama men have taken in World War II. A recent gift to the Department was a Samaurain sword presented by General Harwood Bowman, of Montgomery, who is a regular army officer and took part in both theatres of war after the United States entered the conflict.

The sword belonged to General Tanaka and was surrendered to General Bowman when the Japanese then in China gave up their arms at the close of hostilities.

The Samaurai sword has for centuries been the symbol among the Japanese militarists of Samaurain military prestige and standing. In the Japanese army only officers descendant from the Samaurai class were permitted to carry these Samaurain swords. All other officers carry a saber of a distinctly different pattern. The Japanese regarded these ceremonial ancestral swords almost with reverence. When General Tanaka presented this sword to General Bowman he first placed a gauze mask over his face, went through a short ritual of bowing the head several times (probably in honor of his ancestors), then carefully withdrew the blade and stated that no one must touch the blade under penalty of giving mortal offence to the owner and bearer of the Samaurai sword.

General Tanaka then insisted on informing General Bowman of the meticulous manner in which the Japanese cared for these swords and endeavored to get him to promise to care for and treat this weapon in a similar manner to that used by the Japanese. General Bowman told General Tanaka that the American Army had cared for steel weapons of all types for many years and we would continue to care for it in the American and not the Japanese way. Inasmuch as the Allied powers in their Potsdam declaration had decreed the complete and utter destruction of the Japanese militarists exemplified by the Samaurai class, General Bowman felt, and so advised the Japanese, that the personal surrender of these Samaurai swords was the first

step to the destruction of the Samaurai class and would bring home to them and to all ranks of the Japanese army the concrete fact of their defeat by depriving them of these symbolic weapons.

General Tanaka informed General Bowman that there were but two swords of this workmanship and quality. One was the ceremonial sword of General Okamura, supreme commander of the Japenes forces in China, and this one owned by himself. This statement could not be verified by General Bowman.

The ceremony of the presentation of this historic sword to the State of Alabama through the Department of Archives and History was held in the office of Governor Chauncey Sparks in the Capitol. There were present a number of State officials. The sword now reposes in a cabinet in the World War Memorial Building. Other items pertaining to World War II have also been given to the Department, among them a Japanese battle-flag picked up on the battlefield at Huaiyuanhsien Kwangsi Province, China, by General Lung-Kwan. This was presented to General Harwood Bowman while he was at the front in China.

The writing on the white portion of the flag is Japanese, placed there by friends of the soldier before he left home, in the nature of autographs and good wishes. The writing in the red is by the Chinese, placed there before its capture, setting forth where it was taken, etc. M. B. O.

COLBERTIANS

By R. L. James

SECTION III CONTINUED

On a high hill a little west of the Barton Road, and about two miles northwest of Crooked Oak in Wheeler Beat, is a very small family cemetery with gravestones bearing the following inscriptions:

JOSIAH FOSTER

BORN

March 5, 1807

DIED

July 24, 1888

His memory is blessed

ELIZABETH M. FOSTER

July 19, 1835

Oct. 5, 1899

She died as she
lived, a Christian

There is nothing unusual about the inscriptions but these graves and one of a daughter, Sallie E. Foster (1856-1901), have the headstones at the east end of the graves instead of the west! It is the usual custom, in this part of the world at least, to bury people with their heads to the west. For some reason, religious, or other, Mr. Foster, so I have heard, requested to be buried with his head to the east. Personally I see no reason why people should have any set rule as to the direction people should be buried. But most of us are such slaves to convention and formality that we dare not offend their dictates.

Josiah Foster came from middle Tennessee before the war and at one time ran a tan yard at Frankfort, so I have been told. His wife was Elizabeth Mary Yarbrough, and as the reader will see from the inscriptions, she was much younger than Mr. Foster. For a great many years they lived on the land on which they were buried, and a better family perhaps did not live in Colbert County. Mr. and Mrs. Foster lived a plain life—far different from that of many of the families in the valley just a few miles

away—but they were intelligent, very industrious and economical, and accumulated a good estate. Best of all (according to information from many different persons) they were devout Christians. An old gentleman, a Mr. Kimbrough, who lived with this family for years and who is of no relation to them, told me that every one of the family was a good person. Mr. and Mrs. Foster were the parents of two sons, George and Richard, and several daughters. Mrs. S. E. Kimbrough, of Barton, the youngest child is the only one now living. F. Srygley in "Larimore and His Boys" said Reuben Yarbrough's spring was considered the source of Rock Creek. He was perhaps the father of Mrs. Foster.

A few miles northward of Cherokee is Mhoontown church and cemetery. In the early days the Mhoon family was one of the best known of that part of Colbert County. The Mhoons, Prides, Lanes, Rutlands, Bartons, Carlusses, Malones and Goodloes were large landowners and lived in that style of which so much has been written concerning the "Old South."

On a rise in the cemetery we find several very large, elegant monuments containing the names of Mary Mhoon, William S. Mhoon, James E. Mhoon, James George Mhoon, Lucinda W. Mhoon, and Letitia Cotten and with more information recorded than I have seen on any other gravestones. I am here reproducing two inscriptions as follows:

I.

This monument is
erected to the memory
of

MARY MHOON

who was born in
Bertie Co., N. C.
Oct. 5, 1758 &
Died in Tuscumbia
Ala. Oct. 16, 1838
In death and for many
years before she
enjoyed a most perfect
assurance of immortal life
She was the daughter

of Moses Spivey &
Jemima his wife
Moses S. was born
Oct. 19, 1729 & died
Aug. 2, 1771 & was
the son of
Joshua Spivey & Alice
his wife
She was married
to James Bate
June 20, 1776
who died June 3,
1787. Again married
to James Mhoon Feby.
18, 1790 who was born
Nov. 12, 1761 &
died March 4, 1816
Jemima the mother
was born Nov. 4, 1734
and was the daughter
of Jonathan Stanly
& Mary his wife

II.

This monument is
erected to the memory
of

WILLIAM S. MHOON
Born in Bertie Co., N. C.
December 25, 1801
Died in Franklin Co., Ala.
December 26, 1844
Aged 43 years
William Spivey Mhoon
was the son of
John Mhoon and Mary
his wife
John was born in
Martin Co., N. C. 25th
Novr. 1761 and
Died March 4th, 1816
He was the son of
Josiah Mhoon &

Mourning his wife
Mary Mhoon was
born in Bertie Co.
N. C. Oct. 5, 1758
died in Tuscumbia
Ala. Oct. 16, 1838
She was the daugh-
ter of Moses Spivey
and Jemima
his wife

In addition to the interesting Mhoon monuments, we find in this cemetery stones containing the names of Askew, Brown, Collum, Beard, James, Patton and others. I am advised that Reuben Copeland, who was Sheriff of Franklin County in the 1870's, and who was widely known in Both Franklin and Colbert, is buried here; but after a careful search of this cemetery on July 20, 1945, I failed to find any monument containng his name. Mr. Copeland died in 1901 and was quite old. I shall reproduce two more records from this cemetery as follows:

I.

ELIZABETH N.

wife of

L. B. ASKEW

BORN

Feb. 26, 1804

DIED

July 12, 1884

Here lies a sinner saved by grace

II.

N. W. PATTON

BORN

Jan. 17, 1810

DIED

Oct. 17, 1887

Here lies a sinner saved by grace

END OF SECTION III

WORDS OF PRAISE

"Mr. Lemuel Peters was born in Kean, New Hampshire, in 1772. His nationality was Welsh and his father's family were Quakers. They were, I understood, a people of great stoutness and resolution. I knew Mr. Peters very well. He used to say that his father could lift a weight of a thousand pounds. Lemuel Peters married Sarah Minott, who was born in Dummerston, Vermont, in 1770. In religion she was a Puritan and Presbyterian, and French and Irish in blood and nationality. The families of Mr. Peters and wife were amongst the earliest settlers of New England. She was unusually well educated and intelligent, and very fond of reading. She greatly admired the Spectator and Scott's Novels, which appeared, one after another, about the time our county was settled. In their home were books and papers for their children to read, and this accounts for the fact that every son in the family was well educated and belonged to a profession. Their home was one of hospitality where ministers, of all denominations, especially the Presbyterian, were welcomed. Mr. Peters was an ardent Clay Whig. He came South after his marriage in 1808, and settled at Clarksville, Tennessee, and from that place he removed to Lawrence County in 1820 or 1821, and settled near Leighton where he reared a large family of children. Mrs. Peters died here in 1834, and is buried in the 'Leigh Graveyard.' He removed to Bowie County, Texas; but sold out his possessions there in 1836, and on his way to visit New England died 1837, at the house of Dr. Gideon Williams, on Town Creek and was buried by the side of his deceased wife."

From J. E. Saunders' *Early Settlers of Alabama*, p. 110.

Perhaps it is not too much to say that the Peters family was the most cultured family who lived in the Town creek Triangle before the war. And there were many families of considerable culture in that area before the war. Among the sons of Mr. and Mrs. Peters were Charles, who was for many years Judge of the County Court in Morgan County; John, a physician, at one time located at Courtland and later went to Texas; Samuel, a lawyer of LaGrange and Tuscumbia; and Thomas M., a lawyer of Moulton. Thomas M. Peters was a very outstanding man. He was a graduate of the University of Alabama, in the class of 1834, and was a friend and patron of learning the remainder

of his life. He was much interested in botany and one of the ferns is named in his honor. He was an especial friend of Dr. Charles Mohr who wrote the Plant Life of Alabama, published in 1901, and in that work is a picture of Dr. Mohr and Judge Peters taken together. Judge Peters was Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Alabama in 1868 and was Chief Justice in 1873. He was opposed to Secession and leaned to the Union side. Following the war he was very unpopular with many of the people and some very harsh things were printed against him in the papers. However, Colonel Saunders did not use such bitter criticism in his discussion of him in **Early Settlers of Alabama**. Judge Peters' wife was Naomi S. Lutch of Moulton. She and President Jas. K. Polk were first cousins.

"Maj. Kennerly, for a number of years, was the postmaster at LaGrange. After leaving the mountain he lived on the road from LaGrange to Leighton, at what is now known as the Vinson Place. After Dr. Kumpe purchased the Wilson Place, near Leighton, he sold his place to Dr. Drury Vinson and lived with Dr. Kumpe. He and his wife both died at this place. They lived to a good old age and had many warm friends. It is said that the Kennerly residence at LaGrange was built for a Masonic hall and afterwards changed to a residence. This was a brick building."

From A. A. McGreggor's **History of LaGrange College**.

Dr. George E. Kumpe's second wife was a daughter of Maj. James Kennerly and wife. They also were the parents of Misses Kate and Charlotte Kennerly who were well known residents of Moulton, Alabama, for a long while, and there may have been other children.

"Mr. Halsey was one of our oldest and most respected citizens. He came to this section years ago from Virginia. In 1848 he joined the Presbyterian church, lived an exemplary Christian life, and died respected and honored by a large circle of relatives and friends."

From obituary of James Halsey in **Alabama & Times** for January 19, 1871.

According to his gravestone record in Tuscumbia's Oakwood Cemetery, Mr. Halsey was born in North Carolina Aug. 2, 1783, and died Jan. 12, 1871. The descendants of Mr. Halsey have been among the best known and most outstanding people of Tuscumbia.

"Jonathan Barclay was a man of integrity and principle and leaves to those who survive him, the imperishable heritage of an untarnished name.

"He came to Tuscumbia from Fayetteville, Tenn., 1818, and had resided here ever since, highly esteemed by all who knew him.

"We are informed by Mr. Benj. Pybas, one of our oldest and most honored citizens, that the first sermon preached in Tuscumbia was preached in the house of Capt. Barclay."

From obituary of Capt. Jonathan Barclay in the *Alabamian & Times* for June 30, 1870.

Capt. Barclay was a North Carolinian and died June 28, 1870, in the "86th year of his age." His wife died Aug. 8, 1873; their daughter, Mrs. Trotter, died July 3, 1874, and their son, Dr. Anderson Barclay, died July 20, 1875. I do not know just how many children Capt. and Mrs. Barclay had but they had one daughter who married a Mr. McClung. It appears that this was a most respectable and worthy family of people.

From an *Early History of Tuscumbia* by "H" in the *Tuscumbia Democrat* published in installments in 1881-1882 we are advised that the sermon preached in Capt. Barclay's house of which Mr. Pybas spoke was preached by a young Cumberland Presbyterian minister from Lincoln County, Tennessee, named Aaron Alexander. This Mr. Alexander was already known to Capt. Barclay. He later became a leading preacher in his denomination, so states Mr. "H."

A word here about Benj. Pybas. He was a cabinet maker and an undertaker and an amateur geologist of note. Just recently I was shown a beautiful cupboard in one of the Tuscumbia homes made by him. The lady who showed it to me is now in

her eighties and was reared a few miles out in the country from Tuscumbia. She said they had the cupboard wrapped to carry home and were very careful not to damage it as they prized it very highly. He is said to have had a fine knowledge of geology and we find on one occasion in 1872 where he read a paper on the geology of Colbert County to a farmer's club. His wife must have taken quite an interest in gardening as she presented one of the local newspaper editors once with an extra large beet grown in her vegetable garden. According to the *North Alabamian* for June 29, 1883, Mr. Pybas was born in Madison County, Alabama, in May, 1808, and died June 29, 1883. The *North Alabamian* said he was probably the oldest native Alabamian in the State at the time of his death and with the exception of "the venerable Mrs. Clay" had lived longer in Tuscumbia than any other citizen. He was a Mason and was buried with Masonic rites. Mrs. Pybas lived until August 6, 1894. She died at Monte Sano, but was buried in Tuscumbia's Oakwood Cemetery where Mr. Pybas was buried. They were the parents of several children. Their daughter, Anna Pybas, was one of the most distinguished teachers in North Alabama, having taught at Tuscumbia, LaGrange and other places.

John Fletcher Pride "Was the son of a Methodist minister who lived to be upward of ninety years old, and was born near Raleigh, N. C., August 26, 1791. He moved to Decatur, Ala., in 1816 and settled at Tuscumbia in 1818, engaging in the business of hotel keeping on the corner now occupied by Whittemore and Hyde. Eight or ten years afterwards he married Miss Susan Barrett of Tuscumbia who was also a North Carolinian and came from the vicinity of Weldon. Her father also lived to be more than ninety years old. He only lived in Tuscumbia a few years before he bought the lands around Pride's Station where he spent three-fourths of a century in the successful pursuit of agriculture and in the practice of every Christian virtue. . . .

"In the good old days of camp meetings Bishop Paine and many famous divines were regular visitors at his house, and he was never happier than when it was full of preachers. History furnishes few such characters as Mr. Pride's. He was a man of great firmness, and the most rigid and exact integrity, and the

clearest and safest judgment, and yet we are told by his son, Dr. J. P. Pride, that he never knew him to lose his temper. Where is there another life so complete, so well rounded? No petulance, nor childishness marred the calm and serene flow of his latter days, and to the last hour, he took a deep interest in his children and his grandchildren as well as in the welfare of his friends and neighbors. As a wise friend, a safe counselor, a devout Christian and a model citizen he will be greatly missed by the community. As the Patriarchal head of a large family he can never be replaced, but instead of tearful words of condolence we beg leave to tender them our sympathetic joy at the beautiful ending of a pure and spotless life, the history of which will ever be their most precious legacy."

From obituary of John Fletcher ("Jack") Pride in the *North Alabamian* (A. H. Keller, Editor) for June 19, 1891.

An article in the *North Alabamian* (A. H. Keller, Editor) for Oct. 31, 1890, has some good things to say of Mr. Pride. Among them was this: "His life has been that of a humble faithful Christian gentleman, whose word is as good as his bond which was always legal tender wherever he was known."

Mr. Pride was a man of large wealth and fine intelligence. He kept up with the news of the times to the end of his life. He was always a strong Democrat. He lived to be almost one hundred years old and passed peacefully away shortly after retiring to bed, on the evening of June 19, 1891, at the home of his son-in-law, Mr. Thompson.

John Fletcher Pride was the son of Maj. Edward Pride whose life is noted in Vol. 6, No. 4 of the *Alabama Historical Quarterly*—the number which is devoted to the Revolutionary Soldiers buried in Alabama. Maj. Edward Pride is buried in the Pride Cemetery near the place where the "Hock Pride Mountain Road" enters the Lee Highway about four or five miles west of Tuscumbia. According to his gravestone Major Pride was born Nov. 30, 1755, and died Feb. 7, 1839. He had a large family of children who played an important role in the early history of what is now Colbert County. In the cemetery where Maj. Edward Pride is buried may also be found markers containing

names of Thomas Pride (May 16, 1808-Oct. 18, 1839, H. J. Pride (1811-May 27, 1889) and Eliza M., wife of H. J. Pride (1824-Mar. 7, 1879). H. J. Pride, known as "Hock" or "Hawk" Pride, was a successful farmer. In one of the Tuscumbia papers for 1872 is notice of an extra fine crop of wheat grown by him. That part of Little Mountain near where he lived is yet referred to as the "Hock" or "Hawk" Pride Mountain.

Another son of Major Edward Pride was Nathaniel Pride, a large planter with a large family. One of his daughters married John Tompkins, and her son, Pride Tompkins, was Probate Judge of Colbert several terms.

The Lane and Carloss families were among others of blood relation to the Prides.

Philip Palmer "was a man of large and varied information and especially well posted in the history of his country. He enjoyed the confidence and esteem of the entire community in which he had lived longer than any who survive him, and leaves the precious legacy of a good name and an honest character to a large family of children, grandchildren and great grandchildren. Of remarkable health and vigor up to within a short time of his death, he suffered but little and passed peacefully away to his rest."

From obituary of Philip Palmer in the *North Alabamian* (A. H. Keller, editor) for July 25, 1879.

Mr. Philip Palmer was born at, or near, Schenectady, N. Y., August 27, 1792, and died July 11, 1879. His wife was Mary Bowers, also from the state of New York. They moved to Limestone County, Alabama, at an early date and not long afterward they removed to Tuscumbia. Among the children of Philip and Mary Palmer was a daughter, Ann E. "who died July 9th, 1841, in the 17th year of her age," and Charles B. who married Isabella Anderson, a native of Rockingham County, Virginia. Miss Anderson came with her father to Tuscumbia "in 1835." Dr. Charles R. Palmer, son of Chas. B. and Isabella (Anderson) Palmer, was a distinguished physician and was perhaps the most

distinguished of all the descendants of Philip and Mary Palmer. He married Sudie Huston, a daughter of Dr. James M. and Annie (Barton) Huston.

"Mrs. Felton was the owner of many valuable servants and realized a good income from the hire of them. She also kept boarders, and had washing done for young men in college. She spent much of her money and time in the cultivation of flowers and adorning her home.

"She was an elegant lady. She was educated, practical, refined, modest, yet firm in the discharge of her duty. She was a woman of unswerving faith in God. She never doubted His promises to those who put their trust in Him. In the latter part of her life she was often in stringent circumstances, as her servants were liberated and her income was at an end. Dr. Wadsworth, who had married her daughter in his first marriage, and their friends and relatives furnished her a support. She had many friends who were ready to do for her. She was the sister of ex-Gov. Swain of North Carolina, a sister of Mrs. Blakemore of Shelbyville, Tenn., and aunt of White Blakemore.

From A. A. McGregor's **History of LaGrange College.**

Mrs. Elizabeth Felton to whom Prof. McGregor paid such a nice tribute in his *History of LaGrange College* was the wife of J. B. Felton. I have no information relating to the life of J. B. Felton except that he was related to Thaddeus Felton who married a daughter of Hartwell King, Sr. She was a resident of LaGrange for many years.

Prof. John C. Stephenson in one of his articles published in the *Leighton News* many years ago tells us that Thomas Bell Wilson, a minister, married Mrs. Martha Ann Felton, "a wealthy widow." She was the mother of Thaddeus Felton, above referred to, and of Hilliard Felton. By Mr. Wilson she had two daughters, Mary Ann and Belle. These two sisters married two Gregg brothers.

Prof. Stephenson writes interestingly of Thomas Bell Wilson. He tells us that he was a graduate of an East Tennessee college and was an author. He was very intelligent, six feet

high, weighed one hundred and eighty pounds, carried himself erect, was of fair complexion and could preach two sermons a day (each an hour long) without affecting his voice. He was a Presbyterian and was Pastor of Concord Church in Lawrence County. Prof. Stephenson says he came to North Alabama in 1830 and lived two miles northeast of Leighton. In 1847, according to Prof. Stephenson, the Wilsons moved to Marshall, Texas. Hilliard Felton never married and was a lawyer at Marshall. Thaddeus Felton remained in Alabama, and at one time had charge of the steward's hall at LaGrange College. He and Mrs. Felton were the parents of a prominent family of children.

"This venerable citizen (Andrew Braden) died at his residence southeast of Tusculumbia yesterday evening. . . . He was a man of the strictest integrity, and by energy and enterprise, had accumulated quite a fortune at the commencement of the war."

From the *North Alabamian* (A. H. Keller, editor) for June 10, 1875.

"Esquire Braden moved to this county in the early settlement of the country. He was one of our oldest citizens. He was an honest and upright man."

From obituary of Andrew Braden in the *North Alabamian* for June 17, 1875.

Mr. Braden was born in Campbell County, Tennessee, July 31, 1797, and died June 9, 1875. He was twice married. His first wife was Jane Pride and his second wife was Martha Pope. All of his children, five sons, were born of the first marriage. Only one of these five sons married. This was William, who married Martha Petree. Miss Petree's parents lived near Barton, and lived at Frankfort in time of the war. One of Andrew Braden's sons died at Camp Douglass and another died near Moulton during the war, both being Confederate soldiers. The names of the four Braden sons who never married were Barton, Jackson, John and Armistead.

"Mr. Horn was a man of strict integrity of character and benevolent disposition. He possessed strong common sense and

a well balanced mind. The subject of religion occupied his thoughts for several years before his removal to Texas, and he was troubled with doubt and uncertainty; but more than a year ago he became satisfied of its truth, united with the Episcopal Church, and died in the blessed hope of immortality. Thus has passed away one who will long live in the recollection of the citizens of Tuscumbia, not only for charity and benevolence, but also for the uniformed uprightness of his character.

"A FRIEND."

From obituary of Josiah Horn in the *North Alabamian* for October 20, 1876.

Josiah Horn has already been mentioned as running a steam mill (in connection with Daniel Spangler) on Poplar Creek which Prof. John C. Stephenson said was the first steam mill in North Alabama. Mr. Horn was born in Nash County, North Carolina, in 1798 and died at San Marcos, Texas, Oct. 3, 1876. He came to Alabama in 1817 and lived for many years in Colbert County, moving to Texas about 1872. Prof. Stephenson says Josiah Horn's first wife was a sister of Davis Gurley, a large planter, who lived one mile west of Leighton, and that his second wife was a niece of Mr. Gurley. At one time Mr. Horn kept hotel in what was known as the Central House in Tuscumbia, "was a man of considerable property." He had a daughter, Mollie Horn, who was well educated, talented, and accomplished in music. She was married three times. Her first husband was Capt. W. H. Hunt who was the commandant of cadets at LaGrange College and Military Academy and professor of drawing, and later was a major in the Thirty-Fifth Ala. Reg. After Maj. Hunt's death she married Dr. James Delony and moved with him to Arkansas. Dr. Delony did not live many years; then she went to LaGrange and lived with her father who was then a resident of that classical village. After going to Texas she was married to Mr. Littlepage, a prominent Methodist minister, and lived at Waco. It appears that Mollie Horn was a most worthy character and although she had three husbands in her lifetime, she never went through the disgraceful act of desertion and suing for divorce. She died at her home just outside the city limits of Waco, Texas, June 11, 1912, "aged 72."

Major David Deshler was one of the most prominent citizens Tuscumbia ever had. He was born in Lehigh County, Pennsylvania, Sept. 10, 1798, and died at Tuscumbia Dec. 6, 1871. The writer of his obituary said that he had resided at Tuscumbia more than forty years. Among the things he wrote about Major Deshler was this:

"Major Deshler was no ordinary man; of strong natural abilities, a close penetrating mind, cool clear judgment, and of good education, there was scarcely any subject within the range of human thought or speculation he had not investigated. No one within the writer's knowledge had a more comprehensive store of general information on so great a variety of subjects. He is identified with the early history of the State and was the pioneer in the South of that great system of railways which now add so much to the wealth and prosperity of the entire country. Under his supervision and mainly through his instrumentality the first railroad in Alabama was constructed from Tuscumbia to Decatur.

"Charity with him was a principle, to the needy he was never known to turn a deaf ear, or to refuse his sympathy and aid to the suffering humanity."

All through life Major Deshler was a man of action. Shortly before he died he made a trip to Philadelphia. He had no relatives in Colbert County when he died, at least no close relatives. Mrs. Deshler had died in 1854 and later his oldest son died, suddenly, while a pupil at West Point Academy, and last his son, James, was killed at Chickamauga. Major Deshler gave the grounds and building of the old Deshler Female Institute to Tuscumbia as a memorial to his son, Gen. James Deshler. The Deshler High School at Tuscumbia helps to perpetuate his memory.

"Col. John T. Abernathy certainly deserves a prominent place in the history of LaGrange as no man was more interested in the success of the college and gave more liberally of his time and money and advice.

"He was fully competent to plan for success in any business transaction, and especially could he see the dangers ahead and

thwart the intrigues of his opponents. . . . If a man was needed to push forward any interest, he searched for him until found, and used whatever means necessary to secure his services. Being a good judge of men he seldom made a mistake.

"If money was needed he freely gave of his own means, and solicited contributions from others. He was a safe counselor in the discipline of young men, and the rules and regulations, were submitted to his judgment. Successful in his own business he could safely be trusted with any public interest. His home was two miles north of Leighton. He was one of the early settlers, and although he started in life comparatively a poor man, yet by industry and financial skill, he succeeded in accumulating a handsome fortune. He was a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, holding his membership at Mount Pleasant, five miles north of Leighton. He was one of the leading members of his church and contributed liberally to the support of the ministry and other interests. He died soon after the Civil War, having lived to old age."

From McGregor's History of LaGrange College.

Col. Abernathy, according to his gravestone record, was born Dec. 8, 1799, and died July 27, 1869. He is buried in a family cemetery near where he lived. Among others buried there, in addition to his two wives, are David Abernathy (1772-Sept. 5, 1845) and Lavenia Abernathy (1776-Mar. 13, 1843). I suppose these were his father and mother. Col. Abernathy's first wife was Sarah Ellett. I believe she was a sister of Deacon Edmund Ellett and John Ellett who lived near Spring Valley. I know she was closely kin to them, if not their sister. His second wife was Eliza Wright. Col. Abernathy was the father of several children. His son, Dr. Robert Townes Abernathy, was a physician of note and a citizen of Tuscumbia. He was a graduate of LaGrange College, and his wife was a daughter of Geo. W. Carroll, a large planter, who lived in the early days near Tuscumbia and later removed to Arkansas. James W. Abernathy, another son, was also a graduate of LaGrange College and was "fond of books." He lived and died at, or near, the old home place. These two sons were born to the first wife of Col. Abernathy.

"Robert McGary Richardson departed this life December the 6th, 1889, aged 89 years, 10 months, and 26 days. He was born in Maury County, Tennessee. He moved to Monroe County, Mississippi, where he married Martha R. Edington in early life and remained there until about the year 1846, and then moved to Franklin County, Ala., when Franklin and Colbert were one. Since they were divided he has resided in Colbert, 4½ miles west of Tuscumbia. He leaves behind 76 descendants, consisting of children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. He was an old-time and true-blue Democrat. He never, once in his life, voted a mixed ticket. He furnished 6 sons and 3 sons-in-law who fought gallantly for the cause of the South. He believed in churches and religion and was a great Bible reader. He was of a happy and cheerful disposition. Loved company and the society of friends, and had many true and warm ones, wherever he lived."

From obituary of Robert McGary Richardson in the *Southern Idea*, Russellville, Ala., for Jan. 17, 1890.

The writer of Mr. Richardson's obituary failed to state that he was married a second time to Mrs. Louisa Wingo on Dec. 30, 1873, at her home in Colbert County, by John N. Green, and that they lived for sometime in the present Franklin County near Russellville. Mr. Richardson had several children who married into Franklin County families. Two of his daughters married Addison Malone. His son, Henry, married a daughter of Andrew Jackson Willis of the Duncan Creek section, and the youngest son, "Dal," married a daughter of Edwin Vinson, an early settler of Franklin. One daughter married Calvin Enlow who lived for many years in Franklin. He had several other sons who lived and died in Colbert, near Bear Creek Church. From these sons and daughters of Mr. Richardson and his first wife have sprung a host of people. He also had a number of relatives in the early settlement of what is now Colbert, and if all the descendants of these were to assemble together it would be a multitude indeed. His second wife had several children by her former husband, Mr. Wingo, but I do not know anything about her early life nor of her husband's.

"Mrs. Winston was born and married in Virginia and came to this vicinity in its early settlement, where she has lived in

affluence, surrounded by loved ones, having raised a family of five daughters and one son.

"She died a Christian, a consistent member of the Episcopal Church. One by one those of the old regime are passing away, until very soon the present generation will have none of them left in our midst to remind us of the memories of 'auld lang syne,' the days of social joys and pleasures in this happy valley, half a century ago."

From obituary of Mrs. Catherine B. Winston in the *North Alabamian* for Aug. 1, 1884.

Mrs. Winston was the wife of Isaac Winston, a large planter who lived near Spring Valley. Her maiden name was Catherine B. Jones, so states one of her great granddaughters, Miss Burt of Tuscumbia. The Isaac Winston home was among the most elegant in the county, being a brick mansion seated on a low hill near the foot of Little Mountain and commanding a lovely view of the valley. It was called "Belle Monte"; and no doubt many gay social functions were held there in the days of "auld lang syne." Isaac Winston was a son of the Revolutionary soldier, Anthony Winston, noted on page 675 of the *Alabama Historical Quarterly*, Vol. 6, No. 4. The Winstons and relatives included such important characters as Gov. John Anthony Winston, Judge John A. Steele, Gov. Robert Burns Lindsay, Maud Lindsay and many others. Isaac Winston died August 13, 1862, aged 68, and Mrs. Catherine B. Winston died July 25, 1884, in "the 84th year of her age."

"He (John G. Shine) was an old and highly esteemed citizen in the 74th year of his age. He walked about on Monday, ate his supper, and rested well till a few minutes before he died. He called someone and by time his family could get to him he died. He settled here some time in December 1825 and became a prominent and successful planter."

From obituary of John G. Shine in *Alabamian & Times* for Sept. 17, 1874.

According to Mr. Shine's gravestone in Tuscumbia's Oakwood Cemetery he was born in Halifax Co., N. C., July 29, 1801,

and died Sept. 15, 1874. See sketch of William Cooper family in section II and list of those whose real-estate in 1850 was valued at \$5000 and above.

"Dr. Desprez, descended from French and Irish nobility, came to America in 1843, and settled at Buzzard Roost, later went to Cherokee as one of its founders, then moved to Tuscumbia after the war. He was a distinguished scholar, a Christian gentleman of the highest order, a devout Catholic, a Democrat, a Southern sympathizer who gave his sons for the cause, and a physician noted throughout Alabama."

From Leftwich's **Two Hundred Years at Muscle Shoals**, p. 239.

According to his gravestone record in Tuscumbia's Oakwood Cemetery, Dr. Wm. Desprez, of whom Miss Leftwich spoke so highly, was born in Paris, France, in March 1806 and died Oct. 16, 1878. He fell a victim to yellow fever which caused so many deaths in 1878 at various places in the South. He was unselfishly doing his duty when he was overcome by the dread disease. His wife, Susan Deprez, was born in Dundalk, Ireland, Sept. 18, 1808, and died March 16, 1894. They had an interesting and prominent family of children.

"He (Dr. Wm. H. Newsum) was the type of true and noble manhood, his home always the nucleus of a genuine and cultivated hospitality. Small in physical proportions, he possessed the untiring will and energy that carried him so successfully to the zenith of his profession.

"Gentle as a woman in his administrations of duty, his skill and attainments won at once the patient's confidence and esteem. Liberal as a prince, his charities were unheralded and unknown save where his generosity was recognized and felt. How often do I recall sweet memories around his cheerful fireside. Passionately fond of music, and all the refinements of social culture, his home was the radiation of pleasure and happiness. But after life's fitful fever he has gone. Peace to his ashes and a tear to his memory."

Excerpt from a letter by "C" of Huntsville, Alabama, to A. H. Keller, editor of the **North Alabamian**, and dated Apr. 3, 1882.

Mr. "C" states he became a citizen of Tuscumbia nearly 35 years ago. Of Dr. B. F. Newsum he said, "He is a noble specimen of the Creator's handiwork, the 'Abou BenAdhem' of his tribe."

See the Newsums in connection with the Edward H. Newsom family in Section II.

Mr. "C" also lists Drs. Huston, Helms, Mattingly, Barclay and Keller as Tuscumbia physicians "whose scientific attainments would have reflected honor upon any city."

In regard to the lawyers of Tuscumbia in those years before the war Mr. "C" referred to Wm. and Lydal Cooper contrasting these noted brothers, and mentioned Townes, Norman, Armstrong, Cockrill and Nooe, all as being lawyers of high integrity and of ability.

"Mrs. Cannon was born January 1808. She was long and favorably known in this community and commanded the universal esteem of all who knew her. As a wife and mother she was affectionate and attentive as a neighbor, she was proverbial for her kindness and social qualities. To the sick and afflicted she was generous and unceasing in her ministrations. She lived to a ripe old age and leaves many friends and relatives behind who have the pleasing assurance that their loss is her eternal gain."

From obituary of Mrs. Agnes Cannon in *Alabamian & Times* (Jos. Shackelford, Publisher) for Sept. 29, 1870.

Mrs. Agnes Cannon and her husband, John Cannon, are buried in the Oakwood Cemetery at Tuscumbia. Her gravestone states that she was born Jan. 27, 1808, and died Sept. 22, 1870. John Cannon was born May 28, 1800, and died Feb. 3, 1859.

"As a man and a Mason, we shall not soon look upon his like again—faithful and true in his devotion to his friends and country, and zealous in his endeavors to promote the general happiness of man—the Masonic fraternity of this immediate section are indebted to him perhaps more than to any other man living or dead for their prosperity—material and otherwise—and our

hearts are sad within us this day with the thought that we shall look upon his face no more."

The above tribute of respect for F. G. Norman from Hall of Royal Arch Chapter, Tuscumbia, Ala., is dated Aug. 10, 1885, and is signed by W. R. Julian, J. D. Inman, I. T. Cooper, committee; W. T. Rowland, H. P.

The **Clarion** of Tuscumbia (Blake & Son, Publishers) said Mr. Norman was "one of our best, most respected citizens."

He and his wife are buried in the Oakwood Cemetery at Tuscumbia. He was born in Rutherford County, Tennessee, Jan. 4, 1808, and died Aug. 5, 1885. Felix Grundy Norman was a lawyer of note, represented Franklin County in the Legislature a number of times and was mayor of Tuscumbia for many years.

Mrs. Norman before her marriage was Jane L. Cook, a daughter of Henry and Jane Cook and a sister of Mrs. Amanda Barton. She was born in Huntsville, Ala., Feb. 22, 1824, and died June 25, 1901.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman were the parents of several well known children.

"We were prepared to hear of the death of Mr. J. W. Rutland of Cherokee last Friday as he had been in very feeble health for a long time. He was one of the oldest citizens of this county, and was universally esteemed for his sterling qualities. He was a man of quiet impulses and strong conviction, a kind and hospitable neighbor and useful and influential citizen. He was surrounded by a large family of children and grandchildren, bearing testimony to the last to the truth and comfort of the Christian religion, the profession of which as a member of the Methodist Church he adorned for many years."

From **North Alabamian** (A. H. Keller, editor) for Feb. 1, 1884.

Mr. Rutland was born in Bertie County, North Carolina, Nov. 9, 1808, and died Jan. 25, 1884. He came to the Cherokee community at an early date, and was married to Margaret Barton

on Aug. 22, 1833. They had a large family of children. Mrs. Rutland died in 1855 and later Mr. Rutland married her sister, Hannah Maria. The children of John W. Rutland who lived to be grown and married, married into such prominent families as the Scruggs, Goodloe, Pride and Stubbs of Alabama and the Doss of Tennessee and the Ross of Mississippi. Mr. Rutland had one son, John Armistead Rutland, who was killed in the Battle of Shiloh. His sons, James and Wells, were twins.

I mentioned in Section II that the wife of Edward H. Newsom, who lived near Cherokee, was Penelope Rutland. But Mrs. Maude Craig of Jasper, Alabama, who furnished me data on the J. W. Rutland family, says Mrs. Newsom was not related to the I. W. Rutland family. The 1850 Census report also lists as living in Franklin County at that time, Whitman Rutland, aged 68, and possessing real estate valued at \$10,000; and Dr. Turner Rutland, aged 64, and Joseph J. Rutland, aged 26. These were perhaps related to Mrs. Newsom.

"Lem Cockburn, as he was familiarly called, has been identified with Tuscumbia since our earliest recollection, and through all the vicissitudes of his family and this community, we have never heard an unkind word spoken of him. He was universally kind and sympathetic and actuated by generous impulses of far beyond his ability to express or perform."

From obituary of G. L. Cockburn in the *North Alabamian* (A. H. Keller, editor) for March 9, 1877.

Mr. Cockburn died of pneumonia on March 9, 1877, in the 66th year of his age. He was a member of the Methodist Church for many years and was tiler of the Masonic lodge. His father was Theophilus W. Cockburn, a very early settler. In the *Early History of Tuscumbia* by "H" we find an account of a very exciting election in 1820, especially the election of Colonel of the 37th Regiment. The two candidates were Theophilus Cockburn and William Parham. The latter was elected; and according to Mr. "H" the reason he was elected was because he had a lot of liquor freely distributed to the voters on the day of the election. The town of Tuscumbia gave Mr. Parham a great majority and much prejudice followed. Mr. "H" said the following about Mr. Cockburn:

"Mr. Cockburn was the father of the late G. L. Cockburn of Tuscumbia, and Mrs. Lavinder of your town. He was a good farmer, an accommodating neighbor, and a highly respected citizen. He died many years ago five or six miles Northeast of Tuscumbia."

Mr. "H" wrote of Mr. Parham as follows:

"Col. Parham was partly raised in Fayetteville, Tennessee, learned the printing business in Huntsville, Alabama, and came to Occoposo among the first settlers. Having married wealthy, he retired from business, devoted his time mostly to politics, was once or twice elected to the Legislature, was second to Henry S. Foote in his duel with Edmund S. Winston in 1827, and died at the residence of Claborne Saunders in Lawrence County in 1828. A man of strong friendship, but also of bitter enmities."

"He was one of our most prominent, enterprising and public spirited merchants, and a man of the most genial, and kindly feelings. He was ever ready to attend the sick or distressed, and it is truly said of him, he was the first at the bed of sickness and last at the grave."

From obituary of John Baxter in *Alabamian & Times* (L. B. Thornton, editor) for Aug. 20, 1874.

Mr. Baxter was a citizen of Tuscumbia for many years. He was a devout Catholic and one of the founders of the Church at Tuscumbia. He served with distinction in the Florida Seminole War under Jackson. He was born in the County of Longford, Ireland, May 10, 1811, and died at Tuscumbia of apoplexy August 14, 1874. His wife, Ann Carroll Baxter, was born in Belfast, Ireland, May 26, 1816, and died May 21, 1869. They were married in Lincoln County, Tennessee, and came to Tuscumbia in 1841. They had at least three sons. One, Thomas Emmet Baxter, went to Arkansas, married a Miss Monroe, and was killed at Laconia in that state by being thrown from a horse. He died June 12, 1871. He was buried there, I believe, but later was re-interred in Oakwood Cemetery at Tuscumbia where his parents are buried. The other two sons were John and Carroll. John went to New York and became a wealthy wholesale mer-

chant and had a spacious summer home at Asbury, N. J. He died in 1901. Carroll was a citizen of Louisville, Ky., but I do not know when he died or what business he followed.

"Mr. Matthews was for many years a prominent and useful citizen of this place, for a long time editor of the **Franklin Democrat** and subsequently sheriff of the county. Prior to the war he moved to the vicinity of Tupelo, Miss., where he resided since. He was stricken with paralysis several years ago and has lingered in a feeble and almost helpless condition ever since. Our boyhood recollection of Alfred Matthews recall him as an earnest, hard working man, of decided and positive temperament, but of the kindest and most generous feelings. He devoted all the energies of his earlier manhood, whilst blest with health and strength, to the support of a large family, and although dying poor, carried to the grave with him the satisfaction that he had nobly discharged this unselfish duty. He was a strong Partisan and a vigorous political writer."

From obituary of A. C. Matthews in the **North Alabamian** (A. H. Keller, editor) for April 18, 1879.

There is no character listed in Colbertians who perhaps is as interesting to me personally as A. C. Matthews and yet I know very little about him other than what Mr. Keller wrote. As I write these words (Aug. 27, 1946) I doubt that there are a dozen persons in Colbert County who scarcely ever heard of him. It is true that he is mentioned in Leftwich's **Two Hundred Years at Muscle Shoals** as being editor of the **Franklin Democrat**, but I do not believe that any special comment is made regarding him. My mother knew his widow and daughter not many years after he died. She had heard about his being sheriff, but I believe she didn't know that he was ever an editor. My mother's parents, or at least her father, must have admired A. C. Matthews greatly, for one of my mother's brothers was named Franklin Matthews, the "Matthews" being in his honor. So the reader can see why I have such a personal interest in Mr. Matthews' history. His daughter died in October 1945 near Russellville. I had meant to see her and ask her about her father's history but I waited too late. It was after her death that I came across the obituary of A. C. Matthews. I have talked with three of her children, but unfortunately they seem to know very little concerning their

grandfather's history. One of them told me that he at one time had some kind of job with the Memphis and Charleston Railroad which Mr. Keller failed to mention. Another one said that he was a high ranking Mason which Mr. Keller also failed to note. One of them said that there were twelve children born to Mr. and Mrs. Matthews but all died young, or fairly young, except three. The daughter I have referred to married William Hall who was reared in Franklin County. A. C. Matthews himself died while on a visit to Tuscumbia on April 14, 1879, and was buried in Oakwood Cemetery. I do not know the date of his birth. I think he was a native of some place in Virginia; and my grandfather might have known him there. His wife was a Miss Little, so say his grandchildren. She taught school some after Mr. Matthews died, and she died in 1914, near Walter Valley, Mississippi.

There was a Solomon Matthews from Virginia who settled at Tuscumbia at a very early date. He had a daughter who married Maj. S. W. L. McCleskey, a man prominent in the affairs of both Colbert and Franklin, and their son, Alfred McCleskey, was sheriff of Colbert about forty years ago. Solomon Matthews may have been closely related to Alfred C. Matthews.

"Spangler can wade through gold waist deep, and not a dollar will stick to him," is the statement that Josiah Horn is said to have made about Daniel Spangler when someone mentioned to Mr. Horn that he put a lot of confidence in young Spangler. That was in the days when Horn and Spangler were running the steammill on Poplar Creek. Throughout his long life Daniel Spangler bore a reputation for honesty.

Mr. Spangler lived in his last years south of Leighton near where Harmony Church now is, and in what was then known as the Roscoe community. There he died on Oct. 30, 1845, "in the 84th year of his age." He was buried at LaGrange. The *Leighton News* (of which F. W. McCormick was editor and Wm. McCormack was associate editor) said the following about Mr. Spangler:

"Mr. Spangler had been confined to his room for two months before his death, and all that loving hands could do for him was cheerfully and willingly done. Now that he has gone the

way of all flesh, we can only add that after a quarter of a century's intimate knowledge of him in business relations and otherwise, we never knew a more upright, honest man. He leaves many sons and daughters to mourn the loss of a good father, and a host of friends and acquaintances to testify to his sterling worth as an honest and worthy citizen. May the God of infinite grace watch over, protect and bless the near and dear ones of our departed friend, Daniel Spangler."

Mr. Spangler was married when a young man to a Miss Mullens. He had a large family of children by her. Two of their sons, James H. and D. L. Spangler, were Colbert County officials and prominent in other ways. After his first wife's death he was married in 1880, to George Ann Ayres, and they had two daughters.

"Mr. Guy was probably the oldest citizen in this immediate vicinity. He was a good citizen, a kind and loving father, and was always ready to lend a helping hand to those in distress."

From death notice of Joseph Albert Guy in the *North Alabamian* for June 17, 1898.

Mr. Guy was born July 10, 1814, and died June 15, 1898. He was the youngest of nine children born to Dr. Joseph and Esther (Sharp) Guy who came from Iredell County, North Carolina, in 1822 and settled about three miles west of Tuscumbia. From reading the gravestones in the Guy cemetery, near where Dr. Guy lived, we learn that Dr. Joseph Guy was born Dec. 29, 1767, and died Aug. 1, 1830. His wife was born April 22, 1770, and died March 22, 1850. Dr. Guy was a graduate of the Philadelphia Medical College and his granddaughter, Mattie Guy of Tuscumbia, now in her 85th year, has his diploma. The nine children of Dr. and Mrs. Guy consisted of six sons and three daughters. It was their son, Lorenzo Guy, from whom the beautiful carriage made by Isaac E. Young, was taken by an unprincipled Federal officer in time of the war. Another son, Martin Guy, was once sheriff. One of their daughters, Esther J., married B. J. Smith and was the mother of the first wife of Dr. W. C. Wheeler of Cherokee, whose obituary I have included in the section on obituaries and cemetery records.

Joseph Albert Guy himself married a daughter of Littleberry and Mary (Battle) Cheatham. Mr. Cheatham was a native of Northampton County, North Carolina. Miss Battle was his second wife and Mrs. Guy was the only child of that marriage. Littleberry Cheatham owned a plantation on Bear Creek southwest of Tuscumbia in the ante-bellum days. There were also other Cheathams in that section who were probably relatives of his.

Joseph Albert Guy and wife had a family of several children. One son, I. P. Guy, has been noticed in connection with the Edward H. Newsom family. His sister, Miss Mattie Guy, tells me that I. P. Guy was first married to a Miss Sewell of Trinity, Ala., which I did not know when I made mention of him.

In the *North Alabamian* for Feb. 8, 1894, comment is made about Joseph Albert Guy having lived for 72 years on the same farm. It said he was 80 years old, in the full enjoyment of health, got around vigorously, and was in Tuscumbia nearly every day. A very interesting record, indeed, which reminds me that James W. Alexander of the Brick community, north of Leighton, is said to have lived 60 years continuously at the same place. According to his gravestone, Mr. Alexander was born Dec. 31, 1821, and died Nov. 8, 1903. It was said that he was an elder in the Mt. Pleasant Cumberland Presbyterian Church, a church member more than 60 years, and the father of 15 children. There were other Alexander families at Brick and as a whole they were substantial folks.

"He (Col. L. B. Thornton) was identified with Tuscumbia for more than fifty years. He represented Franklin County in the Legislature, was for many years an elder in Presbyterian Church, and Register in Chancery, was a high Mason and Knight Templar and served as mayor of Tuscumbia. He was a scholar and man of large reading and in his former years the dispenser of a most generous and liberal hospitality."

From death notice or obituary of Col. Lewis Bedford Thornton in the *North Alabamian* for Jan. 11, 1895.

Col. Thornton was born in Spotsylvania Co., Va., May 28, 1815, and died Jan. 10, 1895. He had suffered from paralysis many weeks before his death. He was twice married. His first

wife was Virginia Nooe, a sister of John A. Nooe, "the first graduate of the University of Alabama," and his second wife was Louisa Meredith of Tuscumbia, a daughter of an estimable widow who was one of the distinguished Hogun (or Hogan) family of Colbert.

Col. Thornton made interesting notes about the war, especially about the Federal occupation of Tuscumbia, some of which are included in **Two Hundred Years at Muscle Shoals**. I find that in the summer of 1872 he visited his old Virginia home.

"He (Dr. Wm. Cordwell Cross) had resided in this county thirty or forty years, and leaves a large circle of acquaintances and no enemies who deplore his death and sympathize with his splendid family. He was a splendid physician, a true and honest man, a sincere friend, and a valuable and worthy citizen. He was a surgeon of the 16th Ala. Reg. during the war and greatly beloved by every member of it."

From the **North Alabamian** (A. H. Keller, editor) for Sept. 1, 1882.

The Keller account says he died Aug. 28, 1882, of cancer. On pages 174 and 175 of **Early Settlers of Alabama** by J. E. Saunders is the following statement: "Wm. C. Cross, of Cherokee, Colbert County, was appointed surgeon of the Sixteenth in October, 1861, and was promoted to senior surgeon of the brigade in the spring of 1862 while at Corinth. He remained with the wounded at Perryville, was transferred to hospital duty in the spring of 1863, and remained on duty at Newnan, Ga., until near the close of the war. A brother surgeon who knew him in service intimately says, 'He is a fine physician, a devoted friend, a true patriot, and an elegant gentleman.' He lives at Cherokee.' "

According to records possessed by Mrs. W. D. Brotherton of Cherokee, a granddaughter of Dr. Cross, he was a son of Jesse and Mary (Lawrence) Cross and was born in what is now Gates County, North Carolina, March 20, 1815, and died near Cherokee, August 29, 1882. He was married in Lawrence Coun-

ty, Alabama, on October 20, 1841, to Mary Ann Frances Harris. They were the parents of eight children—three sons and five daughters. One daughter died, a young lady, unmarried; another daughter, Amanda Rebecca, married Thomas Lile from Courtland, Alabama, and the others died in infancy or when small. Two of the sons lived to adult life and married. They were: Benjamin Jesse married Mary Alexander of the Cherokee neighborhood, and William Cyprian (who was also a physician) married (1) Arabella Prince of Tuscaloosa and (2) Lyda Jennings of Newbern, Alabama.

Dr. Cross is said to have been as fond of his pipe as were the Dutch settlers of New Amsterdam or as was "Old King Cole" of the nursery rhyme. It was thought by some, that his almost constant pipe-smoking caused the cancer which killed him. Of course I do not know. While I have never smoked or used tobacco in any form, I believed it is said that pipe-smokers, as a rule, are good-natured folks and from the accounts of Dr. Cross he must have been good-natured—a man of lovable disposition.

"No man has ever lived in the country who did more for the public in advice, actual labor, and contributions of money than Dr. G. E. Kumpe. The Masonic Lodge at Leighton was presided over by him for a number of years, and the lodge under his supervision was classed among the best in the state. His lectures were superior to any I ever heard in any lodge. He was an active steward in the Methodist church and contributed liberally to the support of the ministry. The cause of education had in him a warm advocate and a cheerful and strong supporter. To him we are largely indebted for the success of LaGrange College. He was an especial friend of Bishop Paine and Prof. Tutwiler while they were connected with the college. He also had the high esteem of Dr. Wadsworth and Prof. Hardy who succeeded Bishop Paine and Prof. Tutwiler.

"It mattered not how extended his practice, he would attend his patients, then meet the board of trustees in their deliberations for the interest of LaGrange College. He was a man of superior judgment in business and was often consulted by the best financiers of the country in reference to extensive business transactions."

From **History of LaGrange College** by A. A. McGregor.

Prof. John C. Stephenson writing in the **Leighton News** many years ago said: "Dr. Kumpe was an extraordinary man. He was physically, morally and mentally a perfect man. He was 5 feet, 11 inches high, erect in body, broad-shouldered and symmetrically built, weighed 170 pounds. His voice was full and strong; in his Masonic lectures his accent was clear, though the German brogue clung to him till death. He was distinct in his enunciation. He was a blonde, had a beautiful fair complexion, rosy cheeks, dark nut-brown hair, head large and round, high square forehead, eyes a bright clear blue, face rather oval with regular features, nose thin and regularly curved, mouth small and expressive, perpendicular front teeth, and full round chin.

"Dr. Kumpe was active in the practice of medicine till his last sickness. Indeed, his death was caused by a hurt he received accidentally in attending a patient. He was known in North Alabama as one of the most learned and successful physicians in the profession."

According to Dr. Kumpe's tombstone in the cemetery at LaGrange, he was born Oct. 7, 1819, and died Aug. 29, 1887. He was a native of Germany. He had a brother, John Kumpe, who also came to America and lived in what is now Colbert County. He removed from Colbert to Arkansas, so says Rebecca Kumpe of Leighton. Dr. George E. Kumpe lived in LaGrange when it was a flourishing village and a center of culture. He was married two times and perhaps three. There is a grave in the Oakwood Cemetery at Tuscumbia whose marker states that the person buried there was "Catherine F., consort of George E. Kumpe, departed this life 16th April 1844, aged 21 years and 6 months." The wife with whom he lived so long, and the mother of his children, was Rebecca F. Kennerly (Oct. 1, 1819-Aug. 30, 1874), the daughter of Major and Mrs. Jas. Kennerly. After her death Dr. Kumpe was married to the widow of Dr. Anderson Barclay. Dr. Kumpe was the father of several sons and one daughter who died in childhood. One or two of his sons made doctors and located in Montana. Another one was Probate Judge of Lawrence County for many years. In fact, I believe all of them were quite successful in life.

"We were pained to learn on our return home, of the death of Mr. H. P. Carloss, long a resident of the vicinity of Barton, in this county. He was a North Carolinian by birth, a man of ardent and generous impulses, a thrifty and energetic farmer, a strong friend and a useful citizen."

From the *North Alabamian* (A. H. Keller, editor) for Dec. 2, 1875.

"That few men acted their part better in life than the deceased, is the verdict of a grief stricken community, which now deplores his loss. It is no excess of praise to say of him, he was honest, generous, manly, and brave from boyhood, and the last year of his life was crowned with a devout and happy experience of grace. A man of firm and decided convictions about everything, he was especially so in the matter of religion. Before he assumed the name of Christian, he often assured his Pastor, that he had no recollection that he had ever entertained a doubt, even for a moment, about the authenticity and genuineness of the Christian system or Scriptures. And so when he embraced religion it was from the highest conviction of its necessity to him, and of its paramount claims upon him."

From obituary of H. P. Carloss by W. H. A. (W. H. Armstrong?) in the *North Alabamian* for Dec. 16, 1875, and dated from Cherokee, Ala., Dec. 13, 1875.

Halcott Pride Carloss was born in Chatham County, North Carolina, April 15, 1820, and died Nov. 29, 1875. He was a son of Archelaus and Ruth (Pride) Carloss. His mother was, if I understand correctly, a daughter of Maj. Edward Pride and a sister of John Fletcher Pride who have already been noticed. Mr. Carloss married Laura Patterson of Decatur, Alabama, and to them were born eight children. Only two are now living. They are James A. Carloss of R. F. D. 2, Elkmont, Alabama, and a daughter, Mary, of San Antonio, Texas. James A. Carloss gave me this information in a letter written Aug. 1, 1946, and he says he is 88 years of age.

Mr. Keller in speaking of the death of H. P. Carloss said that he was a "thrifty and energetic farmer." There is a notice in the *Alabamian* and *Times* for Jan. 8, 1874, which I here reproduce.

"Large Hogs

"Mr. H. P. Carloss, who lives near Barton, in this county, killed a few days ago, so we are informed, two very large hogs. One weighed 502 pounds and the other 509 pounds. Who can beat this in Alabama?"

A later notice stated that he killed fifteen hogs and that the average weight of the fifteen was considerably over three hundred pounds. The fifteen of course included, I suppose, the extra two large ones. I have made note of this to show that Mr. Carloss knew how to grow large hogs and that there were large hogs in Alabama seventy-two years ago.

H. P. Carloss had a brother, W. J. Carloss, who lived in Colbert County many years and was a highly esteemed gentleman. His obituary in the *Tuscumbia Dispatch* for Aug. 20, 1903 states that he died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. M. A. Hopkins of Sheffield, Ala., Aug. 11, 1903. He was born in North Carolina and his wife was Lucy Grandbury who died Feb. 26, 1896. They were the parents of several children, in addition to Mrs. Hopkins, one being the wife of Dr. Frank T. Gilmore of Colbert County.

There may have been other Carlosses in Colbert that I have no data on. I had forgotten to state that the wife of Halcott Pride Carloss lived until 1920. And in giving the maiden name of Mrs. W. J. Carloss I have used the spelling as used in her obituary. It probably should have been Lucy "Granberry" or "Grandberry."

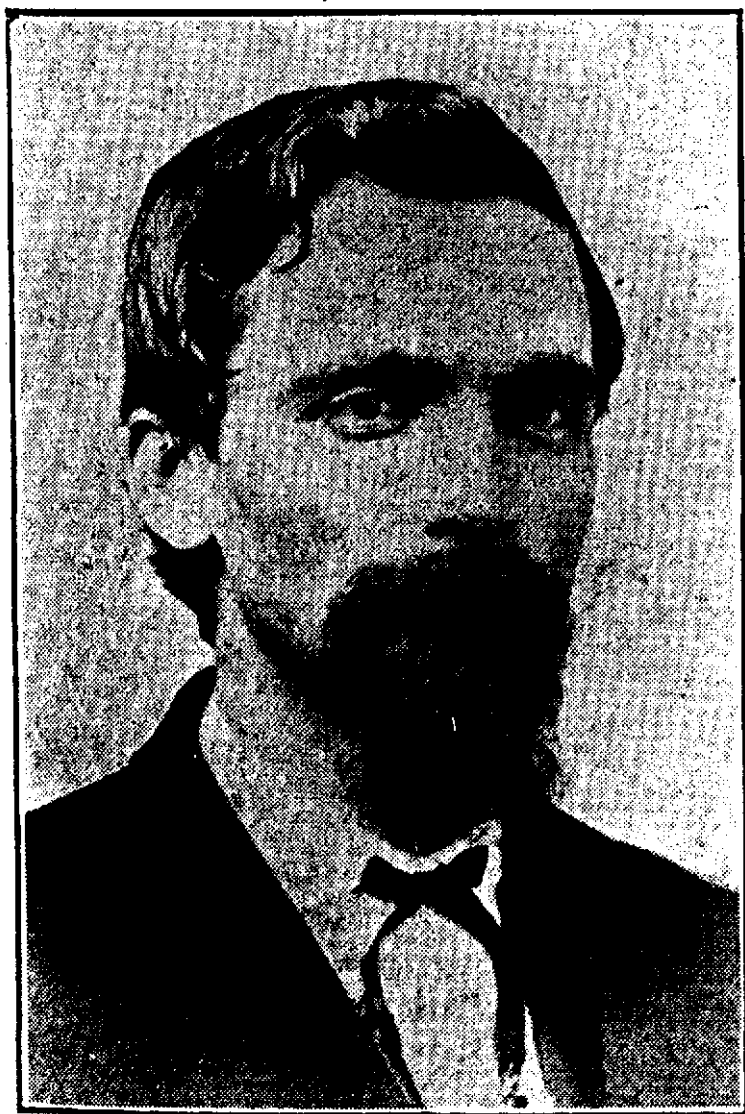
"Our acquaintance with Capt. Stickles began previous to the war when he was engaged in steam-boating on the Tennessee River, and it affords us pleasure to hear testimony to his high character as a citizen and business man, and to his indomitable courage and devotion as a soldier. He was a Northern man, we think a Pennsylvanian, and yet the South had no more ardent friend nor a more gallant defender."

From obituary of Capt. J. H. Stickles in the *North Alabamian* (A. H. Keller, editor) for April 13, 1883.

According to his gravestone in the Atkisson Cemetery near the site of old Mountain Mills, Capt. Stickles was born April

19, 1827 and died April 5, 1883. It shows also that he was a Mason. The spelling there is "Stickle" and not "Stickles." Mrs. Donley of Tuscumbia, a granddaughter of Hector and Sallie (Franklin) Atkisson, says that Capt. Stickle came from Pennsylvania which confirms Mr. Keller's belief. She says that Capt. Stickle was twice married. She does not know who his first wife was, but his second wife was Elizabeth Old. Miss Old's mother was a sister of Sallie Franklin who married Hector Atkisson. According to her gravestone Elizabeth Old Stickle was born Feb. 10, 1844 and died Jan. 7, 1883—just about three months before Capt. Stickle died.

Capt. Stickle was at one time connected with the Mountain Mills Factory. This factory was two miles south of Barton, at the foot of the mountain, and on the road that connects Barton with old Frankfort, the latter place being at one time the county seat of Franklin County, when the county included what is now Colbert exclusive of the Town Creek-Triangle. W. B. Kimbrough tells me that at one time there was a foundry at Mountain Mills, but the place was best known for the manufacture of thread. I am advised that the Cherry Cotton Mill of Florence, Alabama, is a successor to Mountain Mills Factory.



J. M. DEAN

"We were grieved to learn of the death last week in Cherokee of Capt. J. W. Dean, a gentleman whom it was good to have known. He had been in declining health for a number of years, and though his death was expected, it was nevertheless a sad blow to the family, and the community in which he resided. He was an honest, upright and esteemed citizen respected by a wide acquaintance, and his death will be deeply deplored by his numerous friends. May his soul find rest in the land far beyond."

From Tuscumbia Weekly-Dispatch for Nov. 13, 1888.

According to Capt. Dean's gravestone in the cemetery at Cherokee he was born April 13, 1836 and died November 5, 1888. W. C. Holesapple advises me that Capt. Joseph W. Dean married a sister of Dr. W. C. Wheeler, but unfortunately there was a separation. Capt. Dean was one of Cherokee's leading merchants and business men.

"There were but few such men as Sam Aldridge—he was **generous** to a fault; possessing the **noblest impulses**, with a feeling of the most lady-like purity I ever knew; and I knew him well. He was a gentleman at home and abroad.

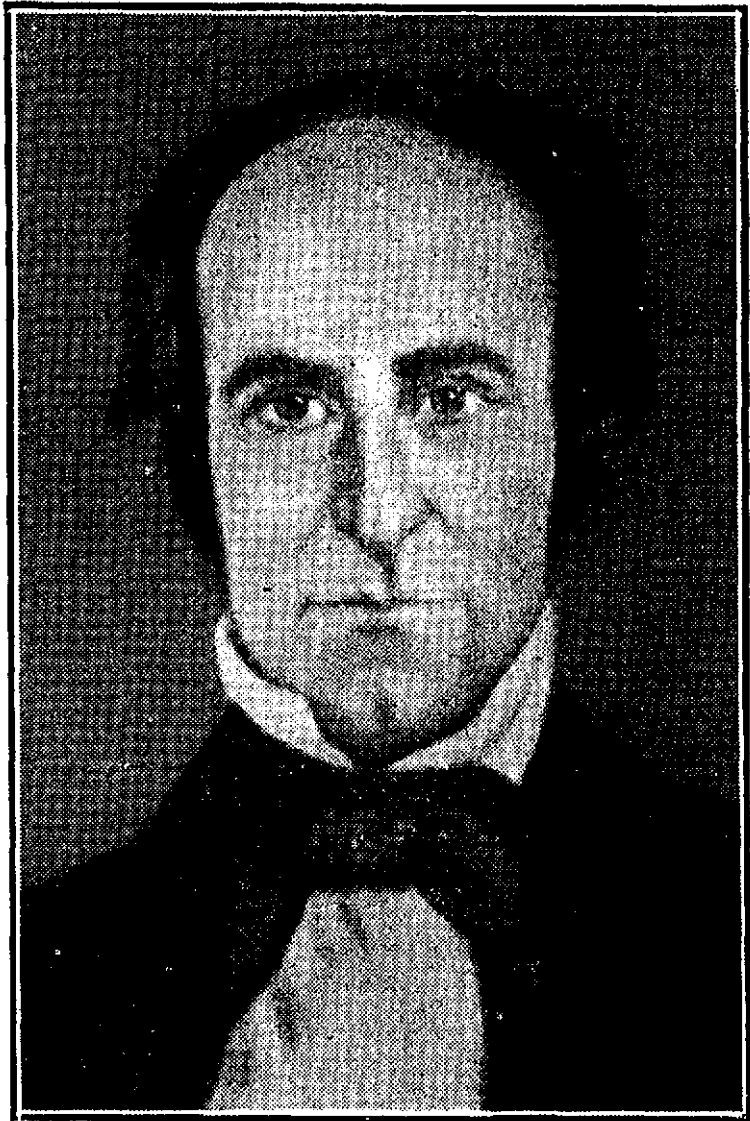
"He was always happy and gay and strove to make all pleasant with whom he associated. Everybody liked Sam. He had not an enemy in the world. Altho he was universally liked, he had but few friends in whom he confided.

"He was truly a noble representation of better days and purer times."

From obituary of Samuel H. Aldridge in the **North Alabamian** (by "A Friend") for Jan. 28, 1881. The obituary is dated for Jan. 24, 1881 and according to it Mr. Aldridge was born Oct. 11, 1839 and died June 1, 1880. His wife was Emma L. Barton. Miss Barton's parents were Armistead and Amanda (Cook) Barton. Mrs. Emma Scruggs of Tuscumbia tells me that Samuel H. Aldridge's father was a Philadelphia wholesale merchant, and that Barton Dickson, who had a store at Dickson Station, west of Cherokee, used to go to Philadelphia, and buy goods from Mr. Aldridge. As a result of these contacts with the Aldridges, Samuel H. came to Alabama and married Miss Barton. Mrs. Scruggs has a large painting of this Miss Barton and it shows her to have been a beautiful woman. She also has one of Samuel H. Aldridge. There is a remarkable resemblance in this painting and the pictures of Edgar Allen Poe. These two paintings were the works of a Mr. Frye to whom I have already referred.

THE BARTONS

It appears that Armistead and Amanda Cook Barton were the wealthiest people who lived in Franklin County in their day. The 1850 Census report shows Mrs. Barton's real-estate value to have been \$127,000. When I wrote the first two sections of Colbertians, I was seriously in doubt of this. I thought perhaps the Census enumerator made a mistake in his writing and that it was \$27,000 instead of \$127,000. Even \$27,000 was far above the average. But lately I have learned from good authority that the Bartons were very large land and slave owners and also that Armistead Barton was a large stockholder in the



ARMISTEAD BARTON



AMANDA COOK BARTON
lived a widow about thirty-five years.

Tuscumbia - Decatur Railroad. Mr. Barton died comparatively a young man. He was born in Virginia in 1800 and died in 1847. According to an old Huntsville newspaper, Mr. Barton was married to Amanda Cook on January 20, 1829. She was a daughter of Henry Cook who was born in Rockingham Co., Va., May 21, 1782 and died at Tuscumbia, April 29, 1850. Mr. Cook was one of the pioneers of Huntsville, Ala., but his last years were spent at Tuscumbia, where both he and Mrs. Cook are buried. Amanda Cook, Armistead Barton's wife, was born in 1809 and died in 1884. She therefore

The parents of Armistead Barton were Dr. Hugh and Mary (Shirley) Barton. They were originally from Virginia, later lived in East Tennessee and finally removed to what is now Colbert County, Alabama. The 1850 Census report gives Dr. Hugh Barton's age as 76 and his wife's as 70. They were the parents of twelve children, Armistead being the oldest. Among the other eleven were Arthur and James Shirley Barton, well known citizens of Colbert. I am advised that Barton, Ala., was named for Arthur Barton. He lived to be fairly old and was never married. James Shirley, who was the youngest of the Barton family, married (1) Lizzie Petty, (2) a Miss Hawkins. Hugh, another son of Dr. Hugh and Mary (Shirley) Barton, married Jane Harris and lived at Bastrop, Texas. Among the daughters of Dr. Hugh and Mary (Shirley) Barton were: Elizabeth married Wm. Dickson, Margaret Ann and Hannah Maria, both of whom were married to J. W. Rutland, and Louise Vance married Horace Warren and died in Austin, Texas.

Clark T. Barton was one of the leading merchants of Tuscumbia in the early days. He was a nephew of Dr. Hugh Barton. He was born July 8, 1799 and died Feb. 8, 1848. His wife was Jane B. Aldridge, a granddaughter of Armistead and Amanda (Cook) Barton, and she was born Sept. 10, 1811 and died Jan. 26, 1885. She came to Tuscumbia with her father, Thomas Aldridge (died Dec. 25, 1852, aged 55), from the vicinity of Lynchburg, Virginia. Mrs. Scruggs says that Clark T. Barton's wife was of no relation to Samuel H. Aldridge. It appears that Clark T. and Jane B. (Aldridge) Barton were the parents of several children but that only two lived to adult life. These were Kate who married Col. W. A. Johnson and Clark T., Jr. (called "Veto") who married a Miss Price.

In conclusion of these remarks on the Barton family I should state that Armistead Barton was also a merchant of Tuscumbia in the early days and he and his family lived in the brick house now the home of Mrs. Lula Merrill Simpson. He then removed to the vicinity of Dickson Station west of Cherokee.

MISS VIRGINIA WILLIAMS

Miss Virginia Williams deserves special mention for having kept an interesting diary in the days of the war. I have seen this diary. It was written in a beautiful hand but time has faded much of it so badly that it is hard to read. She was a daughter of Prof. Wm. G. and Susan Adelaide (Miller) Williams, the former who was from Massachusetts and who was a professor in LaGrange College and also a Presbyterian minister. Prof. Williams' sympathy was with the Union, but his son became a soldier of the Confederacy much against his father's will. In 1863 Prof. Williams returned to New England, his wife having died in 1859.

Miss Virginia Williams married a Mr. Hobgood. Her son, John Hobgood, who lives a few miles east of Tuscumbia, has a framed record of her death and it reads as follows:

"In Loving Remembrance of

My Dear Wife

Mrs. Virginia M. Hopgood

Died Apr. 13, 1891

Aged 52 years, 4 mo., 25 days"

The name Hobgood was misspelled in this record which I find to be rather a frequent occurrence in tombstone records and other records.

The Hobgoods were among the prominent early settlers in the valley between Tuscumbia and Leighton. I do not have very much information about them, but the gravestone record of

John Hobgood, one of these early Hobgoods, shows that he was born in Halifax County, N. C., Oct. 10, 1800, emigrated to Alabama in 1818, and died Feb. 13, 1859. He married Martha A. Alsobrook, a daughter of Col. William and Alice (,Sessum) Alsobrook. Elijah Hobgood was a brother of John Hobgood.

END OF SECTION IV.

In addition to those mentioned in the preface to Colbertians, I wish to express my appreciation to the following for help in compiling this section:

Miss Mattie Guy, Mrs. Emma Scruggs and Mr. Wm. Borden of Tuscumbia; Mr. James Carloss of Elkmont; Mrs. J. F. Craig of Jasper; Mrs. W. A. Malone and Mrs. W. D. Brotherton of Cherokee; Mr. Ernest Hall and his sisters, Mrs. Crawford and Mrs. Laster of Russellville; and there may be a few others that I have overlooked.

THE ORGANIZATION OF THE CONFEDERATE NAVY

By Thad Holt, Jr., Birmingham, Ala.

In late 1860, the pent-up discord and strife between sectional interests which had grown steadily during the whole course of the nation's history finally reached the boiling point with the election to the Presidency of Abraham Lincoln. Conceiving this to be the passing of any last hopes that their interests would be longer considered in the national government, the states of the South, beginning in December with South Carolina, repealed the resolutions whereby they had ratified the United States Constitution, and thus formally took the long-threatened step of secession. When the seven seceded states met in February at Montgomery and formed the Provisional Government, Stephen R. Mallory of Florida, a former U. S. Senator and longtime chairman of the House Naval Affairs Committee, was appointed Secretary of the Navy. Opinions of his worth and ability are diametrically opposed; e.g., condemned as an incompetent by R. B. Rhett, editor of the *Charleston Mercury*, he is warmly defended by Soley of the U. S. Navy, who was perhaps better able to appreciate nautical values. Mallory was more experienced than Welles, the U. S. Secretary of the Navy, and, unlike the latter, warmly advocated the adoption of iron-clads. The newspapers of the South abused him for failing to keep the Southern ports open (could anyone have done so?); nevertheless, he alone of all the cabinet save the Postmaster-General retained his post to the end of the war, a fact which seems quite incompatible with the extreme opinions held by such men as Rhett.

Under Mallory were organized the various subdivisions of the department: orders and detail, ordnance and hydrography, medicine and surgery, and provisions and clothing. With few exceptions, the men in charge of these bureaus and those under them did yeoman service in the organization of the navy of the new republic.

In the real, concrete equipment and men to comprise this navy the government was sadly lacking. With respect to the officers to command the fleet, numerous capable men of Southern birth resigned from the service in order to serve their states,

though the South had always contributed its ablest men to the military rather than the naval service. A total of 322 officers left the U. S. service to cast their lot with their native states and thence with the Confederacy. Later on, in 1863, a naval academy was set up around the training ship **Patrick Henry** in the James River, under Captain W. H. Parker. Manpower was lacking, for the South was not a naturally seafaring section as was New England. Enough men for the river gunboats, however, were generally available, and the commerce destroyers were primarily manned by foreigners.

With regard to ships, the other essential of a navy, the Confederacy was badly deficient. No ships of war of any kind were to be found among the seven Confederate states that dreary February, save only the ancient side-wheeler **Fulton**, laid up at Pensacola. Here, as in nearly all the other deliberations of the early Provisional Government, the great question was: Would Virginia secede? In Virginia at Norfolk was the Gosport Navy Yard, the only shipyard in the South capable of building and equipping large warships, for the Pensacola yard was for maintenance only. In Virginia were the Tredegar Iron Works, the only Southern industrial plant which could turn out heavy ordnance. But would the Old Dominion break with the Union she had led in forming? For two months the question hung on every mind; and then, after Lincoln's call for volunteers, Virginia seceded.

On Norfolk centered the attention of the Navy Department, for in Norfolk were ten vessels, as well as warehouses bulging with materiel. Volunteers attempted to block the entrance to the harbor by sinking hulks in the channel, but on the night of April 20 a Federal sloop slipped in and burned the buildings and ships, escaping about midnight. When Virginia forces seized the yard next day it was found that 1200 guns and much heavy machinery and equipment were intact, and that the new frigate **Merrimac** and perhaps two other ships could be raised.

This was indeed a boon of the first magnitude to the poverty-stricken Navy Department, for the South had little equipment or resources for constructing ships, and capture and purchase were almost the only means of building a navy; iron was scarce, only one steam-engine works existed in the country, and even

the vast Southern timber resources stood in need of manpower to tap them, while the Confederacy's foreign credit was poor indeed. The Department therefore cast about for every possible craft of any description which might be pressed into service. Six revenue cutters, three survey vessels, two schooners, a steam tender and six or eight lighthouse tenders were scraped up from various ports, but these were chiefly small sailing craft and nearly worthless. In the search for steam vessels, numerous privately owned steamboats were taken or bought, though only ten or twelve proved of importance.

Only at New Orleans was the picture favorable. At this, the greatest port of the South and the second most important in the old United States, seizures and purchases enabled the navy to form a fleet of considerable proportions. A dozen vessels were fitted out for various purposes, including raiding, river fighting, ramming, and service on Lake Pontchartrain; the State of Louisiana bought two more ships for the fleet, and another was bought by the people of New Orleans by private subscription. In addition, numerous coal barges were kept on hand for use as fireships.

Meanwhile, a new factor in naval warfare, the ironclad vessel, was making its appearance. Mallory warmly supported the plan put forth by Lieutenant John M. Brooke to raise the sunken *Merrimac*, rechristen her *Virginia*, and encase her in iron armor. Mallory also encouraged the construction of such ships at all possible locations in the Confederacy. After heroic exertions, foundries and rolling mills were set up at Selma, Atlanta, and Macon, and powder and other munitions began to be made at Petersburg, Columbia, and Charlotte; thus ordnance and equipment were available, though iron for the required 2½" armor plate was short, often being rolled from railroad rails. However, after the loss of New Orleans, Norfolk, and Pensacola in early 1862 the Confederacy had no large shipyards of any kind.

To return to the New Orleans fleet: in accordance with this construction program, five ships, including two ironclads, were built at New Orleans in 1861. Farther north, the army impressed fourteen river steamboats to form a "River Defense Flotilla"; an absurd scheme in its details, it failed utterly after a great outlay of money had been made on it. Sailing up-

river to oppose Davis, it was wiped out at Memphis, June, 1862. The defense of New Orleans was an almost equal fiasco; the city fell in April like a rotten apple, and the naval defense of the whole river fell prey to inefficiency and divided command. Such matters, however, are beyond the scope of this article, which aims to deal with the organization of the navy only.

The Navy Department next turned to privateering. This step, an attempt to increase the strength of the blue-water navy for commerce raiding, was taken by a presidential proclamation, April 17, 1861, and an act of Congress granting letters of marque was passed May 6. It should be pointed out that such privateering was not illegal, for the Declaration of Paris of 1856 applied only to the signatory powers. However, Lincoln chose to disregard this, and announced that the crews and officers of captured privateers would be considered pirates. The crew of the captured privateer *Savannah* were actually put on trial for piracy; the jury, however, disagreed, and the Confederate government notified the U. S. government that whatever punishment was inflicted on these men would be meted out to an equal number of Federal officers held prisoner. Foreign powers supported this view and recognized privateers as legally belligerent vessels, and in the end this counsel prevailed, the Federals treating captured privateers as full prisoners of war. However, privateering was short-lived for other reasons; though the twenty or more such private vessels, operating chiefly from Charleston, New Orleans, and Hatteras Inlet, took over sixty prizes during the summer and fall of 1861, the mounting blockade made prize sales unprofitable, and the practice declined. Most of the owners turned their ships into the blockade-running trade, though a few went into the government service.

Finally, steps were taken toward the last means of obtaining ships—purchase from foreign builders. In June, 1861, Captain James D. Bulloch, C.S.N., established himself in Liverpool and began to contact English shipbuilders with the object of obtaining commerce destroyers. An order was placed with a Liverpool firm for a duplicate of the British navy's gun-vessels; it was announced that she was the *Oreto*, destined for the Italian government, and efforts of the U. S. minister, Charles Francis Adams, to have her construction stopped were in vain. She set out unarmed in 1862, taking on armament from another ship

in the Bahamas. Impounded at Nassau, she was released, and, rechristened **Florida**, ran into Mobile and then back out on a long raiding voyage. Another ship, the **Japan**, was purchased and renamed **Georgia**; defective engines hindered her performance. Another vessel of the **Florida** class, the **Alexandra**, was begun, but legal action delayed her completion until too late for service. Yet another vessel was seized in 1863. In addition, Mallory, always strongly in favor of ironclads, had orders placed in 1862 for two huge armored ships, more powerful than any unit of the U. S. navy, intending to use them in recovering the Mississippi. Adams vigorously protested the construction of these ships, but Bulloch, foreseeing such a contingency, had had them registered as the property of a French firm, pretending them to be destined for the Viceroy of Egypt. Accordingly, Adams had great difficulty in persuading the Crown authorities to take his point of view. Finally, however, after a particularly pointed letter from him, the British seized the two ships and eventually purchased them for the Royal Navy under the names **Wivern** and **Scorpion**.

In 1864 the **Tallahassee**, ex **Atlanta**, was bought from her British owners and sent against the Halifax fishing fleet. Finally, Bulloch bought the **Sea King**, and refitted her as the **Shenandoah**. Armed at sea, she proceeded against the North Pacific whaling fleet, the only sizable portion of U. S. commerce not swept from the sea by the **Alabama** and her consorts.

Mention of this ship brings us to her building, whose story is reserved for the end, as befits the greatest of the cruisers. Built at Liverpool in 1862, she proceeded to the Azores, where she was met by a steamer laden with armaments. These were transferred to her on the high seas, and she emerged a powerful cruiser, under the command of Captain Raphael Semmes. Semmes, with most of his officers, had ended up in Gibraltar after the cruise of the **Sumter**, the first Confederate cruiser, converted in New Orleans in early 1861. The **Alabama's** brilliant record is outside the scope of this article, but she succeeded in crippling the American carrying trade for many years.

This, briefly, is the story of the organization of the Confederate Navy—like all Confederate efforts, a heroic struggle against overwhelming odds and inevitable defeat.

THE GALLANT PELHAM

By Mary Palmer, Opelika, Ala.

It is thought that Pelham was descended from a long line of distinguished Norman warriors, statesmen, and scholars. He grew up in the wooded hills and prolific valleys of northern Alabama, where the Pelham brothers were notorious for their harmless escapades and boyish pranks. A large part of his life was spent on his father's cotton plantation, where he became indeed an accomplished horseman. He also had a strong, natural yearning toward athletics.

At the age of eighteen, John Pelham received an appointment to the United States Military Academy. There he was placed in a company composed mostly of Southern men. He was an average student but received the highest marks in cavalry tactics. Again he excelled in athletics and was equally as good in boxing, fencing, and horsemanship.

Perhaps the most prominent feature of this handsome youth was the charm of his eloquent manners. It is said that a discourteous act was wholly foreign to his nature. "He was strikingly handsome in person, of light build, with blue eyes, golden hair, and clean-cut boyish features upon which beauty and determination were exquisitely blended."¹ This superior young man possessed those gifts of personality and presence that captivate people. He was a true symbol of American manhood.

John Pelham's four and a half years of study at West Point gave him a well-rounded preparation for life. The clouds of war began to darken and on April 12, 1861, Fort Sumter was fired upon. Pelham, however, hoped to graduate and so was one of the last to leave West Point. On April 22, he started for Alabama, and for precaution he posed as courier of General Scott, commander-in-chief of the United States Army. He reported to Montgomery, Alabama, for military service, was commissioned lieutenant and sent to Virginia with General Joseph Johnston, who was encamped near Winchester. There he worked hard as drillmaster. On July the eighteenth, Johnston marched his army of eight thousand men fifty miles to unite with General Beauregard's ten thousand men near Manassas. At one o'clock on Sunday, April 21, 1861, the column joined Beauregard's army, and

¹The Gallant Pelham—Mercer—page 19.

the weary men sank to sleep in fence corners. Soon after day-break distant guns awoke them. Horses were hitched and harnessed to the guns. The artillery pushed forward to its baptism of fire. This was the famous battle of Bull Run. There were eighteen thousand Federals under the command of General Irvin McDowell. During the heavy morning fighting the Federals were successful; after noon the Confederates were driven up a broad slope. General Barnard E. Bee, in an attempt to rally his retreating troops cried, "Look! There is Jackson standing like a stone wall!" The name caught and passed like wildfire. Men rushed to reinforce Jackson. A new line was formed. Brave men quickly closed up the ranks, the Confederate gunners, sweating under the ugly sun and black from the powder and dust, held the line. General Beauregard gave the order to advance. With enthusiastic cries, the gleaming bayonets charged headlong into the enemy. As the Federals retreated, Pelham swung his battery where help was needed to make the battle a decisive Southern victory. General Jackson, in his report, praised Pelham's battery. This historic victory distinguished Pelham's name and displayed his coolness, skill and amazing ability.

Pelham admired General Stuart as much as Stuart admired him. They were both born soldiers and worked hand and glove in their military associations. With nothing to work with Pelham organized the famous Stuart Horse Artillery which became a model by which other artillery was judged.

Esten Cook says, "I never knew a comrade more attractive. His blue eyes never fell before the stare of peril. His color never faded in the most desperate fighting; but a word often made him blush.

"No tract of ground, no movement of the enemy ever escaped his eagle eye. He had an inborn genius for war and West Point only developed and directed it into the proper channels. His coolness steadied his men in the most exciting moments; and his brave, cheerful voice was a herald of success.

"Pelham was known as the 'boy-major' and was called the 'Galahad of artillerymen.' General Robert E. Lee in his official report of the battle of Fredericksburg proclaimed to the world his admiration of our hero by speaking of him as 'the gallant Pelham.'"

¹The Gallant Pelham—Mercer—page 61.

On August 16, 1862, Pelham received a promotion to the rank of major in the Confederate States Army.

The battle of Antietam was fought in one of the most beautiful and peaceful valleys a man could wish to gaze upon. The casualties on both sides were enormous. Pelham contributed a part that was a most powerful factor in saving the day for Lee's army. He had been given the task of holding the extreme tip of Jackson's left flank, which was a pivotal point of the whole line. The guns were placed on a high, long ridge, which was the key to that part of the field. Pelham used his guns with such effect that the Federal officers were much deceived as to the length of Jackson's left. Colonel Wise said, "No one movement on either side bore a greater influence upon the final issue of the battle as did the advancement of Pelham's group during the interim between Hooker's and Mansfield's attack."¹

In spite of the fact that many of the following were small battles, they tested to the utmost the skill and bravery of the soldier as an individual. Wherever the main army marched the cavalymen and the mighty horse artillery had to blaze the trail. "Pelham's genius for handling artillery was never exhibited to better advantage than on these occasions." "After one of these battles a wounded Federal soldier said of Pelham, 'Grand, glorious Alabamian upon Farquier's hills you add another page to the record of your imperishable fame.'"²

During the first week in November, 1862, Stuart was continually being pushed back by the large Federal troops. At Port Royal, Pelham placed his guns on the high bank of the river. Here he waited for the gunboats. He opened fire, putting two shots through one of the vessels, and then came more shots. Pelham received very great praise, and why not—with two guns he had defeated a fleet of warships.

Pelham opened the battle of Fredericksburg by firing right into the masses of the enemy. General Meade returned the fire, and soon he had twenty field pieces and some heavy ordnance trying to silent Pelham's one gun. The enemy found his range but still the fearless young commander sat, cool and un-

¹The Gallant Pelham—Mercer—page 91.

²The Gallant Pelham—Mercer—page 114.

excited, on his horse. Again General Lee exclaimed, "It is glorious to see such courage in one so young." Stuart ordered Pelham to come into safety, but Pelham kept on firing. Finally Stuart sent a third order which is said to have read: "Get back from destruction, you infernal, gallant fool, John Pelham." The fighting continued until at last the battle of Fredericksburg was over. "The cold winter night settled down over a dismal scene where two thousand brave soldiers lay dead, and where fourteen thousand were nursing bloody wounds which merciless metal had torn into tender, pulsating human flesh. The Federals bore more than two-thirds of the losses."¹

The Battle of Kelly's Ford took place in March, 1863. Pelham was upon the field because he had no other duties to attend. As the last column swung into line, Pelham rose in his stirrups and cried in a stirring voice, "Forward men! forward to victory and glory!" Scarcely had this cry left his lips when a shell exploded above him and a small fragment struck him in back of the head. He fell unconscious. Men quickly took him to Stuart. "I galloped off to Stuart," says Major Gilmor. "Seeing the blood on my clothes, he thought I was struck. I told him it was not my blood, but that of poor Pelham whose body I had brought off the field. I shall never forget his look of distress and horror. He made me repeat all about Pelham's wound. Then he bowed his head upon his horse's neck and wept. 'Our loss is irreparable!' he exclaimed."² He was taken to the Shackelford home in Culpepper where he was wrapped gently in flannel. Three surgeons attended him but soon saw that the case was hopeless, owing to the fact that medical attention came too late. General Stuart came quietly into the room with great tears streaming down his cheek. He gazed long at the lifeless form of the one to whom he had been bound by ties of the deepest brotherly affection.

The word of Pelham's death spread rapidly and everywhere there was a silence of melancholy sorrow. How loved he was—so noble, so true and so admired by everyone.

John Esten Cooke said, "He died, as he had lived, amid hearts who loved him as the pearl of chivalry and honor. 'The

¹The Gallant Pelham—Mercer—page 141.

²"Four Years in the Saddle"—The Gallant Pelham—Mercer—page 161.

Gallant Pelham' cannot pass from the heart or the memory of the people of the South—but there is something which his brave spirit would be touched and thrilled by more than all those laurels which enrich his tomb. It is the tears of Stuart and his words, 'Poor boy! he loved me very much.'"¹

His coffin had a small glass window just over his face, that his friends and admirers might take one last look at his noble face. It was placed on a pedestal in the state capitol. Upon the top were the flags he fought so bravely to sustain. "Alabama paid as solemn a tribute of respect to her gallant son as he deserved to have shown him."² The U. D. C. of Jacksonville erected a monument over his grave. John Pelham has been chosen as one of the five soldiers to be memorialized in the great Stone Mountain Confederate Memorial in Georgia.

The gallant, charming Pelham, with his modest ways and gentlemanly manners, his kindliness of spirit and sweetness of disposition will never be forgotten. All those who know or knew of Pelham loved him, and this pleasant memory is deeply engraved upon their hearts.

¹The Gallant Pelham—Mercer—page 165.

²The Gallant Pelham—Mercer—page 171.

LETTERS BY HURIEOSCO AUSTILL

(The ALABAMA HISTORICAL QUARTERLY, in the Spring issue, 1944, Volume 6, Number 1, published the autobiography of one of Alabama's most distinguished pioneer citizens, Jeremiah Austill. The Quarterly now publishes his son's, Hurieosco Austill, description of the Battle of Mobile, his capture at Fort Morgan and his experience in other prison camps. The letters reproduced here were addressed to his cousin, ----- Hurieosco Austill was born in Mobile, 1841, and died in that city in 1912; son of Col. Jeremiah and Margaret (Eads) Austill. He was graduated from the University of Alabama in 1861 and immediately entered the Confederate Army as Second Lieutenant in the First Alabama Battery of Artillery and later a Captain in the 22nd Alabama Infantry. He was captured at Fort Morgan and until the end of the war was held a prisoner, spending four months at Fort LaFayette and six months at Fort Delaware. He was admitted to the bar in Mobile in 1868 and practiced in that city until his death. He was elected to the Alabama House of Representatives in 1880 and to the State Senate for four years in 1882. He served one term as Chancellor of the Southern Division of Alabama, 1874-1882. He was one of the organizers of the Mobile and West Alabama Railroad, of which he was President for a time. He also promoted the Mobile, Jackson and Kansas City Railroad, of which he was made President. During the last years of his life he devoted much of his time to railroad development. He was a Democrat and member of the State Bar Association and of the Baptist Church. He married in 1874, Aurora R. Ervin, daughter of Dr. Robert and Sarah (Tait) Ervin, of Wilcox County. They were the parents of three sons and three daughters.) M. B. O.

Post Scriptum.

Mobile, July 27th, 1872.

Dear Cousin Leila:

Before sending you the foregoing manuscript, pursuant to my promise, I have concluded to add something more about prison life, as I see that my journal closed as the prison doors closed on us. I regret very much now that I did not spend a few of the many idle hours of prison life in keeping a record of the many amusing, and, I might add, touching, incidents which were of frequent occurrence amongst us while shut up from the outer world. While some of those incidents made an indelible impression, and are as fresh in my memory as though they had transpired but a few days since, yet much appears like a confused dream. I recollect now that I ceased to keep up my journal,

as I had little hope of saving it from capture. When we reached New Orleans, I ripped the lining of a thick comfort Mother had made me when I went to the wars and slipped this paper in it, and though the comfort was unraveled several times by the searchers, it escaped detection, and was taken thence after my arrival in Mobile.

As soon as captured, some of us resolved to make our escape the first opportunity from our guardian angels, and to return to the Confederate lines if practicable. Three of us agreed to jump from the steamer into the Mississippi as soon as it got dark, but she reached New Orleans before dark, and we were marched immediately to our first prison home. Our route was along Canal to Rampart Street, and down the latter to Castle Connor. Castle Connor was a large brick building, built for a private residence, and as it had been fitted up with little iron bedsteads with mattresses, were quite comfortable there while we occupied that building, which, however, was not long.

The ladies who stood upon the balconies along Canal Street gave us looks of silent and mournful welcome as we passed, and many bright eyes were dimmed with tears as they watched us. We received a noisy and hearty welcome when we reached Castle Connor by our old friends from Fort Gaines. They had occupied the building several weeks, and had had time to recover from those gloomy feelings which overcome prisoners when first incarcerated. They had learned that "'Tis better to laugh than be sighing," and their extravagant good humor presented a strange contrast with the moody melancholy of the new arrivals. We soon found that if we would be happy we must forget the girl we left behind us, and drive care away by joining in the games, sports, and practical jokes of the older prisoners. In a few days we were the noisiest and merriest set of fellows you ever saw. There were several young ladies who came every day, like ministering angels, with baskets of nice things for the sick. Regulations did not allow such visitors, but we were guarded at that time by officers who had been in New Orleans some time, and they were a little demoralized, and the bright smiles and pleasant faces of Miss Alice Brooks and the Misses Shoupe had the effect of an "Open Sesame" which never failed to win their way to the hall of "Castle Connor" as long as we

remained there. I did not make the acquaintance of these young ladies until after the war, on my return from Northern prison, I called to pay my respects, and return them heartfelt thanks. One of my messmates tho, who was a ladies' man, soon knew them all, fell in love with one, and she with him. She sent friend Fred all sorts of nice goodies and flowers. The goodies he shared with me, the flowers he kept to himself, an arrangement which satisfied me very well.

Despite all our efforts, prison life soon became irksome, and Bob Tarleton and I put our heads together to effect an escape. We first placed our little beds together in one corner of Mr. Connor's back parlor, so one at a time could work under cover, and in three days we cut two planks off, and I slipped through to reconnoiter; soon found we had blistered our hands for nothing. The walls of the house were solid at the foundation, and went deep in the ground, so we could not escape that way without tunneling, which was impracticable. Though we met with such a signal failure in our first effort, we did not despair. Upon inspecting the iron railing upon the upper gallery, we discovered that one could easily reach the top of Castle Connor, and then by jumping a gap of about four feet between that and the next house back of us, it was possible to escape by going along the top of the next house, and climbing down its front galleries. Two things were necessary to avoid probable detection; first a dark or rainy night, to prevent the cordon of sentinels below from seeing the person climbing and jumping; second, that the attention of one sentinel at the end of the upper gallery near the gap should be engaged. We drew straws to determine who should go first and who remain to engage the sentinel—Bob won. The next was a favorable night to make the attempt. About eleven o'clock we went out on the front gallery, and soon discovered that the rain would protect him as he climbed up, for the sentinels never looked up. We shook hands, and he promised if he made good his escape, to send me a note by one of the ladies next day. I then went through the house, and sauntered down the back gallery to the sentinel there, and soon had his attention engaged. Bob made his escape, and wrote me the note. The bearer gave it to a fellow prisoner to give me; he read it, let all his friends into the scheme, and the next night about ten I walked out to the gallery and found them climbing one after the other like monkeys. I felt satis-

fied that they were not proceeding with caution, and that they would be discovered, wherein I was not wrong, as the sequel proved. Among the dozen who climbed up was a fat Captain, Billy Hughes, now Clerk of the City Court at Montgomery. Four or five had crossed the Rubicon, and Captain Billy was near the dividing line when he loosed a slate on top of our house, which slid and fell near a sentinel below. The sentinel, without knowing from whence the missile came, challenged, with loud voice, "Who goes there?" If Captain Billy had kept silent, perhaps he would have made the trip with his companions, but he thought the next moment a bullet would be hunting for him if he did not reply, so he hollowed pitifully, "Dont shoot, don't shoot, we surrender." The Yanks were puzzled at first to know where the individual who desired to surrender was perched, as his voice seemed to come from the clouds. Sentinels were quickly posted on all the galleries, and soon Captain Billy, like the French King who "marched up the hill and then marched down again," was caught coming down the railing, and the Yanks found the key to the position of the birds of flight and soon had them under guard. Three of those who had crossed to the next building pushed on. Captain Allmog made his escape. Harrington, a young man from Mobile, and Sherman, a lawyer in Washington now, got to the street and were arrested by the police and confined in dungeons in the Parish prison for two weeks.

Next morning we were moved around to an old grocery store on Carondelet Street, the back yard of which was separated from the back yard of the St. Charles Hotel by a brick wall about twelve feet high. A narrow gallery ran out from the second story of our prison to the brick wall, which was raised about six feet where the gallery struck the wall. Another narrow gallery ran along the length of the second story in the rear of the building, upon which a sentinel walked. The laundry of the St. Charles was in the Hotel yard, and the Irish women who washed there showed their sympathy for us in many ways. I resolved to escape by the back gallery, if an opportunity was ever presented, and throw myself upon the mercy of these Rebel sympathizers. Our Carondelet Street prison was much more uncomfortable than the house on Rampart, and we were more rigorously treated. The ladies were no longer permitted to visit us, nor were they allowed to send their baskets to us. Fred mourned the loss of Miss Alice, and I mourned the loss of her basket.

A few days after we had been in our new prison, several young ladies passed on the opposite side of the street, and by means of finger telegraph, sent a few kind wishes and inquiries to the inmates, but as soon as discovered, they were ordered off, and the sentinels were ordered to fire on them if they sent any more communications in that way. Sentinels were posted in each room, and bright lights were kept burning all night, so that it was very difficult to sleep. Rations were reduced, Yankee officers were more insolent, and we soon began to realize that our sojourn in prison was not to be a pleasant holiday by any means. Some friend outside had sent to Major J. T. Gee, who commanded our battalion at Fort Morgan, about thirty dollars in greenbacks, with which to bribe a sentinel to let him pass. The Major was anxious to have me out, too, if possible, and generously gave me a part of his bribing fund. A few days later, a man named Dane, who had deserted our command at Fort Morgan, and joined the Yankee regiment which guarded us, was put on post at the back gallery which ran along the building's second story and crossed the gallery running out to the wall. I thought a favorable time had come for putting my meditated plan in execution. Took a sly chance, as I thought, when no one was observing, to parley with Dane. He finally agreed to let me pass him for ten dollars, and I was to come just before three o'clock next morning. I lay awake till the appointed time, slipped down stairs in my stocking feet from the third floor, and reached Dane just as the next relief was being waked up in the guard room below. Dane met me at the door, received his bribe in silence, and let me pass. I walked quickly to the end of the gallery, and putting my right hand against the raised wall, endeavored to step over the lower wall. Unfortunately, I knocked some object from the railing, which fell in the yard below, making a slight noise. I heard someone step from under the gallery a little in my rear, and on looking down, discovered a sentinel raising his musket to shoot me, not more than ten feet distant. I just had time to lean backward a few inches as he fired, the ball missed me, and struck the brick wall a few inches from my face, and almost blinded me with brickdust. For an instant I was motionless with fright, and really thought that I was shot, but finding I was not hurt, I took in my dangerous situation at a glance. The guards below were running to the back door with their guns, I heard the quick step of the sentinel in my room above coming to the back win-

dow, and that of Dane hurrying along the gallery to the door where I had passed him. I saw that escape was impossible, and my only chance was to reenter my prison, so I ran for the door. Dane was there ahead of me, and was bringing his bayonet down between us; but I succeeded in knocking his gun up, and taking him at a disadvantage, sent him whizzing down the gallery. The stair led up from the further end of the hall, and my only hope was to reach it before Dane got back to the door and shot me, for I knew he would shoot now to save himself, even if he was not particeps crimini in setting the murderous trap, so you can well imagine I lost no time in getting to the foot of the stairs aforesaid, and that I breathed more freely as I turned the banister without a bullet in my back. I ascended the stair rapidly, and without any noise, and when I reached the room, the sentinel was standing with his gun pointing down from the rear window, and the men who had been waked by the shot had all assembled just behind him, and were looking at him so that no one saw me cross the room to my cot. As soon as I lay down, discovered that my left shoulder was blackened by powder, and my shirt cut by the ball. I turned the tell-tale marks down, and trembled in silence. In a few minutes the officers of the guard came along having Dane under arrest, and accompanied by a Dutch sergeant who had done the shooting. They were looking for the dead man, as the sergeant told the officers repeatedly that he had shot the man through the body. They found no dead man, and then, like blood hounds, they searched the stairs for blood, and were again disappointed. As it was some time before I told anybody about the affair, it was regarded something very mysterious. The Yanks had a spy in prison with us, and I was afraid to divulge it, lest he should get hold of it, and then I would have been sent to the Parish prison at least. I learned a few days afterward, that the officer on duty the day before I attempted to escape had seen Dane talking to several of the prisoners, and thinking that he might let somebody pass his post that night, he deliberately set the trap to kill a prisoner, and expressed great regret that his scheme failed. They kept Dane under arrest for a few days and then released him, I was informed, but have never met him since.

I told Maj. J. T. Gee of my failure, and a few nights later he made his escape by bribing the sentinel on the front gallery to let him pass around the partition on the gallery which crossed

it at the next building. The Major told since the war that he walked down the gallery which ran along several buildings till he found an open window, he entered through the window, and after groping and stumbling about a long time, he found the front door of the building he had entered, and with his pocket knife, succeeded in cutting the lock out and made his exit just as day was breaking. The Major is the most accomplished whittler I ever saw, and his skill with his pen knife served him well on that occasion.

My narrow escape from death under such painful circumstances made a serious impression, and it was several weeks before I felt any further inclination to put my life in jeopardy in attempts to escape. After a time, though, a rumor came amongst us that the Fort Morgan prisoners were to be sent North, and a half dozen of us resolved to make an effort to get out. By maneuvering, we managed to get our beds together in one corner of the third story, and concluded to dig through the brick wall between us and the next house. We got a pack of cards, and an old case knife to work with. Of course we did not dig with the Jack of Spades, but the cards were used as accessory in their way. Four of us would sit on the beds and play, while one would hide under the bed in the corner and dig. The sentinel walked through the room, and the digger could only work with safety while he was walking from us, or standing at the further end. His movements were telegraphed to the worker by heel taps on the floor. The first day we did finely, succeeded in taking out three bricks; the next we came very near being caught. The sapper and miner, a gentleman whose name was Bland, became so much engaged with his work that he failed to obey signals to stop, and actually worked for some minutes under the nose of the sentinel who came up and looked on at our game. We were the merriest players you ever saw, pro tem. Such shuffling of feet and laughing and talking you never heard. Bland finally took the hint, and the sentinel walked off. I think the sentry had his suspicions aroused though, for he watched us very closely after that, and there was a comical sort of expression about his face when he looked at us, that seemed to say, "I know what you are doing." As soon as a new sentinel replaced this watchful Cerberus, Bland came out, and we concluded to suspend operations till next day, as we were apprehensive that the sentinel would report. If we had kept on

working that day, we would have had a hole through the wall by night, and probably would have escaped, but alas! the next morning early we received proof of the wise old saying, "Delays are dangerous," for about sunrise, Fort Morgan prisoners were ordered to the sidewalk, on the street, where we found a guard in waiting to escort us to the transport at the levee selected to carry us to some Northern prison. We knew then that our chances for exchange were gone, and that likely many weary months would drag their slow lengths along before we saw, or even heard from the dear ones at home. So we marched to the levee with heavy hearts. Our sad feelings were increased when we found at the ship a group of ladies, among them those who had been so kind to us while on Rampart Street, standing there in silence and in tears, to bid us farewell. They had heard of our departure, and had come at that early hour to see us once more. Many a soldier's heart swelled with emotion at this exhibition of love and sympathy from our dear Southern women, and many eyes were moist with tears as we bid them good-bye.

Well, dear Cousin, I have written this evening till my hand is tired and will stop for the present. When I have more leisure will resume the story. Had no idea that I would go beyond the few blank pages on my old manuscript when I commenced, but got to talking about myself and did not know how to stop. When I go on will endeavor to say less about ego and more about prison life.

August 5th, 1872. This, by the way, is the anniversary of the passage of Farragut's Fleet by Fort Morgan, and considering all things, I believe I feel more comfortable than I did on the evening of that day, as we were then cooped up. Well, to commence where I left off, as soon as we reached the upper deck of the ship, which was a large transport, the hatchway was opened, and one by one we descended to the second deck. The hatch was closed, and we were cooped, literally. We were stowed aft, and separated from about two hundred sick soldiers in the forward part of the vessel, by a line of sentinels. These sick were just furloughed from the hospitals, and were on their way home to recruit. They were a ghastly looking set of fellows, and stared at us as though they thought we would eat them up if we had half a chance, which we had no inclination

to do, although by the close of that day, we were hungry enough to eat most anything, as you shall learn anon. We were kept between decks during the voyage; that is, the Rebels, not the Yanks, the latter could ascend and descend ad libitum, but only one Reb could go on deck at a time. Our party consisted of all the officers from Fort Morgan, and about twenty men captured a few days before, in Florida. This latter party were Florida Militia, and had been gathered together by Col. Montgomery, a Georgian, who with them had laid an ambush and repulsed a Yankee regiment from Fort Pickens, with considerable slaughter. His little band, however, was soon flanked and captured. They were old men and boys.

I can not introduce all of the festive party to you, but will be pleased to present a few of my friends, as likely you will meet them several times before these presents are closed. Miss Leila Ervin, allow me to make you acquainted with my esteemed friend, Genral Ramrod Page, who was so unfortunate as to be in command at Fort Morgan when the First Alabama Battalion Artillery played the last act of its uneventful drama. His mother did not name him Ramrod, but we call him so, because he stands so straight and walks so stiffly. He was from the old U. S. Navy, and thinks a ship of war the strongest and most magnificent achievement of science.

Captain Reuben T. Thorn, please come forward and make yourself known, as you are never backward on any occasion unless there was danger ahead. You see, Miss Leila, that Captain Thorn carries a "Burgandy rose" on the end of his nose, which tells you plainly that he had rather drink the wine which "holdeth itself aright" in the glass than to take a draft from the "old oaken bucket that hangs in the well." He possessed the happy faculty of insinuating himself into the good graces of folks, and if there are any good things to be won by winning ways, he is the man to do it. He is now living in Montgomery, and is one of the State Railroad Inspectors, and can see twice as many cross-ties as most people.

This, Miss Leila, is, as you see, a redheaded Scotchman, his name is Bob Campbell. Don't think the "Campbells are coming," for he is the only one, and I am glad of it. We can get along with one, but two would be too many. He is an old

bachelor, is very intelligent, but very peculiar. Has temper enough for seven old bachelors, and therefore gets mad if you beat him a game of chess. But his heart is all right. Captain Campbell affects to dislike young ladies, but it is all affectation. Captain Campbell will please step back and make room for Lieutenant Fred Ferguson, the most handsome, the most susceptible, and the most fickle young man you ever saw. He fell desperately in love with his prison acquaintance, Miss Brooks, in New Orleans, at first sight and used to write her long love letters with invisible ink after we were sent North. She supplied him with the fluid in New Orleans, but I am touching upon forbidden ground. Alas, poor Fred. He is living in Montgomery now and is married.

Capt. J. M. Carey, who was only married a short time before we were gobbled up, and who thinks that all nations ought to observe the Mosaic law, which exempted "*les nouvelles mariers*" from military duty for one year. He is a clever gentleman. His principal occupation in prison was gazing over yonder, and sighing "Rock me to sleep, Mother."

Col. Montgomery, large, tall, and pretty. He is brave and generous, but quite vain of his personal charms, which you should excuse, as he was an old Army officer. He is afraid of nothing but the smallpox.

Sergeant O'Donohue, a witty Irishman, "Old Man Florida," we called him. He was one of Montgomery's militia, about seventy years old, and wore a coon skin cap, and thereby hung a ringed tail. He thought it was very queer that they wanted to send men so "fur" from home, and knew his wife would be mighty uneasy about him.

Home, August 7, 1872.

Dear Cousin:

I reached home last night and today having little else to do will resume my story, which "like a snake—drags its slow length along—," and I shall endeavor to reach the end which no doubt you think is a consumation most devotedly to be wished.

I shall write rapidly and as I make some mistakes when most careful, I shall no doubt make many, and in fact, have

already made many: you must spread the mantle of your charity over them, "The Past Forgive, The Future Spare" as Annie ? said to her Enoch Arden.

So much for the prelude: now for the burthen of my song. We left prison without breakfast and as we had none prepared on boat, we soon became hungry and began to grumble, for prisoners are such unreasonable creatures, that as a general thing they think that they ought to be fed like other mortals, dinner hour came, but no dinner with it. We sent up a request to the officer commanding the guard to pay us a visit, found him to be a man of no force of character and because the Yankee soldiers would not cook for us, and the cook of the boat would not do it, he said he did not know what to do. We asked to have a detail made from the prisoners for the culinary department, but he would not. Bob Campbell then told the officer if he would exchange places with him for ten minutes he would show him what to do, but he declined to accede to this very reasonable proposition; he went aloft saying he would see what he could do. That afternoon they placed before us several pieces of bacon and a big tin pan full of beans, nothing cooked. About sunset just as the receding land faded from our sight, and our pent up prison began to assume a dark and gloomy appearance, Old Florida (he with the ring tailed cap) stepped up to the raw bacon, cutting off a slice, proceeded to eat same with apparent relish. We all followed his example and really found the bacon right palatable. The next morning we were rejoiced to hear that the hard heart of the ship's cook had relented and about ten o'clock we got our breakfast and enjoyed it. We had no more trouble about rations on the voyage, and no trouble from any other source. Old Neptune seemed to take pity on us and only allowed the gentle zepthers to frolic over the face of the Old Ocean and kept the much dreaded Storm King chained in the coral parlors down in the dark unfathomable depths, so that he troubled us not. After an uneventful voyage, of seven days, we entered New York harbor, about the first of November. Our ship dropped her anchor about daylight near Fort Lafayette which stands in the middle of the channel, and which we soon learned was to be our home, for how long we knew not. It was an octagonal granite fort built upon an artificial island. Its base around the walls extended about twelve feet from the foot of the walls. Its cold gray heartless aspect was anything but

attractive and we shuddered at the very contemplation. Such gloomy forebodings were in no way relieved when we landed at the wharf late that afternoon and were marched through the gaping sally port which looked like the great mouth of some ferocious beast about to swallow us.-----We were marched up the stairs on a circular gallery that ran around the interior of the fort and one by one we were invited into the guard room where subjected to a close search and relieved of pocket knives and most of such little trinkets. Articles of each prisoner were folded separately and labeled with his name in order that they might be returned to owners when they left this abode ofand happiness—which, however, the trustees forgot to do.

It had turned very cold and we suffered about two hours while this search was going on, and were then divided into squads and carried down stairs to be put in the casemates of which there were five. Doors were unlocked and we were ushered in and left to take care of ourselves. I was unfortunate in being separated from best friends, but was very fortunate in finding, unexpectedly, some of my old friends already occupants of the casemates in which it fell my lot to be stored. As soon as the doors were locked on us, we looked about to see what we could see, which was very little, as it was then dark. The casemates were about seventy steps long with five guns along the wall, which was the face that looked toward the sea. In the center of the room stood a stove with a good fire which was the only attractive object that met our gaze, and the five of us made for it. About a dozen grim looking men were standing about it, but they immediately gave way at our approach, and one invited us to walk up and warm ourselves, throwing the stove door open, which gave us more light. They stood around in silence, and we warmed in silence till I happened to get in the light from the stove door when a big black bearded man jumped up and caught me in his arms. I soon found that my new friend was an old pilot who lived a few miles above Fort Morgan, and at whose table I had taken many a glass of milk when rambling about the peninsular. He had been captured some months before on a blockade runner, and this casemate had been his home. His name was Billy Wilson, better known as Black Bill, though a white man. He had not heard from his family and friends for months and had so much to say, and to

hear, that he hardly let me sleep that night. He assisted a young Floridian and myself in preparing a bed on a vacant gun carriage not far from the stove. I say vacant only meaning that it had not been appropriated by other prisoners. The gun was mounted, but being rolled from the battery we found enough room on the sills of the carriage between the chasis and the wall to lie down. The tongue of this gun carriage worked in a pivot in the wall. It was not long before we found out that the rats had a home in the foundation of the Fort, and that they made their exits and entrance through this hole in the wall.

We asked Captain Billy to tell us something about the daily program of business observed at Fort Lafayette, and he informed us as follows: The doors of the casemates are opened soon after sunrise in the morning, and the inmates invited to fall in line to march through the kitchen to get breakfast. Each prisoner was furnished with a tin cup and had no use for more table furniture. The kitchen occupied one of the casemates. A long table laid from the table door to a large cauldron—along this table we would find a piece of bread and upon it a small slice of fat pork or lean beef for each man in the casemate. At the cauldron we would find sometimes in the morning a vilanous concoction which they called coffee, and each man got his cup full. In the afternoon about three o'clock we got dinner in the same way and a cup of bean soup from the cauldron, seven beans to each cup. We got no supper and about dark the casemate was locked up for the night. Every time the relief was changed in the night the doors were unlocked and we were counted. During the day when the doors were opened, we were allowed to visit from one casemate to another, and to promenade in a narrow banquette that ran along the front of the casemates, on condition that we would behave like good little boys, and make no noise.

There were three companies of troops in the garrison. They were quartered above us around the fort. The post was commanded by one Colonel Martin Burke, an old Army officer—too old and decrepit for active service in the field, but active enough in the fort. For his lynx eyes seemed to see everything that transpired. He was a perfect martinet in discipline and strict in obeying and forcing orders from headquarters. He would have slaved every man in his charge to death if ordered to do so,

and then have shed tears over their graves, I think, for he appeared to be a man of a naturally good heart. His subalterns aped their master. A surgeon from Fort Richmond Long Island came over every morning to give pills to those who complained. Soon after our arrival there, the winter turned very cold, but we were allowed a pretty good supply of coal and managed to keep our fires up day and night and thereby made our casemates tolerably comfortable. Our principle amusements were playing chess, and watching ships, of which there was a never ending stream of all sorts, sizes and nationalities constantly passing us. Another source of pastime was peeping through the embrasures at the different and distant points they commanded. From one point, on a fair day, we could get a glimpse of the great city of Gotham, lying at the upper end of the harbor. We could see most of the steeples of Trinity Church, which appeared to tower above every other prominent object about the city. And sometimes we would look at the tall spire on Sunday morning and wonder if the good Christian people who were kneeling in prayer beneath it remembered us in their visions. Another embrasure commanded a part of the shore of Long Island just opposite us, and so near that when the snows had covered the earth, we could see the merry sleigh parties dashing along the shore and even hear "The jingling and the tinkling of the bells, bells, bells, etc." The most picturesque view was, however, that which looked out upon the Jersey shore. On that side, a long line of hills and handsome brown stone and brick residences made a landscape, which was very pretty as the snow fell. Some days we could see little flags floating from the housetops of those mansions, sometimes not. I learned that it was a convenient way the inmates had adopted to inform visitors whether their house was open or not for company that day. It has been said that man must have some object to love—we found a singular exemplification of its truth in the first casemate I was stored in. There were about seventy old sailors in this casemate and they had three cats looked upon as common property, and petted and carressed by these rough men as tenderly as if they had been babies. They seemed to reverence the three pets almost as much as did the Ancient Egyptians, who looked upon them as sacred animals. Not long after I had been with them one of the officers of the Fort received a present of a Newfoundland dog and the special delight of the canine was to chase and worry the felines. When the guards would unlock the casemate doors at night, the first dog in would be the Newfoundland, and he would dash in and

chase up and down and over the men, much to the amusement of the other dogs and to the chargin of the prisoners. The prisoners would have killed the dog, if possible, but they had no such implements with which to effect the murderous design and had to submit. If maledictions would have killed him, the dog would have died. In a week or so our cats deserted us, and in a short time after their departure we were invaded by armies of rats, which came out under our gun carriages and stole socks and such articles, nibbled shoes and sometimes nipped the feet of the sleepers. This change from cats to rats was deplored by all, save my companion of the gun carriage. He, like some others, had been complaining that rations were not sufficient, and that he was hungry all the time, and would soon starve unless he got more to eat. When the rats came, he made a most ingenious trap with a board he picked up and set it under the carriage; as soon as the men got quiet at night, we heard the rats coming and pretty soon the trap fell—and a rat squeeled—my companion was up in an instant, and grabbed his victim. We had an old frying pan that fit on top of the stove which we used sometimes to make lobskouse by mixing up the bread, meat and soup, and frying it. He soon made a gravy with the fat pork he had saved from his dinner, skinned and fried his rat, and ate it with gusto. He used his rats economically, as you would chickens in a pen;—catching one every night, he would put away his trap till next night. He frequently invited me to partake of his fried rat, but I always declined.

About the first of December the young boy from Florida whom I have ministered, took a fever which soon deprived him of his appetite—at least for such food as we received—and rendered him too weak to walk. We nursed the little fellow as well as we could, but he needed the presence of a ministering angel in the form of a woman to soothe and console him. It was some time before we could get the Doctor to bring him any little delicacy to eat. When he did it was too late. The poor boy was conscious of his approaching end and his only complaint was that he should die so far from his mother and sisters. After his death, they placed him in a coffin and took him away to be buried, we knew not where, as no friend was allowed to accompany his remains to the grave. In the early part of December I succeeded in getting transferred where some of my friends had been put, and the time passed more pleasantly. However, the change was not beneficial to my health, as the case-

mate was much smaller and more crowded. We possessed several advantages in it, however, not enjoyed by others. Some members of the Maryland Legislature had been imprisoned in this casemate, and they had a shelf put all around above their little bedsteads, and several shelves put up in one end, where they kept their crockery ware and folding table. When these gentlemen were released, they left their books and fixtures as a legacy to whoever was imprisoned in the same casemate during the war. The shelf was a great convenience to us—each man had about two feet for his own use, and was required to keep all his little traps on the territory allotted to him. To prevent inextricable confusion we had to be very orderly and systematic. The crockery we had little use for, but on Sundays we rolled out the folding table, and went through the form of dining—Judge P. Q. Wright, a venerable looking old gentleman, a state prisoner, saying grace for the party. These dinners were very pleasant to all save the flunkey. The flunkey was a detail of one from amongst ourselves, who did all the sweeping and washing of the dishes for one week, and he could never see the use of using the cups and plates for eating such rations as we had. In my new casemate I found Ferguson Campbell, Montgomery, Ruben Thorn, O'Donohue, Judge Wright and Roger A. Pryor, of Virginia, and several others. General Pryor had just been sent there, and he chafed terribly at being locked up in such narrow quarters, but soon got tame and as he was a great talker, and a man of much information, he added greatly to our party's entertainment. In the next casemate to us was Admiral Buchanan and his staff. We were inspected every Sunday morning by Colonel Burke in the casemates. One morning while he and his adjutant were inspecting Admiral Buchanan's casemate, the adjutant carelessly ran against the chair upon which the Admiral was resting his wounded leg, and hurt him badly, but made no apology. The Admiral gave him time to apologize; when none was tendered, he gave him the worst cussing I ever heard. Colonel Burke attempted to shield his sub and then the Old Admiral opened his batteries on the commnadant and ran him out of the casemate. He never entered it again while Admiral Buchanan was there. Mrs. Buchanan, after many ineffectual efforts, finally got permission to see her husband for fifteen minutes in the presence of the officer of the day. When she arrived at the Fort, she was escorted up stairs, and the Admiral had to hobble up there on crutches to see her. At the end of the fifteen minutes they were

separated,—He forced to return to his casemate. It was a sad sight to see these two old people parting in tears under such circumstances. They had not met for a long time before and were so much affected that at first they could not talk, and had hardly recovered from their emotion when they were rudely parted.

Steamer Mist
Alabama River

Dear Cousin:

I left home before day this morning and took the boat for Dallas County. Having nothing else to do "pour passer le temps" today, will resume my story.

Of course little occurred to relieve the monotony of life in Fort Lafayette, and I have but little to add concerning it. Nothing to do except to watch the ships, the floating ice, the falling snow, play chess, and to talk, and when we did this day after day for two months, such amusements grew wearisome and ennui intruded upon us.

Captain Tom succeeded in getting several pipes and a package of smoking tobacco, and after we were locked up at night the clouds of smoke ascended from these pipes of war till the casemate would be almost filled, and the ventilation was not sufficient to bear it away, so we had to sleep in this impure atmosphere. It liked to have killed the whole party.

Christmas morning Captain Tom inveigled from the cook a piece of raw beef, and we expected to have a dining to which several friends were invited. Thinking that a few hours freezing in the snow would be beneficial, we took an opportunity when the sentinel was not watching and buried it in a bank of snow just outside the door. Then we all visited one of the large casemates to attend the reading of the Episcopal Service by an Englishman who had been captured a short time before. After services, we noticed as we returned to our casemate that several Yanks were watching us with a comical expression of countenance, which we thought a little singular, but the cause of their good humor was discovered when we reached the buried place of our roast. The confounded dog—he who had persecuted the cats

—following the guidance of his keen olfactories, had found and dug up and borne off the beef, leaving his tracks to tell the tale. Our invitations to dinner had been greedily accepted and, of course, we were sorry the dog had treated us so. However, in a little while we all laughed at it as a good canine joke and our guests enjoyed the bean soup and rations which each contributed to the feast with merriment.

Our flunkey for that week was the witty Irishman, O'Donohue, and he kept the table in roars of laughter. He played the character of "King's Jester" to perfection.

One morning early in February, just as we had drawn our breakfast and before we had time to eat, all hands, that is the war prisoners, were ordered into line. We were allowed a few minutes to pack our worldly goods and as the inmates of our casemate were about to leave their bread and meat, I hastily gathered it up in a tin bucket and fell into line with my baggage and bucket. Did not care to be caught as we were the first day out from New Orleans. It was lucky for us that I saved the provisions, for we received no rations till the next day in Philadelphia.

The line was divided and one half sent to Fort Warren and the other to Fort Delaware—it fell to my lot to be in the latter party. Some of my friends, among them Carey and Campbell, went with the others, much to my regret, for long association with them and a few others that parted from us made them very dear to me. I never saw them again till the war was over.

The trip through Jersey, among the hills, was an agreeable change to us after the long and close confinement in Fort Delaware (Lafayette). Some of the men who were thinly clad suffered from cold, but most of us had winter clothing. I had just finished a jacket and pair of pants for myself, made of a blue blanket and they did me good service.

As we were escorted through the streets of Philadelphia, some of the lookers on appeared to feel a sympathy for us, but most expressed satisfaction at seeing the Rebels in such a dilemma.

The next day we took a steamer down the river to Fort Delaware. Fort Delaware looked like a larger addition of Lafayette, and we trembled at the thought of being immured in casemate dungeons again. We soon found, however, that we were to take lodgings in the pen. The pen was a large enclosure with a dividing wall on one side. The officers were placed on the other from the enlisted men. We were turned loose in the first and left to take care of ourselves.

We found that the barracks occupied three sides of our division, and it was incumbent upon us to find a place in some of them to sleep. These barracks were all under the same shed, and divided into sub-divisions, large enough to hold about a hundred men each. There were three tiers of shelves in each, where we flew up to roost at night; at least such as were fortunate enough to get a perch in the upper roosts. It fell to our lot to sleep for some time in a corner of one casemate on the ground floor, where grease and scraps had been thrown until it defied all our efforts to clean it. Col. Montgomery felt satisfied that the surroundings would give him smallpox, and so it did, at least, varioloid. About the third night he took high fever, became delirious, and remained so till next day, when we got a Doctor to examine him. He pronounced the case smallpox. When Montgomery became conscious, and was informed of his malady, he wanted us to knock him in the head, but instead, we had him put in the hospital outside the barracks, where he got in the ward of a good old Irish woman who nursed him safely through, and sent him back as handsome as ever. We were asked the morning after our arrival if we had registered, but we had not, for the clerk of the hotel had not shown us any book. After explanation, we learned that at the end of the dining hall, a large bulletin board was kept where all notices were posted, and where new arrivals registered their names, not for the purpose of being charged, but to let any acquaintance they might have among the thousands of guests know that they had come, and would be pleased to have them call, etc. A few hours after registering our names and addresses, each of us was called on by old acquaintances, of war, and ante bellum times. Several Mobilians came to welcome me, and I soon felt at home.

We were fed very much as at Lafayette. That is, each man received a tin cup, and the divisions marched into the mess hall

in regular order, received their pieces of meat and bread, his cup of attenuated rice or bean soup. It was a funny sight to see the high roosters scrambling down as the chief of the Division would call out "Breakfast Call!" or "Dinner Call". I never see chickens pitching down from their roost in the morning to the call of chick, chick, chick, without thinking of those hungry scramblers.

We found Fort Delaware a world within itself. There were artistic workers in all sorts of handicraft, and I shall never cease to regret that I did not preserve and bring home some of the wonderful trinkets manufactured by these patient workers in metals, bones, shells and guttapercha. Among the prisoners there were shining lights from all the professions, and if one was literarily inclined, he could hear lectures most any night on some scientific subject, astronomy, government, chemistry,—all had lecturers in the field.

There were many preachers, and we had prayer meetings and sermons frequently. The amusements were various, jumping, foot racing, gambling, card playing, catching little fish with pin hooks, and last, but not least, chess playing. As the little fishes were caught by the pin hook anglers to be fried and eaten, perhaps it is improper to call fishing an amusement.

By far the most innocent and popular pastime was chess which is the most absorbing of all games, and next to a spell of sea sickness, comes nearer to making a man forget his sweetheart than anything I know.

The sentinels were posted outside the barracks so that we were comparatively free. The Commandant of the prison, having an eye to business, allowed a sutter to sell a good many articles of convenience and provisions to the prisoners clandestinely. Money sent to prisoners was kept outside and little ad valorem paste board chips given to him, which were quickly redeemed at the sutter shop as he charged about four prices for every thing.

At high tide the water was let into the ditches which ran across the prison yard and on the banks of these little streams washing and fishing was done. The charge for washing was five cents a piece, and as each prisoner generally washed his own

light pieces and gave to the professional washermen heavy articles, such as old coats, blankets, etc. they earned their money. At one time the war department became lenient for a few weeks and allowed small boxes of provisions to be sent to the prisoners. About once a week after the boxes had accumulated, the commissary sergeant would take his stand on a platform at one end of the fence dividing the pens and sing at the top of his voice "Box Call." The cheerful summons would be repeated by every man who heard it and soon the campus and barracks would resound with the "box call". Every man, old and young, high and low, big and little, would make for the corner at the top of his speed as though each felt assured that his time to receive a box had arrived. Only those who had friends in the North received boxes, but every fellow, even if he had never met a man raised north of Masons and Dixons Line, even if his home had been in the piney woods of Florida or Alabama, would break his neck almost to get there in time to hear the box names called, with an idea that some unknown friend would send him a box. It is hardly necessary to add that we piney woods chaps were invariably disappointed, but still we never failed to run at the sound of box call.

I was glad for one when the old rules were enforced, for it only tended to create discontent among the prisoners without adding much to their material comfort. While this thing lasted, an old soldier was limping along in his tattered gray habiliments, worn to patches by long service, by the platform one evening when he was accosted by some women rigged out in gay and handsome trappings who were standing there to watch the prisoners. He made a civil reply, but soon felt himself grievously insulted by something they said, and he determined to drive them from their observatory, so he turned and hollwoed at the top of his voice "box call." In a moment two thousand lean and hungry looking men were coming at break neck speed toward the corner, and such a getting down stairs you never saw. The females never gazed at us from that stand point again.

The enlisted men and officers used to communicate by means of rock telegraph. That is, if one on our side wished to send a message to one on the other, he would write his dispatch, tie it to a rock, slip out at night near the wall and throw it high over the sentinels walking along the top of the dividing wall,

and next morning some man would pick it up and deliver it. Many times the men on our side promanading about the campus would recive a rock dispatch on the head with stunning effect

Two enterprising men over the wall determined to visit our side to sell some trinkets they had made, and succeeded by crawling through the moat under a wide bridge. They had to cut a picket at each side. They made several successful trips but finally were discovered. The Yanks fastened the opposite picket from them, and the next rainy night they went into the trap—the hole through which they had passed was closed up behind them, and the poor fellows liked to have frozen to death before they begged for mercy. They received some light punishment and their goods were confiscated.

Two officers fixed up a bath house on the side of the moat with a large tub and four blankets for screens. One sat on top and poured the water from a bucket on the man in the tub while the other dipped and handed up the bucket. My friend, Montgomery, concluded to take a shower bath one day and when the first cold water struck him, he jumped, slipped and commenced falling. His downfall did not reach its lowest depths till he landed in the bottom of the mud in the moat. He demolished the frail bath house and knocked the man up aloft into the tub, wounding him pretty badly by the fall. Montgomery stood up in the mud and water fully a minute before he could determine what to do. He looked "grand, gloomy and peculiar" and some two hundred men that looked on seemed to think he looked funny, for they laughed immoderately. Montgomery did not laugh, neither did he swear, for what could do justice to such an occasion. He reminded me of Milton's description in book 3—I believe it is where he makes the arch fiend give vent to his pent up feelings in those lines which commence "me miserable, which way shall I fly"—the rest you can read for yourself.

Just before our arrival at Delaware some prisoners who had been sent to Hilton Head in S. Carolina to be put under the fire of Confederate guns, because the Yanks said some of their men were kept in Charleston during the siege, were returned in a most lamentable condition. Many had died from starvation and abuse, and the living were like walking skeletons. To alleviate the suffering to some degree a minstrel band was formed by the best musicians, who gave weekly concerts for their benefit. The

proceeds, consisting of chewing and smoking tobacco and sutter's checks, were divided out amongst the needy. E. T. —now the candidate for the office of Com. of Industrial Resources, and Fuller Manley, the book man in Mobile, were members of this band—both were old college mates of mine. Colonel Lowe, who had cut a figure in the last Legislature of Alabama, was also a member, but his only duty was to come out solo, look solemn and sing "I am dying Egypt, dying" very loud.

A good many original songs were composed by the prison poets and dedicated to the Hilton Headers and sung with "great applause". Among them the songs—"In the prison of Fort Delaware—and Georgia Militia".

The first is a graphic description of prison life and I will give it to you in full.

Steamer Mist

August 8, 1872

Dear Cousin Leila:

I will now give you a short sketch of my return home and draw these "few remarks" to a close. I might say a good deal more but for the presence of Cousins Jennie and Ora. They got on the boat this morning just as rosy fingered Aurora opened the gates of the east to the rays of the rising sun, and look so sweet and pretty that I find their society much more pleasant than the reminiscences of the unhappy past.

I, with about seven hundred others, was released in the latter part of June—long after the last gun had been fired and the Confederate flag tattered and torn and fallen from the brave hands which had upheld it with such endurance and fortitude as to challenge the sympathy and admiration of the world.

Many who had been in prison for months—some for years—wept like heartbroken children when the news of Lee's surrender reached us. Of course, we were anxious to reach our respective homes as soon as possible and lost no time on the way. Seven were from Mobile and after waiting in New York four days, we were shipped with some three hundred others on that ill

fated steamer, the Evening Star, to New Orleans. We were kept on the forward end of the boat exposed to rain and rough weather for six days. When they turned us loose in the Crescent City, we were still entitled to transportation to Mobile, but learning that it would be some days before a transport left and only two days before a steamboat, commanded by an old Mobilian—my party left the guardian ship which was so distasteful and irksome and concluded to work or beg our passage on the steamboat. Mr. Morse of the Exchange Hotel, who knew one of the party, kindly invited us to meals at the Hotel, but could not give us a place to sleep, as his house was crowded. We were thankful for his kindness and I presume all paid him for the meals which we relished so much as soon as able, so that he has found true the saying "Cast thy bread upon the waters and after many days it will return to you."

The first night we spread our tents in the Jackson Square near the base of the equestrian statue of that grim old hero, and slept soundly, as he stood guard over our slumbers. He must have wept "iron tears" to see the Southern soldiers coming home from the wars in such a plight, but I saw no indication of tears on his countenance next morning.

We reached the boat next evening and the morning of the 4th of July we arrived in Mobile. As we went up Dauphin Street, we saw thousands of the newly enfranchised brethern gathered in and about the public square with flags and with songs celebrating the jubilee.

I found Dr. Knott in his office and learned from him that homefolks were well and was thereby much relieved, as I had not heard from home for nearly three months.

In a few days more I reached home—a wiser but I fear not a better man.

All of my party found on making inquiry in Mobile that our old sweethearts had married other fellows and we died of broken hearts, but after a while we came to life again and since that time none of us believe that men can be killed dead by cupid's villainous shafts.

Remember "you should not look a gift horse in the mouth" and pass over the many mistakes your eye has met (if it has perused these pages). The first part was written under fire, the second chapter, or most thereof, on a journey,—circumstances not conducive to elegant composition. And how can you expect a man to spell correctly when bomb shells are scaring him every minute, or when a steamboat shakes his letters about "promiscuous like".

Moral: Keep out of wars if you can help it. But if you women insist on voting you have got to do a part of the fighting when wars come along.

May you live long and be happy and may you never be a prisoner of war is the wish

Of your affectionate Cousin

H. Austill

Come listen to my ditty, I will while away a minit,
And if I didn't think it, I would not begin it,
'Tis about life in prison, so forward bend your heads,
And I'll tell you in a minute how they treat the poor Confeds.

Chorus

In the Prison of Fort Delaware, Delaware,
In the Prison of Fort Delaware, Delaware,

Chorus 2

Dey put you in de barracks, de barracks in divisions,
An dey elects a chief who bosses de provisions,
He keeps de money letters, keeps order in de room,
and Hoilers like de debit if you upset his spittoon.

Chorus 3

In de galvanized quarters dere lives a jolly crew,
Deres a Colonel, deres a Major and a General or two,
Deses big bugs have some privileges; dey has a separate yard,
And goes just where dey pleases, sepin outside the guard.

Chorus 4

Deres anoder lot of fellow and a cunning dog de are,
Dey gets an empty barrel, and den sets up a bar,
Dey gets some viniger and molasses, for whiskey is to dear,
Dey mix it with potato peels, and den dey call it beer.

Chorus 5

Some officers do de washing, and some make de fires,
So hot on a summers day that ebery one espies.
Some work in gutter—pircha, some walk about the yards,
And many make dere libin by turin of the card.

Chorus 6

Deres tailor shops and shoe making,
Some french and Latin teachers,
Some scratching ob de tiger, while anoder am a preachin;
Some catching wit de rings, and some swapping clothes,
While a crowd of Hilton Headers am giving nigger shows.

Chorus 7

No matter what youre doin, one ting am bery sartin,
Dat ebery body ready from dis prison to be startin,
But dis berry sad reflection, makes ebery body grieve,
Not a single debil knows when hes gwin to leave.

Chorus 8

Come white folks, heres my moral, deres nothing true below,
Dis country am a tater patch, and de debil got the hoe,
Ebery man has trouble here, you may go near and far,
But de most unlucky person am de prisoner of war.

GEORGIA MILITIA

Sitting on the road side on a Summers day,
Chatting with my mess-mates passing time away,
Lying in the shadow, underneath the trees,
Goodness how delicious eating goober peas.
Peas, peas, peas, peas,

Chorus

Goodness how delicious eating goober peas.

2

When a horseman passes, soldiers have a rule,
Of crying at their loudest; Minister heres your mule,
Still another pleasure enchantinger than these,
Is sitting down in Georgia grabbling goober peas.

3

Sometimes before a battle, your guard hears a roar,
He says, "The Yanks are coming, I hear their rifles moan",
But he looks around in wonder, for what do you think he sees,
The Georgia Militia cracking goober peas.

4

But now we are in prison and likely long to stay,
They have us closely guarded, no chance to get away,
The rations they are scanty, 'tis cold enough to freeze,
I wish I was back in Georgia grabbling goober peas.

5

I think my song has lasted almost long enough,
The subjects interesting, the rhymes rather rough,
I wish this war was over, when free from gray and fleas,
We'd kiss our wives and sweethearts and gobble goober peas.
Peas, peas, peas, peas,
We'd kiss our wives and sweethearts and gobble goober peas.

GENERAL ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON

By Sarah Margaret Smith, Eufaula, Alabama

In the year 1803 in Washington, Mason County, was born a great Confederate general, Albert Sidney Johnston.

He was of Scotch-Irish descent. Numbered among his ancestors were men of distinction—soldiers, statesmen, jurists, and others whose work and influence in the upbuilding of this country have been noteworthy. Many of them recur constantly in the records of state or nation, from the period of early settlement in colonial times and the Revolution, and down to the present names of Johnston, Preston, Stoddard, Hancock, Clark, Wickliffe, Strother, and other of his kindred.

His wife, Henrietta (Preston) Johnston, died when his eldest son was only four years old.

He graduated from West Point in 1826. Shortly after graduating he joined the United States army. He served conspicuously in the army until 1834. He became connected with the military affairs of the republic of Texas, rising from one position to another.

In 1837 he superseded General Houston as commander-in-chief of the Texan army. Next he became Texan Secretary of War, also serving as a colonel of American regulars during the Mexican War.

He took part in the movement for the annexation of Texas to the United States.

Subsequently he re-entered the United States Volunteers and was in the invasion of Mexico. Three horses were shot from under him at the battle of Monterey. He attained the rank of brevet brigadier general for his meritorious conduct.

In 1857 Jefferson Davis, who was at that time secretary of war, put him in command of an expedition to bring the Mormons of Utah to terms, which task he managed with great tact.

He returned to Galveston in October, and was received with enthusiasm by its citizens, with whom he was always a favorite.

On May 3, 1861 he resigned his commission in the United

States army and traveled by land from California to Richmond to offer his services to the Confederacy.

When he reached Richmond, he called upon Jefferson Davis, and for several days at various intervals they conversed with the freedom and confidence belonging to the close friendship which had existed between them for many years.

General Albert Sidney Johnston asked Jefferson Davis what duty he was assigned to. He was very much astonished at President Davis's reply—for he was to serve in Texas, his adopted state.

He inquired how he was to raise his command and for the first time learned that he had been nominated and confirmed as a general in the army of the Confederacy.

The loss of Forts Henry and Donelson opened the river routes to Nashville and North Alabama. These disasters subjected General Johnston to very severe criticism.

Since Fort Henry had fallen and Donelson was untenable, preparations were made at once for a removal of the army to Nashville, in rear of the Cumberland River. Soon afterward he united his forces with those of Beauregard to form a grand junction so as to protect Memphis.

He struck Grant at Pittsburg Landing, or Shiloh, as the battle is sometimes called. Grant's army was driven in confusion to the river. In the moment of apparent victory General Johnston fell from his horse. A minie ball had severed an artery in his thigh. He bled to death in fifteen minutes. Many critics believe that if it had not been for his death Grant's army would have been annihilated before Buell arrived to re-enforce him. President Davis considered that he had lost the most brilliant military man in the Confederacy.

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LIFE OF WILLIAM B. BATE**By Alice Crockett Webster,****Virginia Clay Clopton Chapter, U.D.C., Huntsville, Alabama¹**

It is with a feeling of peculiar tenderness and reverence that I select as my subject today General William B. Bate. Being a personal friend of my family strengthens the tie. Among the hosts of honored, noble, and illustrious men who led our southern armies in the great civil War none was more devoted in heart, mind, soul, and body to the cause of the south than was this grand old General of Tennessee, William B. Bate who was born in the old blue grass country of Sumner, a county still famed for the sterling character of its citizenship and the generous hospitality of its people. The world cannot produce a nobler type of men and women than may there be found. They are worthy of the ancestry from whom they sprang. General Bate was the son of a Revolutionary soldier, and came from the old pioneer stock who in the early history of the state invaded this region with axe and rifle to hew through the primeval forests a pathway for civilization.

General Bate was born near Old Bledsoe's Lick, and within sight of the old fort where the early settlers found protection while yet the white man had to make good his title to the land against his savage foe. There he spent the years of his boyhood until a fatherless lad, he determined to go forth alone to match himself against the world. He went first to Nashville and secured a place as clerk on a steamboat which plied between Nashville and New Orleans. The war with Mexico coming on, he enlisted in the latter city, joining a company of Louisiana troops and went to Mexico. He served out his term of enlistment with the Louisiana troops, and then joined a company from his own state, and was made first lieutenant. In this capacity he served to the end of the war. After his return from Mexico he soon entered upon the study of law, graduating from Cumberland law school at Lebanon, Tennessee. He did not have to wait, but at once achieved marked success in his profession, being elected prosecuting attorney for the district including the City of Nashville, in the year 1854. Just two years after he had been licensed as a practicing attorney in 1856 he married Miss Julia Peete at Huntsville, Alabama, the loving and faithful

¹Date not given but written many years ago.

partner of his long and checkered life, who still survives him. General Bate early developed a taste for politics, and as member of legislature and Presidential elector on the Breckenridge-Lane ticket began his political career, a career which had already given promise of greatness when interrupted by the outbreak of the War of Secession. The martial, the military instinct in General Bate was strong, and his whole heart and soul was in the cause of the south. Neither then nor afterwards, to his dying day, did he ever question the justice of her cause or permit any man to do so in his presence without stern emphatic rebuke. He enlisted as a private in a company then forming at Gallatin, was made its captain, and later was elected colonel of the regiment. In his eagerness to give his services on the field he promptly took his regiment to Virginia and commanded it in the battle of Bull Run. As its term of enlistment was about to expire, so thoroughly had the rank and file become imbued with the spirit of their commander, when the proposal was made to them to enlist for the war the entire regiment stepped forward as one man. There was not one laggard in this regiment of Sumner County heroes.

There was another conspicuous illustration of the spirit that prevailed in this regiment. Because of the promptitude with which they had gone to the front, Colonel Bate had been permitted to select the army in which his regiment should serve, and he naturally selected Tennessee. Upon the transfer being made all the members of the regiment were given a sixty days' furlough. Before this furlough had expired Albert Sidney Johnston made the movement which brought on the battle of Shiloh, and at the call of their colonel the members of this regiment voluntarily abandoned the ease and comfort of home, tore up their unexpired furloughs, and hastened to report for duty. For many of them it meant death or mutilating wounds for this regiment was early in the battle and in the "focal and foremost fire." In a desperate charge Colonel Bate rode in the very front of his regiment and cheered them toward the fore. While doing so he received a wound which shattered his leg, but he continued to lead his regiment onward until faintness from loss of blood caused the bridle reins to drop from his hands and until his horse was shot from under him. In that battle his brother and brother-in-law and a cousin were killed and another severley wounded, five members of one family in one regiment weltering in their blood upon one battle field.

Colonel Bate lay for a long time in peril of death from his terrible wound. His surgeons decided amputation was necessary, but it was characteristic of the man that he overruled the opinion of the surgeons and decided to take the chance of recovery without the loss of his limb. His decision meant that he would take all the chances of death rather than become unservicable to his country in its hour of peril. He slowly recovered from his wound and was indeed badly crippled throughout the war. He returned to his command on crutches as a Brigadier-General. He was afterwards twice wounded while yet so badly crippled from his former wound that he had to be lifted to his horse as he rode at the head of his command. He had three horses killed under him at Chickamauga, and everywhere and under all circumstances he exhibited that same spirit that won the name bestowed upon him in the official report of his Division Commander, General Stuart, at Chickamauga—"the indomitable". I shall not dwell upon the details of his military career. I need not do so—there are volumes of eulogy in the simple statement that he entered the army as a private soldier and left it as a Major General.

From the hopeful beginning to the end of the sad but glorious chapter when he surrendered the ragged, famished, battle torn, heroic remnant of his command, it was the same story of a devotion that knew no weakness and a valor that knew no fear. When war was over he returned to Nashville and soon commanded an immense practice. And at the time he became Governor in 1882 his firm had the largest practice in the state. He was twice elected Governor. So exemplary and satisfactory was the administration of Governor Bate the Democrats elected him to the United States Senate in 1887 and having taken his seat for the fourth time in that body March 4, just five days before his death. Although his citizenship and home were in Nashville a city studded with schools, colleges, and churches, he clung with filial devotion to his old homstead about Costaloin Springs, some 40 miles from Nashville. A few years before his death he joined the Baptist Church, of which his mother had been a member, and in which she had worshiped down to her death, located near the scenes of his childhood. He wished to be and was baptized at the same place in the same little stream in which his mother years before had been immersed. This was all done without the people of Nashville, a city of 150,000 people knowing anything about it for some time afterwards.

There were small and large Baptist churches in Nashville that were thoroughly religiously conducted whose membership was composed of his intimate friends and comrades, to whom he was always devoted. This unusual act must have been prompted by his devotion to that "spot of sunshine" where he was reared, and reverence for mother, mother's church, and her old church house. He followed mother's example, stepped into mother's footprints down to the little stream and down into the very pool where she years before was baptized. I cannot close without adverting to the happy domestic life of General Bate. His home was not only his castle, it was his temple, and those nearest and dearest to him were his constant thought. On one occasion, when on some public ceremonial a compliment was paid to Mrs. Bate.

"I thank you," he said to those who paid this tribute to her he loved best. "I thank you for this compliment to my wife, and I challenge any man to have a better right to feel more kindly and lovingly to the beautiful and charming women of Alabama than I do. You will pardon the personality when I say that in the long ago—and it seems but yesterday—it was in the beautiful little city of Huntsville, Alabama, nestling at the foot of Monte Sano, overlooking a valley that smiled with delight that I was given, underneath a wreath of orange blossoms, one of the loveliest of all the sweet girl flowers that grew and bloomed in that refined and cultivated social garden. She has been for more than forty years my companion and comfort—through war and peace, through weal and woe, through good and evil fortune. And although she has gone into motherhood and grandmotherhood, still she is my cheerful companion and my faithful comforter. So I feel that I can challenge with impunity the right of any man who was not born under Alabama's aegis and who does not live on Alabama soil to feel nearer and dearer to Alabama than I."

GENIUS OF THE SOUTHERN WOMAN

By Mrs. C. E. Roberts, Birmingham, Alabama

A land without memories is a land without history. The South is replete in memories of the willing sacrifices of a peerless people for a great principle. The Southern woman, being typical of the best that American womanhood had to lay upon the altar of service, carved for herself, and will continue to carve, a lasting niche in the field of history. The good she did in establishing the position of woman in our States, and her untiring efforts in broadening the boundaries of her activities, can never be computed. Due to her great enthusiasm and keen interest in the word "success", woman's influence in the South at this time was immeasurable, and through her efforts she compelled attention and admiration. By natural training woman is more accustomed to balancing, judging, weighing; it is the woman who understands, and at this time it was the woman who faced facts imbued with a sense of duty. The service rendered during this period by woman did not coarsen our Southern womanhood, she was just imbued with the highest type of patriotism.

So speaks my Grandmother to me, and from her lips I have learned the story of Southern woman's genius and many acts of heroism which make up unwritten Southern history. I have been told that woman's work during the period of 1861-1865 unfolds a record of achievement, endurance and self sacrificing devotion that should be revealed and recognized as a splendid inspiration to men and women everywhere, for it is apparent that in war, and especially war of invasion, woman's part is the harder portion.

I was told that the women of the South had to provide, as best they could, for themselves, and it must be remembered that nowhere then was woman's "sphere" widened beyond the domestic field. Notwithstanding these facts, the Southern women, suddenly and violently plunged into the midst of an economic cataclysm, rose to the occasion, and showed that they were more ingenious than the men, for they were called upon to establish new processes and to provide substitutes for a much greater variety of things.

In all history no people were universally more unselfish, and no government was so free from "profiteering" and corruption as the Southland.

They had to provide, or devise, substitutes for three fourths of the articles commonly in use prior to the war. They devised substitutes not only for almost every kind of manufactured article, but for accustomed foods, drinks and medicines, and it often happened that so common an essential as salt could not be obtained.

Southern people were unprepared for war. Except for a small number of cotton mills there were almost no factories in the South. The South was dependent upon the North for household furnishings and agricultural implements, even for nails. The lower South having nothing but cotton was dependent upon the northwest for staple foods, so at the beginning of the war the Southern people were face to face with food scarcity and economic ruin. God did not give the women crosses to bear and sink under, but lessons to achieve, to give back to the South its sunshine and song. The South was weak in resources, but strong in stout hearts, zeal in our cause and enthusiastic devotion to the beloved South, and while the men were giving their lives for the South, women were not idle; they worked, gave words of encouragement, sacrificed, for there was much for them to do. The North had the whole world from which to draw their supplies but the South was dependent upon her own exertions.

So the women excelled themselves in the matter of providing clothes and household necessities; lights were made from lard and greases saved, woolen rags were used as wicks, myrtle berries were boiled and refined to make wax. The manufacture of soap appeared to offer the greatest scope for the imagination and resourcefulness of the housewife.

Shirts, pants, jackets and beds of the heaviest material were made by the most delicate fingers. All ages, all conditions met now on one common platform. Soldiers must be equipped. Parlors were the rendezvous for the neighborhood, and the sewing machine was in requisition for weeks. Scissors and needles were plied by all and the scarcity of needles made the loss of one a calamity. They worked and talked and common

sentiment animated all, for no doubts or fears were felt, they had such entire reliance in the justice of the South's cause, the valor of the men, and faith in God.

Numbers of things had to take the place of coffee, tea and sugar. There could be no substitute for salt, so seawater was boiled, or the floors of the smoke houses removed and the dirt beneath dug up and washed in order to procure even so limited a supply of this great necessity. Soda was made from ashes of corn cobs. Coffee was made in several ways; by boiling parched wheat and rye, dried sweet potatoes ground, even the seed of okra was used. Sugar was very scarce so sorghum was used. Tea was made from blackberry and sassafras. The greatest hardship was the lack of milk and ice. Thorns were used for pins, seeds for buttons, corn shucks and palmetto, and many kinds of grasses, were woven into hats and bonnets, while every variety of dye was homemade. Women made their hats, reshaped them, dyed them another color, and all girls learned to card, spin and knit. Stockings were used again when the feet were worn out; thread being carefully unraveled and used on spinning wheel and then knitted into new stockings or woven into gloves or mitts. As shoes were so scarce the women learned to make their own uppers and all their bed room slippers. Often the soles of the shoes had to be carved from wood. Homespun dresses were famous, and our Grandmothers love to show us home spun material and talk of their highly prized calico dresses which cost from \$1.00 to \$1.75 per yard. These are the things, and many others, the women of the South did in the face of economic difficulties and even destitution.

Turning another page of reminiscences Grandmother related individual deeds of daring and endurance by the women of the South, saying these could be given almost indefinitely. There was Mrs. Phillips and the story of her eventful "army life", when she was tried for a spy. One Virginia woman achieved success in a unique manner and received a commission in the Confederate army with the title of Captain Sally Tompkins, and there was Ella K. Trader, the Florence Nightingale of the South, who had not only courage, determination and endurance, but fighting blood. Elizabeth Duckett showed her sense of keenness and quick thought when she helped the Confederate soldier, Walter Bowie, to escape capture dressed as an old mammy. From Evalina Dulaney we learn of many sacrifices,

caring for the wounded foes, the same of Betsy Sullivan, Mother of the First Tennessee Regiment, and from Emma Sansom we learn of a daring ride, a deed of bravery. Southern women, like the men, were skilled in riding horses and it was natural that they should turn their accomplishment to good purpose and sometimes to daring adventures, so no Southern state lacks its special heroine and some states offer several. The ride of Roberta Pollock has made history when she overheard the plans for a "raid" and frustrated them, and from the diary of Mrs. McGuire we learn many acts of heroism. There was the bravery of Miss Boteler, who sang while her home was being burned, and the pages of history will ever ring with Mrs. Lee's letter to General Hunter, denouncing him for burning her home, Boetlers, and many others.

So the south emerged from the depths of apparent disaster, chaos and ruin, unshaken and rewarded in the faith of leaders who taught the untold value of courageous smiles, brave deeds, heroism, and it was proven that confidence had its reward; through prudence and fortitude they merited the gratitude of everyone, commanded the highest praise and secured immortal glory with posterity. It is said that "blood will tell"; other things told too with the Southern woman in virtue, persistent efforts and courage.

Lessons of wisdom and worth came from the baptism of suffering and sorrow through which they passed, and their characters can be understood only by the study of the times, events and principles that made them, for they were grand characters, because they lived in times charged with great principles and invigorated with the mighty moral forces which the South knew.

The lesson of time has taught us to join hands in making a country whose great heart shall beat for the whole of humanity, but the Southern woman will ever be a worthy representative of the true type of American womanhood, and she is conspicuous among those women who have enviable and unique position in our nation's life, for she has blazed the way with her achievements and contributed much to the betterment of our country and through her cause increased the standards of American ideals. The women of the South and their efforts will always remain the unwritten Southern history.

OSCAR W. UNDERWOOD AND HENRY D. CLAYTON:**Leaders in enacting the tariff and trust legislation of
The New Freedom**

By Dewey Wesley Grantham, Jr.*

As a result of the congressional election of 1910, Southerners assumed leading positions in Congress comparable to ante-bellum days. This southern leadership was to be enhanced with the election of Woodrow Wilson, a Southerner, in 1912.

Supported by a majority of 228 to 160 in the House,¹ the Democrats proceeded to organize the lower house into a Democratic institution. Champ Clark was chosen Speaker, but when the extra session convened on April 4, 1911, an Alabamian, Oscar W. Underwood, had a large share of the Speaker's old-time power. As majority floor leader and chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, Underwood virtually assumed the Speaker's one-time right of committee-member designation, a power which had been taken from the Speaker in the reshuffle of the House rules in 1910. Democrats were named chairmen of all the important committees; and all of them were Southerners with but two exceptions. In the previous Congress southern men had held no important chairmanships.²

In this rare spectacle of a Democratic majority working harmoniously, unprecedented to the generation of 1911, Underwood was the guiding light. Tall, broad-chested, round-faced and clean shaven, with neatly parted, mat-like brown hair, this representative from the district of "the little Pittsburg" of the South resembled in demeanor and dress a business man more than a politician. Unhurried and calm, he was a force to be reckoned with in this, the first Democratic House since Cleveland's administration.³ The House revised tariff schedules

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¹Official Congressional Record, 62 Cong., 1 sess., p. 142.

²Ibid., 61 Cong., 3 sess., pp. 191-200 and 62 Cong., 1 sess., pp. 171-181; see also George Rothwell Brown, *The Leadership of Congress* (Indianapolis, 1922), pp. 176, 183.

³Burton Jesse Hendrick, "Oscar W. Underwood: A New Leader from the New South," *McClure's Magazine*, XXXVIII (February, 1912), 405.

downward, liberalized its rules, provided for publication of campaign expenses before elections, submitted a constitutional amendment for popular election of United States senators, and generally demonstrated that "never had the Democracy been so unified in a generation; never had it moved with such celerity and confidence toward progressive triumphs,"⁴

In 1911 Underwood was a leader who "loomed large upon the political horizon with whose very name the man in the street and in the corn row was barely familiar."⁵ He was to be a dominant figure in Congress during Wilson's administration. Underwood, the modest, serene, and suave Alabamian, in his dual role in the House was undoubtedly the key to Democratic success or failure in that body. He was born in Louisville, Kentucky, May 6, 1862, the son of a prosperous lawyer; at the age of three he had moved with his family to the frontier in Minnesota. Like many of his southern cohorts he had been graduated from the University of Virginia Law School, where he had been profoundly affected by the teaching of Jeffersonian ideals. At Virginia he had been a good debator, and there he lost all old Whig ideas inherited from his Kentucky forebears. Young Underwood was known at the University as a "quiet, dignified, determined kind of person, always even-tempered, always amiable, with a mind and person entirely destitute of cobwebs—a serious student and a companionable fellow."⁶

Beginning practice at St. Paul, the young lawyer was soon induced by his brother William of Birmingham, Alabama to move to that city in 1884, and try his fortune. In 1894 he ran for Congress, and after defeating his Democratic opponent in the Democratic primary, he waged a hard and successful fight against the Republican candidate, Truman H. Aldrich, who represented the protectionist elements in the Birmingham area. Even in 1894 Underwood protested against the high tariff principle, in spite of representing a district where protection was generally desired; he was a devotee of the principle of

⁴Claude Gernade Bowers, preface to Oscar Wilder Underwood, *Drifting Sands of Party Politics* (New York, 1928), p. xiii.

⁵*Ibid.*, p. viii.

⁶Hendrick, "Oscar W. Underwood: A New Leader from the New South," *loc. cit.*, pp. 405-409; Bowers, *op. cit.*, pp. ix-xi.

tariff for revenue only. The Republicans contested Underwood's election and succeeded in unseating him three days before his term expired. He was re-elected in 1896, however, and had represented the Birmingham district ever since.⁷ The years between 1896 and 1913 had been busy ones for Underwood, for it was during that time that he became an expert legislator. In his quiet conversational way he had obtained a tremendous knowledge of the tariff question; he had mastered parliamentary procedure, and was one of the smoothest debaters ever seen in action on the floors of Congress; and in the latter years he had acquired a personal standing which had resulted in his bid for the presidency in 1912.⁸

Underwood was an exponent of caucus action and was looked upon as a conservative.⁹ Sometimes referred to as a "typical Southerner," he was the incarnation of optimism. No braggart, Underwood had written for the **Congressional Directory** a biography of four lines. He gave the impression of sincerity and of smiling easily, and as the House adjourned each day in 1913, one was apt to hear the slightly southern accent of Underwood as he made the motion: "Mr. Speaker, I move that the House do now adjourn."¹⁰

As the lower house of the Sixty-third Congress was officially

⁷Bowers, *op. cit.*, pp. ix-xi; Hendrick, "Oscar W. Underwood: A New Leader from the New South," *loc. cit.*, pp. 407-414; Champ Clark, *My Quarter Century of American Politics* (New York, 1920), I, 371.

⁸Burton Jesse Hendrick, "A New Leader and a New Trust Policy," *World's Work*, XXVII (March, 1914), 500; see also Hendrick, "Oscar W. Underwood: A New Leader from the New South," *loc. cit.*, pp. 407-414.

⁹Hendrick, "Oscar W. Underwood: A New Leader from the New South," *loc. cit.*, pp. 416-418.

It is an interesting fact that up until Underwood became majority leader in 1911, he and William Jennings Bryan the party leaders had been on agreeable terms. However, Bryan alienated Underwood by his attempt to assume personal control of the victorious Democrats of the lower house in 1911. Further, Bryan was incensed when Underwood favored a fifty per cent reduction on wood tariff schedules, while he desired free wool. Finally, Bryan attacked Underwood's honesty in the *Commoner*, in reply to which Underwood had calmly risen on the floor of the House and successfully defended himself, terming Bryan a "falsifier." This conflict, in the light of Bryan's apparent liberalism, probably accentuated the appearance of Underwood's conservatism.

¹⁰"Men We Are Watching," *Independent*, LXXV (August 21, 1913), 435-436.

convened by the rap of the gavel at noon on April 7, 1913, Oscar W. Underwood deposited a new tariff bill in the hopper.¹¹ The next day President Wilson, in the first similar action since the presidency of John Adams, appeared before Congress in person to give the new tariff bill a ten minute send-off.¹² Thus, action on the first item of the Democratic agenda was set in motion.

Immediately upon meeting in December, 1912, when the last session of the Sixty-second Congress convened, the Democratic members of the Ways and Means Committee had begun the preparation of the new tariff measure. Underwood, assisted chiefly by Claude Kitchin and Cordell Hull, assumed the outstanding part in this work. The Committee held hearings and the bill was drafted in most details before the President's inaugural. In the words of the chief author of the bill the object was "to reduce all customs tariff taxes to a point where they would not interfere with reasonable competition from abroad in order to place the basis of the legislation entirely on the intent to raise revenue for the Government."¹³ Before the Democratic alignment on the tariff was definitely known, fear was expressed that the Democratic congressional leaders might not support the President on the issue, "but the great rank and file of the party . . . (believed) taxes should be levied for revenue only and not for the benefit of special interests."¹⁴ "In the House it soon became evident that the Democratic majority would support President Wilson in his policies."¹⁵ Underwood, contrary to some expectations, cooperated wholeheartedly with the President on the tariff bill. On March 26, 1913 the President wrote Underwood that a "Part of the reciprocity between us (should be) to call each other's attention to matters which have a direct bearing on what we are now most concerned to settle."¹⁶ There were frequent conferences between Wilson and Underwood and other congressional leaders on the tariff.

¹¹Congressional Record, 63 Cong., 1 sess., pp. 61, 64, 79; Atlanta Journal, April 7, 1913.

¹²Congressional Record, 63 Cong., 1 sess., p. 132; Atlanta Journal, April 8, 1913.

¹³Underwood, *Drifting Sands of Party Politics*, pp. 171, 176.

¹⁴*Ibid.*, p. 166.

¹⁵James Albert Woodburn, "The Political Situation in 1913," *American Year Book*, 1913, pp. 58-59.

¹⁶Ray Stannard Baker, *Woodrow Wilson: Life and Letters* (Garden City, N. Y., 1927-1939), IV, 103.

The House caucus spent two weeks discussing the provisions of the Underwood bill. Robert Foligny Broussard of Louisiana moved, and was supported by several of his fellow congressmen, to eliminate free sugar from the tariff schedule and substitute gradual reduction. This precipitated a fight against the Louisianians led by Thomas W. Hardwick of Georgia, which resulted in the defeat of Broussard's motion. Hardwick argued that a sugar duty would be discriminatory in favor of segregated industries. The caucus approved the tariff bill after making a few changes on April 19, 1913; Broussard, Garland Dupre, and Louis Morgan were released from the caucus pledge.¹⁷

Subsequently, on April 21, a new tariff bill was introduced bearing the future famous number H.R. 3321. It was referred to the Ways and Means Committee which reported it back without amendment the next day, together with a minority report of the Republicans presented by Sereno Payne of Pennsylvania, the leading committee Republican.¹⁸ Rising amid applause on the following day, Underwood moved that the House resolve itself into a committee of the whole and proceed to consider the tariff bill. "Mr. Chairman," began the Alabamian, "the enactment of this bill into law will mark the beginning of a new era in the fiscal legislation of this country." He declared that the real question to be faced was one that affected the "interests of the consuming masses" of the American people; he described briefly the provisions of the bill, which ranged from a low reduction on silk (schedule L) of fifteen per cent below the Payne-Aldrich Act, to a high of seventy-one per cent on wool (schedule D) lower than the old act. Concluding his argument in the midst of a roar of Democratic applause the floor leader asserted that:

whenever it is proposed to reduce the taxes levied for privileged classes the cry is always raised that it will impair industry. The greatest moving cause for the impairment of industry in the United States in the last 50 years has been the shackles fastened by high protective legislation to the ships of industry, like the barnacles at sea that cling and drag downward.¹⁹

¹⁷Atlanta Journal, April 12, 20, 1913.

¹⁸Congressional Record, 63 Cong., 1 sess., pp. 304, 316.

¹⁹Congressional Record, 63 Cong., 1 sess., pp. 325, 328-332.

Debate on H. R. 3321 had commenced.

Although Republican opposition was stubborn and fairly well conducted under Payne, it gave the Democrats little cause for worry. The same could not be said for the sugar Democrats of Louisiana. The Republicans hinted that the new Democratic members were being forced to vote as the older leaders designated. James B. Aswell, freshman representative from Louisiana, refuted this on the floor on April 24. The position of the sugar faction within the party was summed up by Ladislav Lazaro on April 28; he said: "... I find myself placed in the awkward position of having, in obedience to the overwhelming sentiments of the Democrats of my district, to announce that I will have to vote against this Underwood bill if it stays in its present shape."²⁰

As debate progressed on the bill Cordell Hull, who had written the unique section dealing with the income tax, offered a whole series of perfecting amendments to his section. The scholarly young Tennessean was in general charge of this section of the bill while it was being debated.²¹

The masterful Underwood, though weary before it was done, was ever pushing the debate forward; he was "placid ever, urbane, even in attack, tender even in his tyrannies, ..." ²² Assisted by Claude Kitchin, Hull, Hardwick, William C. Bartlett, and the witty, inimitable Tom Heflin, Underwood brought the bill to a vote on May 8, after the Republican motion to recommit had been defeated the previous day. The bill as finally passed by the House was virtually in the same form as when first introduced. The vote was 281 to 139.²³

²⁰Ibid., p. 407, L-7, p. 18.

²¹Harold B. Hinton, *Cordell Hull: A Biography* (Garden City, N. Y., 1942), pp. 135-136, 139-140, 143.

²²This description of Underwood was made on the floor of the House by Victor Murdock of Kansas. *Congressional Record*, 63 Cong., 1 sess., p. 5238.

²³All the southern representatives voted in the affirmative except the Republicans Richard W. Austin, Sam Sells, and Bascomb Slemph, and the Democrats Broussard, Dupre, Lazaro, and Morgan, who represented the Louisiana sugar interests. *Congressional Record*, 63 Cong., 1 sess., pp. 1386-1387.

The Underwood bill was passed by the Senate on September 9,²⁴ after the efforts of organized lobbyists to defeat or weaken the bill had been overcome, and after the delaying tactics of the Republicans had played out. The bill remained fundamentally like the Underwood measure. The conference report of the two houses was largely the work of Underwood, Kitchen, and Furnifold M. Simmons, the leader of the bill in the Senate. The House approved the conference report on September 30, the Senate on October 2.²⁵

The alacrity with which the Democrats reacted on the tariff in both houses was remarkable, notwithstanding the opposition to free sugar and free wool by a small number of party members. The assistance given the Democrats by half a dozen Republican progressives should not be underestimated. The leadership displayed by Oscar W. Underwood, who was ably supported by Furnifold M. Simmons, Claude Kitchen, Cordell Hull, John Sharp Williams, and others, was a factor of tremendous importance. The first item on the Democratic agenda could now be checked.

Many had expressed doubt as to the future success of the Democrats in early 1913, but Wilson had shown no uneasiness. He and his congressional stalwarts worked harmoniously together through long fruitful congressional days. Summarizing the political year, a national periodical stated editorially in December, 1913, that the "Administration has had the good sense not to chatter or gabble in public or to do its own boasting of vindication or success. It has too much serious work on hand to be boasting or rest on its oars."²⁶

This was not strictly true, for on December 22, 1913, that fascinating story-teller, Tom Heflin, had risen from his seat in the House to exclaim that it was "a time for rejoicing." Settling himself firmly on his feet, the verbose Alabamian proceeded in wondrous fashion to tell of the prowess of the Democrats. Wilson, he said,

²⁴Congressional Record, 63 Cong., 1 sess., p. 4617.

²⁵Congressional Record, 63 Cong., 1 sess., pp. 4618, 4721, 5274.

²⁶American Review of Reviews, XLVIII (December, 1913), p. 644-645.

has wrought mightily for the American people. Under the masterful leadership of Oscar W. Underwood he has reduced the tariff tax and revised the most obnoxious tariff system that ever burdened a free people (Democratic applause). Under the splendid leadership of that genius from Virginia, Carter Glass . . . , he has secured the passage of a banking and currency law that will wonderfully bless and benefit the American people.

Although this was a politician's oratory, it was essentially backed up by facts. The "New Freedom" was underway, and as Heflin said: "Labor is employed, wages are good, the earth has yielded abundantly, the Democratic Party is in control, God reigns, and all is well with the Republic."²⁷

A second Alabamian whose contributions to the "New Freedom" were of outstanding significance was Henry De Lamar Clayton, chairman of the House Judiciary Committee. He was a big, portly, florid man with an easy shambling gait and the informality of an old-time politician. His large cavernous face was deeply lined, and his eyes deep-set. His loosely-jointed jaw was often in action swinging rapidly from side to side as he chewed his tobacco. The initial impression of Clayton was not especially favorable. He gave an impress to the stranger of being rather distant and suspicious and difficult to know. However, he was known to the people of his district as "Henry" and was a real show on speaking tours and in political conventions. His voice boomed, his head jerked from side to side, and his arms moved overhead as he spoke. Strong in debate, he was said to be second only to Ollie James of Kentucky as a legislative vocalist.²⁸

Henry Clayton was born in Alabama in 1857, the son of Henry De Lamar Clayton, a Confederate Major-General and President of the University of Alabama. He was graduated from that University in 1877 and began the practice of law. After a local political career which included the Alabama legislature and the United States District Attorneyship for the middle district in Alabama, he was elected to Congress in 1896 from the third district in Alabama. Clayton had been permanent

²⁷Congressional Record, 63 Cong., 2 sess., p. 1455.

²⁸Hendrick, "A New Leader and a New Trust Policy," *loc. cit.*, p. 501.

chairman of the National Democratic Committee in 1908. He had served as chairman of the House caucus 1907-1909.²⁹

Called a representative of the Old South, Clayton represented the opposite wing of the party from his fellow Alabamian, Oscar W. Underwood. He was a devotee of Bryan, having followed him from the very first. In fact, at the Democratic Convention of 1896, he was one of the "most rampant, fire-eating, free-silver delegates"; he had assumed a conspicuous part in the nomination of Bryan. His friendship for the Commoner had been unbroken from that day, and Bryan's policies had been his policies. He had expressed himself as favoring the popular election of United States Senators, had opposed the acquisition of the Philippines, had worked for a national guarantee of bank deposits, and had held to free silver as long as Bryan.³⁰

In 1913 Clayton was considered a lawyer with a deep interest in judicial questions, but not a constructive statesman. He would soon have his day, because in the American system of legislation "Legislative leadership is a transitory phenomenon; every chairman leads when his particular committee subject claims predominant attention."³¹ In the Wilson scheme of things the trust question stood high on the list.

For the first time in his legislative career, Henry Clayton was faced with a responsibility of tremendous, even awesome, proportions—creating and steering the anti-trust measures through the House. Fifty-six years of age in 1913, follower of Bryan and something of a deep-South liberal, veteran legislator and capable lawyer, he had succeeded to the chairmanship of the Judiciary Committee, when the House became Democratic in 1911, by virtue of long service. With the shift in the legislative scene from the tariff and currency to trust control, which the Democrats were pledged to work for, there also came a shift in leadership, bringing to the fore Clayton and Charles Culberson, chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee. Clayton was the first of the Bryan apostles in Congress to lead off with im-

²⁹Hallie Farmer, "Henry De Lamar Clayton," *Dictionary of American Biography*, XXI, 179.

³⁰Hendrick, "A New Leader and a New Trust Policy," *loc. cit.*, pp. 499-502.

³¹*Ibid.*, pp. 499, 502.

portant legislation under the "New Freedom." It seemed reasonable to expect that some of the Commoner's ideas might now find their way into the new trust bills. Although primarily interested in judicial questions, Clayton's numerous speeches prior to 1913 contained little regarding trusts.³²

Chairman Clayton, assisted by committee members John C. Floyd of Arkansas and Charles C. Carlin of Virginia, had been quietly at work on the problem of the trusts for several months, and had also been in consultation with Wilson.³³ Writing to Clayton on October 10, 1913, the President referred to the future trust legislation. "I foresee," he wrote, "the chief responsibility of the regular session will lie with the Committee of Judiciary, of which you are chairman."³⁴ Thus, in his usual precise style Wilson called the play which would bring Clayton and the trust program to the fore and send Glass back to his silent seat, since the currency bill would soon be law.

The formulation of the administrative trust bills was no easy task. The Sherman Act of 1890 with its well-nigh useless declaration of total prohibition of all agreements in restraint of trade must be clarified; it must be made enforceable; and again, it must not go so far as to prohibit agreements benefiting public interest. Interlocking directorates made up an evil that required controlling. Some type of commission was needed to determine unfair practices and to order their stoppage.

Included in the enumeration of administrative policies for legislative action in the first annual message of President Wilson, December 2, 1913, was the prevention of private monopolies.³⁵ Consequently the country expected action along that line when Congress reconvened after the holidays on January 12, 1914. Clayton was ready with the draft of four different bills, which were presented to Wilson for approval. In addition the program

³²Ibid., pp. 499-502.

³³"The Progress of the World," *American Review of Reviews*, XLVIII (November, 1913), 522-524.

³⁴Wilson to Clayton, October 10, 1913, quoted in *ibid.*, p. 522. Prior to the reception of this letter, Clayton had been in the race for the Senate seat made vacant by Johnston's death. He now withdrew, in the light of his future duties.

³⁵*Congressional Record*, 63 Cong., 2 sess., pp. 43-45.

of the Alabama Representative included a bill introduced by Georgia's Adamson in December, 1913, prohibiting interlocking directorates of naturally competing common carriers, and extending the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission. The Clayton plan was christened the "Five Brothers." It provided for an interstate trade commission, the prohibition of interlocking directorates between corporations manufacturing railroad supplies, etc., after two years, and a definition of unlawful practices. It also contained a bill dealing with trade relations, including five new amendments to the Sherman Act, proposing to halt unfair competition by means of price discrimination, discounts, rebates, and exclusive agreements.³⁶

In an address to Congress, Wilson outlined his plan for monopoly and trust control legislation on January 20, 1914. He put at ease any who might have been worried about radical action by Congress when he stated his position: the "Government and business men are ready to meet each other halfway in a common effort to square business methods with both public opinion and the law." He proposed that the government should be the spokesman of the citizen in condemning bad methods and practices.³⁷

Although Wilson's first plan was to have the Clayton Committee make the final elaboration of the entire program, Underwood's motion, immediately following the President's address, sent those parts of the message relating to the Interstate Trade Commission to the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, thus giving William C. Adamson supervision of this phase.³⁸ On January 21, the Clayton bills were made public with the approval of the Administration. One of the Clayton measures was introduced in the House on the same day, while another, the Interstate Trade Commission bill, was introduced the following day. At the President's insistence public hearings were held by the Judiciary and Commerce Committees.³⁹

³⁶Ibid., pp. 2142, 2150, 6714; *American Year Book*, 1914, pp. 8-9.

³⁷*Congressional Record*, 63 Cong., 2 sess., pp. 1962-1964. Wilson's position here is stated without the "crusading zeal" of the anti-corporation days of Roosevelt and Taft. See Frederic L. Paxson, *The Pre-War Years, 1913-1917* (Boston, 1936), p. 97.

³⁸*Congressional Record*, 63 Cong., 2 sess., p. 1979.

³⁹*American Year Book*, 1914, pp. 9-10.

The Adamson Committee soon abandoned Clayton's bill providing for an Interstate Trade Commission, and on February 16, Adamson assigned the drafting of a new bill to a sub-committee headed by J. Harry Covington of Maryland. Adamson and most of the Commerce Committee favored gradually developing the functions of a trade commission as contrasted to Clayton's proposal of an initial grant of broad powers. Wilson finally endorsed the Adamson plan which was introduced as a new bill in the House on March 14. This bill was reported out from the Commerce Committee to which it had been assigned by Adamson on May 19, and debate was commenced, with Covington assuming an important part in the debate on the bill. The Covington bill, as it came to be called, was passed by the House on June 5; it created a commission of three members whose powers and duties were defined and which superseded the Bureau of Corporations.⁴⁰

The other parts of the Clayton program were likewise tempered by conservative influences. The hearings which were begun by the Judiciary Committee on January 29, brought to light opposition to the radical provisions of the bill prohibiting interlocking directorates, defining the Sherman Act, and regulating trade relations on the part of business and financial interests. Underwood, Newlands, and others took the position that the broad prohibitions set forth by Clayton might interfere with legitimate enterprises. Their influence on Wilson seems to have been partly responsible for a modification of the Clayton program. On March 8, the President agreed to relinquish the bill clarifying the Sherman Act, and to substitute legislation to fix and punish individuals responsible for specific violations of the existing law. Because of this shift in strategy Clayton was under bombardment from labor and agricultural associations for exemption of labor and agriculture from prosecution under the Sherman Act. The Clayton Committee yielded to these demands at the last moment. In order to carry out the Democratic pledge of 1912, a provision was included in the composite bill limiting the issuance of injunctions. The Clayton "Omnibus Bill" was introduced in the House as an administrative measure on April 14.⁴¹

⁴⁰Congressional Record, 63 Cong., 2 sess., pp. 8840, 9929; American Year Book, 1914, pp. 11-13.

⁴¹Congressional Record, 63 Cong., 2 sess., p. 6714; American Year Book, 1914, pp. 10-11; Baker, Woodrow Wilson, IV, 372-373.

The capstone of Democratic trust legislation was to be a bill regulating the security issues of common carriers. Adamson drafted a bill which proved unacceptable, so thirty-three year old Sam Rayburn of Texas was set to work on a new bill. Rayburn was serving his first term as a representative, was an ex-school teacher and past member of the Texas legislature, where he had been Speaker of the House, and was a freshman on the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee. It was Rayburn's opinion that Congress had power "over all matters that affect the carrier in trying to carry out its contracts with the public to do an interstate business."⁴² The Rayburn bill was introduced on April 29, reported to the House with committee amendments on May 7, reintroduced as a new bill because of further revision on May 15, and finally passed by the House on June 5.⁴³ The World War finally blocked action on this bill in the Senate.

The real meat of the Administration anti-trust legislation was included in the bill reported to the House from the Judiciary Committee on May 6. Following the conclusion of the debate on the Covington bill on May 27, floor action was begun on the Omnibus Bill in the House. The Democratic leaders agreed with Wilson and the radicals to exempt labor and farm organizations. Strikes were legalized, peaceful assemblage granted, and the picket and boycott made lawful. The bill passed the House along with the other two trust bills on June 5.⁴⁴

Many months had elapsed between October 15, 1914, when the President signed the Clayton Anti-trust Act, and the day in early January when Congress had formally begun work on the trust problem. In the first four months of this period, Congress had been side-tracked by a discussion of foreign relations, but on May 12, the Democratic House caucus agreed to limit the remainder of the session to appropriation bills and the three anti-trust measures. The outbreak of the World War

⁴²Congressional Record, 63 Cong., 2 sess., p. 9687. For a sketch of Rayburn see Floyd M. Riddick, "Sam Rayburn: 'He First Tries Persuasion'" in J. T. Salter (ed.), *Public Men In and Out of Office* (Chapel Hill, 1946), pp. 147-166.

⁴³Congressional Record, 63 Cong., 2 sess., pp. 6830, 9911-9912; *American Year Book*, 1914, pp. 10-11, 18-19; Baker, *Woodrow Wilson*, IV, 372-373.

⁴⁴Congressional Record, 63 Cong., 2 sess., pp. 9911-9912; *American Year Book*, 1914, pp. 13-16.

in August further retarded congressional action, and only two of the three bills were passed.⁴⁵ On October 24, 1914, Congress adjourned after Speaker Champ Clark had characterized the session as "the longest and most laborious . . . that the Congress of the United States had ever known. I congratulate you on being able to adjourn at last."⁴⁶ In the words of Edward W. Pou, a representative from North Carolina, the "record of this Congress is without parallel in the nation's history—a record of achievement so splendid that every great Administration measure save one has not only been supported by the Democratic majority, but by many votes on the other side as well."⁴⁷

While the eulogistic speech of Pou was partisan in tone, it seems clearly established that the work of Henry Clayton in the House played a vital part in the passage of the Democratic anti-trust legislation. Clayton presented a contrast to Underwood who had played such a great role in the previous legislation, in that the former was said to represent the Old South, but at the same time was admittedly a follower of Bryan and a radical. A lawyer rather than a constructive statesman, he contributed most, perhaps in the drafting of the trust program and in committee work. Although he often spoke in a florid and fervent manner, he was a clear and logical thinker, and certainly carried out his responsibilities in the second session of the Sixty-third Congress as foreseen by Woodrow Wilson.⁴⁸

Underwood and Clayton formed a portion of the southern control of the national government during the Wilson era. The South in their day, like the ante-bellum South, tended to keep its strongest men in office for long periods of time. Whether this practice was always best for the South and the nation is debatable, but it was one indisputable reason for the geographical shift in control of the federal government in 1913.

The whole country, as well as Alabama and the South, could well be proud of the leadership shown by these two Alabamians in behalf of the "New Freedom."

⁴⁵Congressional Record, 63 Cong., 2 sess., pp. 14609-14610, 16170, 16344; American Year Book, 1914, pp. 1, 11-13, 18.

⁴⁶Congressional Record, 63 Cong., 2 sess., p. 16977.

⁴⁷Ibid., p. 15411.

⁴⁸Hallie Farmer, "Henry De Lamar Clayton," Dictionary of American Biography, XXI, 179; Hendrick, "A New Leader and a New Trust Policy," loc. cit., pp. 499-504.

THE RICHES AND RESPONSIBILITIES of the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

By Mrs. Nep Ferrell Cody, Montgomery, Alabama

My subject, "The Riches and Responsibilities of the United States of America", is so deep in all of its implications, so vast in its proportions and so encyclopedic in its scope that it would take a life time of study and research, and many years of intense writing to develop the theme to a detailed conclusion. Any attempt to do so in the short time allotted to me would be folly on my part and beyond the efforts of my endeavor.

We know—and other nations of the world concede the fact—that our beloved country is the richest, the most powerful and at the same time carries on its broad shoulders greater responsibilities than any other country of which historians have made a recording.

In order to gain a true perspective of the basis of this great wealth it is necessary to take a short flight back through the pages of history. Let us touch lightly on the hills and mountain tops and glance casually into the poetically peaceful valleys—hills and valleys which have often echoed the cries of suffering humanity and whose turbulent streams have run red with the blood of the guilty and the innocent alike.

Christopher Columbus was the bravest, the most intrepid, the most daring adventurer and explorer the world has ever known. After much thought and careful research he reached the belief—along with a few other contemporary scientists—that the earth was round although many narrow-minded, ignorant, dogmatic men of that day firmly believed it to be flat. He was convinced that the earth was not the center of the universe but only a satellite of the sun; that the sun never moved except on its own axis, and that the earth was held within its orbit by the attraction of the sun.

With these revolutionary thoughts in mind he arrived at the definite conclusion that by maintaining a straight course due west across the Atlantic Ocean he would reach India and

eastern Asia. We recall at this point that Marco Polo had made a previous journey, long and laborious and beset by dangers and untold hardships, and had brought back such a marvelous tale of fabulous riches to an unbelieving world. Please bear in mind that Marco Polo had traveled overland to the East on his journey and returned the same way. Columbus believed that by sailing West, India could be reached in a much shorter time with less danger and suffering.

Christopher Columbus was a bold and persistent man, a man of wisdom and determination. He had set his mind to prove his theory and realize his dream. He was one of those rare personalities who possessed the happy combination of vision plus the ability and energy to go forward with his plan.

Surmounting all obstacles and casting aside all ridicule he moved onward to his goal. At long last, he raised anchor and set sail to the west—financed in his bold venture by Queen Isabella of Spain, from the sale of her crown jewels. Day after day, week after week, undiscouraged, he sailed on—ever onward to the unknown country of the setting sun. Each day his men, with parched tongue and hungry throats, would cry out to him, "What next Columbus?" And their resolute captain would reply: "Sail on—and on—and on!" What a great heart! What a brave spirit! No man before or since has ever dared so greatly.

When Columbus finally landed on an island of the West Indies he believed it to be a part of India, that fabulously rich land of which he had dreamed and striven so hard to reach. So he called the country India, and the friendly natives were known as Indians. He never lived to know that beyond these islands, westward, lay a new hemisphere, a wide spreading ocean greater than anything ever conceived in the mind of mortal man; hitherto unexplored except by nomadic tribes of uncivilized savages. It remained for other adventurers who followed in his wake to reap the benefits for which he had struggled so long and so hard. Fate had decreed that he should not enter the promised land.

Some of you may think that this abridged story of Christopher Columbus is irrelevant, and not germane to the question of riches and responsibilities of the United States. But you must remember that when Columbus discovered America he found

not only a new continent but brought to the knowledge of civilized man the greatest amount of potential wealth the world has ever known. The development of this wealth was the foundation for the riches and prosperity that we of this nation enjoy today.

The news of Columbus' unprecedented discovery and its future possibilities, spread like wild fire throughout the nations of western Europe. The repercussions of this great event on their way of life and on their habits of thinking was greater than anything since the coming of Christ. No other living man has ever brought on such a revolutionary change in the course of history.

European countries, as well as individuals, began to bestir themselves; striving hard to be the first to annex the major part of the territory of the new continent, and to grab the largest share of the huge resources contained therein. Spain, Portugal, France, Italy and Germany; England, Norway, Sweden, Denmark—all of them financed expeditionary forces of explorers and navigators and settlers. Influential, wealthy individuals equipped fleets of ships and set sail to the west. Greed for gold was the motivation power that added impetus to their selfish schemes. All worshipped at the shrine of the Yellow God—GOLD. Spain, by reason of the enormous amount of the precious metal acquired, became the richest and most powerful nation in the world.

However, the people of the British Isles—the greatest and most successful colonizers in the world—were the first to recognize and appreciate the true wealth of the country which is now the United States. They were the first to establish permanent settlements or colonies along the eastern shores of North America. Great Britain unduly exploited our natural resources and taxed us, without representation, beyond the limits of endurance, until we were finally compelled to fight a war of revolution in order to rid ourselves of this persecution. Still we must acknowledge, whether we wish to or not, that they are largely responsible for the foundation of our wealth and culture, and that we are indebted to the mother country for the form of our government.

Not until the States were free from the yoke of England did our people begin to fully realize and develop the enormous

resources inherent in our far reaching plains and mountains. Here was a magnificent virgin country crying to be used for the benefit and beneficence of mankind. Here were huge deposits of rich ore,—gold, copper, tin and other valuable metals. Here were vast reservoirs of crude oil, or Liquid Gold; here were mines of coal extending dark and deep for miles beneath the crust of the earth, and appropriately called Black Gold. Here, concealed from the eyes of man for untold ages, were thousands of square miles of primeval forests, impenetrable in their depths, never before trod upon by the steps of the white man and never before touched by axe or saw. And for more immediate use numberless herds of wild game and wild fowl were ready for the taking.

Far across the expansive forests, adventuring explorers discovered the wide, grassy plains whose western horizon extended beyond the reach of human eye, and whose undulating bosoms would provide pasturage for millions of contented cattle and sheep. Broad rivers—turbulent with fish—intersected forest, field and plain, bringing life-giving water to man and beast and transporting boat and raft along their serpentine lengths. Here were great lakes like inland seas with capacity to float ten thousand ships loaded with the commerce of a free people. Here were millions of acres of fertile land sleeping in the shade of the forests, but impatient to be awakened by the plow and the hoe, anxious to nurture the seed of cotton, rye and oats and wheat and yellow corn to bring nourishment to man and beast.

All of these and more hitherto undiscovered and unbelievable natural resources, had been waiting to be put to use by the ingenuity and courage of a nation now free from overlords and dictators. And our brave men and women were equal to the task. They were inspired by unparelled opportunity. Their hearts and minds were instilled with faith and hope. They set out to fulfil their destiny with visions of happiness and independence dancing before their eyes. We can see around us today the happy results of the energy and foresight of our sturdy ancestors.

Tools and machinery were invented and perfected from mountains of iron ore, converted into steel and fashioned into many indispensable articles of commerce and trade. Precious metals—gold, silver, copper and others—were brought to the

light of day to be refined and used as mediums of exchange and as ornaments for person and home.

Hundreds of feet below the surface of earth, crude petroleum was pumped from pockets of sand to fire our furnaces. It was refined into gasoline and used as fuel for internal combustion engines, both stationary and mobile engines. This made the automobile possible. From the same wells escaping natural gas was harnessed and transported through underground pipes to many places to be used as light and fuel for homes and factories. Coal was mined and sent by train and ship to be distributed among manufacturing plants, offices, schools, churches and places of residence—all for the use and comfort of many millions of people.

Immense forests of oak and pine and other trees were sacrificed to give warmth to the cold and hungry and to supply timber for bridges and buildings and for various useful implements. Rivers and lakes carry upon their ample breasts thousands of boats and steamships constructed by the hands of our own artisans. The unbridled currents of rivers were curbed and their power rendered futile for lighting our homes, factories, offices and other places where people gather for business or pleasure. They also supply power for factories and transportation systems.

All of these miraculous things were unknown to man when Columbus discovered America less than 500 years ago. Did we not know them to be a real fact today, the long and eventful road we have traveled since then would be beyond the conception of the human mind.

Many things here mentioned have been perfected and refined to a marked degree. New things have been invented by our scientists within the last few years, instruments almost beyond belief. I can mention only a few of the many. The telephone, the automobile, the telegraph and transatlantic cable; textile goods, cotton and rayon; the aeroplane, the submarine, plastics and various articles from our chemical research laboratories; radar; and the atomic bomb—which is the acme of scientific brilliance and which we accept both proudly and prayerfully. These things and many others united, go to make

our beloved country the richest and the most secure nation that has come to the knowledge of man.

So much for the inexhaustible material riches of the United States. Far above and beyond all this wealth, transcending the material and the tangible, is the priceless heritage of freedom handed down to us by our brave forefathers who fought and died to make our nation free. Freedom of speech, freedom of religion, freedom of the press, freedom to assemble where we wish and to come and go as we please, so long as we do not interfere with the rights of others. These are the things we have fought and died for—for these things the heart and soul will cherish as long as faith and hope shall live.

And now we come to our country's responsibilities. It is a known fact, recognized by all well advised thinkers, that great riches carry great responsibilities. And the greater the wealth the greater the responsibility.

The foundation of responsibility is laid in the home. It is the duty of the father and mother to teach their children obedience and respect to proper authority, to see that they are properly clothed and fed and educated, to see that they go to Sunday School and Church and maintain a sincere belief in the Son of God and things for which He stands; to protect them from evil companions and influences and to give them all of the cultural advantages which they can afford.

Upon the shoulders of towns and cities and states lies the responsibility of building and maintaining adequate schools and colleges for the benefit of our girls and boys that they may grow into useful citizens. It is the responsibility of the representatives of the people to pass just laws and to see that they are maintained with equal rights to all and special privileges to none, and it is the duty of every citizen to uphold the laws.

Upon the Federal Government, the executive, the judicial and the legislative, falls the responsibility to protect our natural resources; to uphold the rights of minorities; to preserve the Union, and to defend us against aggressor nations with tact and diplomacy and if these fail—to fight for our rights until the victory is won.

Because of her spiritual and material wealth America's responsibility has become great indeed. We, as a nation, have become of age; Uncle Sam is now an executive in a world corporation and as such he must square his shoulders and take little rest from the task that lies ahead—that of preserving our way of life for those who come after us, and the delicate and tedious task of precipitating a Brotherhood of Nations.

But our leaders cannot carry the load alone. The searchlight of History will prove that President Roosevelt withstood and surmounted the burdens of 12 of the most momentous years in America's growth. That he gave the ultimate depth and breadth and spiritual magnitude of his being, and even his life, to consummate the true greatness of America.

In the final instance, however, a nation is only as strong as the individuals who people it. We can be justly proud of ourselves for winning the war—or more specifically—proud of the resourcefulness and the prodigious efforts of an aroused nation, and the incredible results achieved in so short a time by a nation which rose to the occasion and pulled together as one team. But winning the War is not enough. If we are to accomplish a true Brotherhood of Nations it will take all that each of us has of brains and brawn and diplomacy and the unrelaxing application of our convictions and our energies.

The future of our great democracy depends on You and Me. If America is to accept the responsibility of just and wise world leadership it is our inescapable challenge as individuals to continue to give unrelentingly of ourselves.

We know that America, the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave, has within its midst many weaker brothers who would exploit us for their own advantage. Who might, as we say in the language of the streets, "rock the boat" to an unhealthy degree, or "upset the apple cart." There are among us egotists and racketeers and demagogues and charlatans. Therefore each of us must be constantly alert to the insidious forces which threaten the foundation of America's power for good. We must, therefore, keep ourselves mentally and spiritually strong. Our good wishes and our prayers are commendable but the situation demands a great deal more. We must keep ourselves informed through press and radio, of the really meaning of

things; we must align ourselves with progressive groups and act on our convictions. Indeed, we deny our heritage of freedom if we fail to go to the polls and vote intelligently for wise leadership and constructive legislation. And we deny the rich blood of our ancestors if we consider life in terms of our own selfish pursuits, and not as an opportunity to affect a better world.

WE are AMERICA, You and I, and "John Doe" and "G.I. Joe". If each of us gives the maximum of himself and his substance, there is reason to believe that America, by the collective might of the spirit which animates her, will not fail her responsibility to civilization and to the generations to come. And there is reason to hope that by proving herself the successful instrument of good-will, America may consummate at last, the wish and the prayerful vision of the Man of Galilee—the Brotherhood of Man.

THE LIBERAL — CONSERVATIVE EDUCATOR**By Dr. John T. Caldwell,****President, Alabama College, Montevallo, Alabama****(Address made to the Montgomery Rotary Club, Wednesday,
September 24, 1947.)**

Mr. Chairman, Members of the Rotary Club of Montgomery:

I am filled with gratitude and humility. Who would not feel grateful to have been invited to head your State College for Women at Montevallo? You all know this much loved and splendid institution. Perhaps not all of you have been there. I assure you it would be a source of pride for you to feel its charm first hand as it is now my pleasure. And you would find your confidence strengthened by contact with its splendid faculty at work in the classroom and on the campus. You would feel as I do that there is no limit to the contribution your State College for Women can make to this grand State and to our Nation, given only a full understanding and appreciation of these potentialities.

The lines have indeed fallen to me in pleasant places. I like to think humbly that the good which is mine comes from the source whom David addressed in the wonderful verse:

“Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty: for all that is in the earth is thine; thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and thou art exalted as head above all.”

There never was a time when mankind needed more to look away from the falsities and the temporizing of the material present and to seek answers in radical reliance on some of the age old spiritual truths which put God first. Never was there a time when educators had before them a clearer call to promote both understanding and morality and to treat them as a unity. Never was there greater need to close the gap between our preaching and our practice lest the Pharisees of the 20th Century become the “little foxes” that eat away the vines, the sinews, of our future.

It is no simple matter to find one's way through the pulling and hauling of the creeds and dogmas, the truths, half-truths and falsehoods of our day. But the man of good will must dare to try. The educator must be that man of good will who seeks to answer the crying need of men to find "the substance of things hoped for" and "the evidence of things not seen."

My brief time here affords me an opportunity to deal with only one aspect of this great problem of education. I shall call it the problem of reconciling the apparent conflict between liberalism and conservatism. I say "apparent" conflict deliberately for I prefer to emphasize how essential are both points of view to all of us. The apparent conflict crops up in many quarters; many times do we characterize someone as "liberal" or as conservative" because of his particular approach to his task in hand. There is the "conservative" banker, as opposed to some fictional character called a "liberal" banker. In architecture and art and music the conservatives (called the classicists) are set opposite the liberals (or moderns). Certainly with respect to the manner of conducting any business enterprise, manufacturing or otherwise, there are the "liberals" and "conservatives," or people so labelled by their professional associates. Now, in general, the so-called "conservative" thinks the so-called "liberal" or free thinker is crazy. But the "liberals," so-called, get together themselves in a quiet spot regularly to call the so-called conservatives "moss-backs," "reactionaries," and other very evil names. Sometimes the confusion is tinged with fear and bitterness and the two groups call each other "commies" on the one hand and "fascists" on the other. We get the picture of a society functioning like a stubborn mule with his hind legs pushing forward and his front legs walking backwards. We also get the idea occasionally that morality is all on one side or the other.

My proposition is simple. It is this: none of us would like to live in a world made up either entirely of so-called "liberals," or entirely of "conservatives," so-called. We do not, in fact, live in either such world. And we can all be very grateful to have both points of view functioning in every department of our life.

The functions of the liberal are many: to challenge the truth of dogma; to seek truths beyond the dogma; to improve the present in the interests of future "presents;" to overcome

accepted limitations; to discard the obsolete; to uncover areas heretofore unknown or unacknowledged; to refuse to pay homage to false gods, no matter how old; to keep the door open for new challenges to his own developing creed. St. Paul was describing himself as a kind of liberal in the verse:

"This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark," and so on.

And the conservative—what are his functions? to cherish the ancient truths, the timeless guides to moral action; to resist against all comers the debunking of spiritual values by transient reason; to test the new idea in the light of experience; to compel the liberal to bake his half-baked schemes; to put the brakes on powerful movements and thus to forestall a disastrous stripping of the gears; as Paul admonished his hearers, "to cleave to that which is good"; to "prove all things" and "hold fast that which is good."

The liberal challenges the idea that man has achieved perfection. He holds before him the possibility of achieving. He denies that any particular form of social, political or economic arrangements of any given period are perfect or final. And if he is really liberal he allows for his own imperfectness, his own fallibility, and confesses that his own schemes are conditional, partial and perhaps even mistaken. The true liberal will keep a clear goal before him: the free individual. And at his peril and ours will a so-called liberal urge our trust in devices which would free mankind from one set of conditions only to enslave him in another. The true liberal will also want to conserve the principles and methods of freedom, knowing that the now novel arrangement he produces will be the conservative's position tomorrow and will need itself to be challenged. He will recognize the truth suggested in the quip defining a liberal as a "young conservative."

The conservative on the other hand will say to the bright-eyed Elijahs: "Go slow. Easy does it. 'Rome wasn't built in a day.'" Remember the tale of the terrapin and the rabbit. Slow, boys, slow." But if he really wants to conserve the fundamental values, the conservator himself must learn what is fundamental and what is not, what is important and what trivial,

what is profoundly worthy and what is superficial. Else he burns barns to rid it of rats, and loses sight of the sun while basking in the light of a neon sign. The conservative must ask himself what it is he is conserving: treasures in heaven or treasures of the earth. He must conserve more diligently than all other goods the freedom to strive and seek and learn which indeed is worth conserving. He must learn that moving ahead too slowly is sometimes fraught with greater danger than going ahead "too fast."

Our **ideal** man or woman would be a conservative liberal, or pardon me, a liberal conservative. But can we have them? Is it true, as Gilbert and Sullivan have it, that "Every girl and every boy that's born into this world alive is either a little liberal or else a little conservative, fa la la?" It may be so. We have yet much to learn from psychology and biology on this point (And we won't settle it here today or tomorrow.)

But how would our ideal liberal conservative (or conservative liberal) stand on some of the burning issues today?

First, he would undoubtedly have felt disheartened by the earlier "Truman Doctrine" which sounded frightened, indiscriminating, ill-considered, and negative, unbecoming the United States of America. But he would step forth proudly today as "Marshall Plan I" and "Marshall Plan II" hit the front pages of the world. Here is the America he loves, poised and confident in the pulling power of its moral leadership toward positive goals of security **and** freedom. Here is a deserving program which realistically speaks of reconstruction and help and guidance for devastated lands whose hopes are caught in the rivalry between the boasts and promises of East and West; which speaks of keeping the peace for all men; which pledges unqualified support of United Nations; which offers our goods and spiritual values to a "sinking patient" and bids the patient rally. Our middle road idealist would feel proud that we as a nation are assuming our role of moral leadership in the world in so conspicuous a fashion. Ah, this truly is our Uncle Sam!

Second, our ideal thinker would make careful distinctions between Communism, Socialism, Facism, and avoid the dangerous shallowness of thinking they are "all the same thing," "all brewed in the same pot." Fascism and Communism are both

materialistic, both totalitarian, both repugnant to us, and both unbefitting a man of free birth. But the clear thinker recognizes that Communism has a tremendous positive appeal to millions of people who live on the fringes of security and in the morass of insecurity, doubt, hunger and fear. The Marxian thesis is materialistic, but its announced goal is a "just" society in their terms. And no matter how mistaken they are or we think them to be, no matter how lacking in integrity are their Vishinskys who slander us, the fact remains that their following is devout, their leaders are a priesthood and their doctrine is attractive to the millions who live outside the fringes of social order and well-being. To fail to recognize the character as well as the strength of the Communist appeal is pure folly. It appears now that our leaders do see more clearly our line of strategy and are pitting against Communism our vastly superior idea of a liberal society.

The liberal conservative must see Socialism in England, France, and elsewhere as the studied effort of a free people to reconcile the need for both freedom and order under law and to avoid the false dilemma of anarchy or total regimentation. If we are as intelligent as our ideal conservative liberal, we will be willing to applaud if those countries succeed in reconciling the conflict between the demands of freedom and order which plagues them. At least we will not lick our chops hoping them to fail. As for Fascism, let us see it for what it is: without morality in construction or purpose, yet dangerous because it feeds upon the fears and hatreds of men who have lost their way and who have become willing to cast their lot with the poisoned, selfish, materialistic, greedy supermen who claim patriotism only to disgrace it. In every country where fascism came to power it came as the final form of the frightened and unmoral reaction against Communism and economic disorder.

Third, looking at Asia our conservative-liberal reflects on his American history of the year 1776 and proudly hails the new stirrings of a billion people toward self-domination and responsibility. He knows too that any nation which supports the feudalism of that vast region will lose friends in the new day there a-borning. Both Secretary Marshall and General Wedemeyer, thank goodness, know that. In Asia we must carefully distinguish between what ought to be preserved and what ought to go.

Fourth, turning more directly to our own domestic scene, the liberal conservative finds himself amazed at the contradictions. He believes passionately in the free enterprise system, yet finds evidence that larger and larger segments of the economy are succumbing to "controls" in the form of cartels, pricing agreements and financial monopolies. He reads where hundreds of independent concerns are being absorbed annually by larger concerns, and that these mergers and absorptions for the most part do not reduce operating costs. To the contrary, unit costs are in numerous cases higher as a direct result of the larger operation, and prices are more than proportionably raised. The liberal conservative sees in this situation the same dangers Jefferson foresaw. To the wise Virginian the least government was the preferable policy. But Jefferson recognized also that big industry and big business called for big government. He really wanted neither but saw that the public interest had to be protected at some point. Jefferson would have preferred a nation preponderantly of small property holders, a condition which would be favorable to local self-government and conducive to a maximum of individual liberty. But being an honest and liberal conservative, he saw also that urbanization, industrialization and corporate expansion would inevitably increase the interdependence of people and increase correspondingly the need for coordinative and regulative machinery. This machinery he comprehended would have to be the government. After all, the theory of individual competitive enterprise requires that it be kept individual and competitive. Our liberal conservative will insist on keeping it both free and competitive. He will insist also on competition even from the outside. He will understand that our national economy is part of a world economy and that permanent peace and prosperity call for international free trade. He will, therefore, lend his support to this aspect of the United Nations program in the confidence that he is promoting—not defeating—the cause of the individual enterprise system.

Our liberal conservative, therefore, would strive to keep government local and minimum. Having seen, however, that the size of the government at any level is directly related to the character of the technology and economy of the period, he is in a position to think straight about the specific role of government at a given time. And, thinking calmly about it helps his digestion immeasurably.

fantastic symbolisms. The wave of wanton art has spread over cultural art circles of Europe also, as something new under the sun it's adherents speak of it as smart and streamlined. Without form or fundamentals a wierd object appears in the background and untaught artists daub their colors on murals and canvas. The laymen wants to know "What's it all about?" and timid writers ask "Is it Art or Double Talk?" in their headlines in the magazines. Fearing to be thought ignorant, the majority say nothing. George Bernard Shaw says: "Whatever they say against the modernistic art, it makes the old Masters look dingy," while President Truman laughs and calls it "Ham and Eggs Art" because he says it looks to him like some one had thrown an egg on the canvas. Charles Dana Gibson, whose Gibson Girl styles are coming back in vogue, declares: "if these fellows feel that way when they see the beauty of nature it is alright with me—I don't have to look at the things—but I think it would be more decent if they kept their feelings to themselves."

A picture appeared in an art exhibit which seemed to be little more than a mass of red but with the title "Israelites Crossing the Red Sea" when the onlooker and the exhibitor had the following conversation:

"But where are the Israelites?"

"They have already crossed over."

"But where is the Red Sea?"

"It has rolled away."

"Well where are the Egyptians?"

"They will be here most any minute."

Despite the era of erratic art the government did much to encourage the painting of the American scene in its WPA Art programs during the world wars. Visual education is being stressed in the public schools, many of which are now equipped with projectors and moving picture machines. Art in some form is being taught in the grammar grades in many schools. Through the medium of Art many things ordinarily ugly can be made both useful and beautiful in arts and crafts. Corn shucks

and Johnson grass are converted into mats, pine burrs into glistening Christmas decorations, etc. The world war gave birth to myriads of things made from plastics, cellophane and other materials.

Commercial Art is a paying profession today and there are 50,000 G. I. students now taking art courses. Lamar Dodd, head of the Art Department of the University of Georgia, in an interview with a columnist says: "Anytime you buy an automobile, a suit of clothes or anything for that matter, you are purchasing a work of art. In all of us there is an urge for art in some form."

So we find modern architects' homes and buildings without windows, lighted with pyrex tubing, called works of art. Surely the Museum of Fine Arts and the nation's No. 1 History and Archives Department, with their historic art treasures in Montgomery, Alabama are works of art.

Art Institutes and commercial firms are offering fabulous sums in annual art exhibits. For instance Pepsi-Cola Company, this year gave \$35,950 in prizes with first prize, \$2500 falling to a Philadelphia man, Henry Kallen, who had never sold a picture before. His title was "Country Tenement."

In the meantime our artists are carrying on in the traditional way, teaching that both line and color are important and painting the portraits, now in demand more than ever, as well as scenes of the American way of life. Some of our writers are coming to the rescue of the traditionists. Under the title of "The Modern Art Racket", Newsweek, October 27, 1947 tells of Robsjohn-Gibbings new book, "Mona Lisa's Mustache", in which adherents of modernistic art are compared to old witch doctors and magicians. The New York Times book review says: "It is the most intelligent, witty and scholarly attack on modern art this far."

In both classes there is good and bad art and one writer says it makes no difference whether you are modernistic or traditional, so long as you are art conscious. But does it make

no difference whether our youth sees good or bad moving pictures, reads good or bad literature, hears good or bad music?

We must stress the best in all Arts for we must remember that,

“Vice is a thing of such hideous mien,
That to be hated needs but to be seen,
But seen too often, face to face,
We first endure and then embrace.”

Shakespeare says: “All the world’s a stage and we are the poor players who strut and fret our time upon the stage and then are heard no more.” So then in our little span of life let us seek the good and the beautiful—which Plato says are synonymous—in all the Arts of Life.

LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRD
or
THE TREATMENT OF NATURE IN ALABAMA VERSE OF
THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

By Margaret Gillis Figh, Montgomery

Love of natural surroundings was an outstanding characteristic of Alabama poets in the 1800's. Indeed local sentiment, along with patriotic and occasional themes, dominated verse in the state during this period; and most of the poets wrote about southern scenes, birds, and flowers. A. B. Meek, one of the first writers of consequence in the state, made a conscious effort toward creating poems from native materials and formulated a sound theory in the Preface to his *Songs and Poems of the South* when he said, "The poetry of a country should be a faithful expression of its physical and moral characteristics. The imagery, at least, should be drawn from the indigenous objects of the region and the sentiments be such as naturally arise under influence and social conditions." Meek and others of his day followed this excellent precept in that they wrote about nature, but their work sometimes lacked that raciness of the soil by which he wished it to be characterized because they were prone to record what they thought they should see in nature rather than what they actually saw.

If Meek had been more energetic in promulgating his theory of drawing upon native material and sentiments, he might have influenced his contemporaries toward more originality in subject matter and style, but he and his fellow Alabamians followed the accepted mode of the late eighteenth century English poets, as did many of those writing in other sections of the United States at this time. They did not rely upon using their own eyes in observing their countryside or upon listening with their own ears to the birds around them, and as a result they transformed their forests into conventional landscapes and their wild birds into the "feathered songsters" of neoclassic poetry. Their work pictures the more general aspects of nature and abounds in stock figures. Again and again the same birds, trees, and flowers appear in their rhymes. For instance, there is reference in the works of almost all of the verse writers in the state to the mocking bird and many devoted entire poems to it. So frequently had its melodies been used by earlier American

writers for their theme that James Wood Davidson in 1859 commented upon the number of poets who had written in praise of it. Among others he mentioned Albert Pike, A. B. Meek, Gould E. Crosby, Saint Leger L. Carter, Charles W. Hubner, Rodman Drake and Richard Henry Wilde.¹ During the latter half of the century the mocking bird continued to inspire poetry; and in Alabama it remained the favorite, although the weird cry of the whip-poro-will also captured the imaginations of many verse makers. Among flowers, jasmines and magnolias were popular with the rose running a close third. Tall swaying pines, moss hung oaks, dogwood and hickory trees also attracted much attention.

A. B. Meek introduced many of these favorites into his works; and it should be noted that his poetry, while partaking of the accepted mode, sometimes surprises the reader with genuine first-hand observation combined with keen appreciation of Alabama settings. He peopled the forests with a procession of redmen and pioneers. Woodland, swamps, and slow flowing yellow streams lend atmosphere to **Red Eagle** and his other Indian poems. Especially he loved the Tombigbee River and the legends associated with it. Meek spent much of his time traveling by steamboat from Mobile to other parts of the state, and the picturesque scenery along the river banks etched itself upon his memory. He showed his love for these streams and their euphonious Indian titles in **The Red Eagle**.

From morn till eve, that sun has seen 4
But one unbroken world of green
From Chattahoochee's yellow wave,—
By Tallapoosa's waters clear,—
Where Coosa's isle-gemmed currents lave,
And young Cahowba's hills uprear,—
To where fair Tuscaloosa glides
And dark Tombigbee pours his tides,—
Incessant wilds; o'er hill and plain
In virgin loneliness remain
And scenes as fresh and bright display
As ever met the eye of day.²

¹J. W. Davidson, *Living Writers of the South*, New York, 1869. p. 419.

²A. B. Meek, *The Red Eagle*, Montgomery, 1914. p. 22.

Meek wrote a great deal of verse on a wide variety of themes but always his portrayal of the wilderness is more vivid than that of civilization. He wrote better about the hills, precipices, lowlands and all natural objects than he did of the beautiful maidens with whom he liked to dance or of the historic occasions often commemorated in his verse.

No one has given a more tuneful description of the mocking bird than Meek did in the following stanza.

From the vale what music ringing 6
Fills the bosom of the night
On the sense entranced flinging
Spells of witchery and delight?
O'er magnolias, lime and cedar
From yon locust top it swells
Like the chant of serenader
Or the rhyme of silver bells.
Listen, dearest, listen to it.
Sweeter sounds were never heard.
Tis the song of that wild poet,
Mime and minstrel, mocking bird.³

This selection may be compared with one by Charles L. S. Jones, an Alabamian who lived during Meek's era whose verses on "The Mocking Bird" are couched in typical eighteenth century poetic diction.

Like the silvery melody 6
Of fairy choirs of light
Hark! What witching notes float wild
Upon the moonlit night
'Tis the warbling mocking bird.
Of all the feathery train
The loveliest and the chariest Bard
That pours the varying strain.⁴

³A. B. Meek, *Songs and Poems of the South*, New York, 1857, p. 3.

⁴Charles L. S. Jones, *American Lyrics*, Mobile, 1834, p. 79.

but wild shrubs are conspicuously absent except in giving the book its title. The subject matter consists largely of moralizing abstractions and didactic musings which the introduction of local setting might have enlivened.

In 1854 two cousins, Thomas Bibb Bradley and Julia Pleasants Cresswell of Huntsville, published *Apheila and Other Poems*, which deals not only with the usual mocking bird and stately oaks, but also praises the white blossoms of the catalpa and the fragrant mimosa growing on the hills of northern Alabama. "Mockbirds woo the timid stars" in the poem "Huntsville, Alabama" and in "The Mountain Pine," "the locust looks like a pale young bride."

Alabama's outstanding poet of the Civil War, Father Ryan, was concerned primarily with patriotic themes; and nature plays a limited role as background in his songs praising the South. One can easily imagine that the twisted and gnarled live oaks in Mobile suggested the title "Old Trees" and that Mobile Bay inspired a number of poems dealing with seashores and waves. He loved his "land where the ruins are spread," and he loved the vines and flowers which softened the harsh outlines of decay in that land. In Father Ryan's gently sentimental poetry, nature is given very general treatment as sympathetic setting for his meditations.

Throughout Reconstruction days Alabama poets were for the most part silent. There were a few patriotic poems like "Alabama," the state song, which was written in the late sixties by Julia Strudwick Tutwiler and which cites the broad rivers, magnolias, orange trees, and jasmine blooms as being characteristic of the state; but aside from this, little was published.

Near the end of the century more verse in a much more light hearted vein than that of Ryan and the war group was written. Particularly prolific were the pens of Mrs. Belle Harrison, Zitella Cocke, and Samuel Mintern Peck, all of whom were influenced by the local color school of writers. These three Alabamians and others of this time turned to the woods and fields around them for their material and introduced some homely or common place plants which hitherto had not been recognized as proper subjects for poetry.

Mrs. Harrison in *Poems*, published in 1898, chose broom sedge, sweetgum burrs, corn fields, sarsaparilla and other prosaic plants different from those which were fashionable in the early 1800's. Miss Cocke delighted in sassafras, plum trees, muscadines, and crab apples as well as in the conventional magnolias, dogwood, and jasmine. The opening stanzas in her book *A Doric Reed* are entitled "Sunrise in an Alabama Cane-brake" and contain lyric descriptions of the tulip tree "the luscious scented plum," the honeysuckle, and pomegranates whose blooms are "hats of cardinal hue." She wrote of woodpeckers and jay birds, but like her predecessors, she loved the mocking bird best of all and even went to the extent of saying that its sweet voiced flute surpassed the songs of the English lark and nightingale.

Samuel Mintern Peck, who was poet laureate of Alabama, called one of his selections "Earth Love;" and this theme runs through much of his work. He enjoyed spicy pines, hickory wood, and hill side gardens; and he could raise even commonplace weeds to the level of interest. The reader of his *Rings and Love-Knots* and *Cap and Bells* is entertained with pictures of burdock, purslane, and mullein. Almost every page of this book is full of flowers, Gardenias, lilies, "the rose's shattered splendor," "dawn flushed myrtles," purple clover, and aster. Bees and crickets hum, robins chirp, the whip-poor-will and the dove sound their mournful notes; and it is perhaps inevitable that Peck should write about the favorite bird of the century. He says in "Blackberry Blossoms:"

When the pine boughs are swinging in the soft May breeze,
And bumble bees are boasting of their spring-tide gain
And the mock-bird is singing out his happiest glees
To the cotton-tailed rabbit in the bend of the lane;
They lean their faces on the moss-grown rails
And listen to the melody the mock-bird weaves;
While the lizards go a-darting with their trembling tails
Like slim long shuttles through the last year's leaves.⁷

Thus from the beginning to the end of the 1800's, the mocking bird sings in varying moods through Alabama verse, but the earlier group usually gave him a solo part, while Peck and others of the 90's made him one of a chorus.

⁷Samuel Mintern Peck, *Rings and Love-Knots*, New York, 1892, p. 26.

Peck liked to relive the scenes of his youth, and he did this in one of his best-loved selections, "The Grapevine Swing."

When I was a boy on the old plantation 5
Down by the deep bayou,
The fairest spot of all creation
Under the arching blue,
When the wind came over the cotton and corn
To the long slim loop I'd spring
With brown feet bare and a hat brim torn
And swing in the grapevine swing.
Swinging in the grapevine swing
Laughing where the wild birds sing
I dream and sigh
For the days gone by
Swinging in the grapevine swing."

Dr. Peck treated light subjects with lyrical skill. He was concerned with the happy or the gently melancholy phases of life and was at his best in occasional verse. Steering away from the harshness and strife sometimes present in nature, he dwelt ever upon her sunnier moods, thus exemplifying in all his writing the spirit of the genteel tradition current in his time.

In the main, other Alabama poets were like Peck in this respect. While there is some diversity in subject matter and treatment, their work is marked by romantic sentiment with little hint of realism. No doubt the current literary trends were the chief influence in this direction, but the climate and natural beauty must have also had a part in fostering this attitude, and the almost pastoral round of life under the plantation system certainly affected literature. While the verse writers of the past century did not cover a wide range of material or plumb the depths of human experience, they were aware of the charm of their physical environment, and they tried to transmute this quality into poetic form. Native settings provided an atmosphere congenial to their readers, who were thoroughly in sympathy with these verses reflecting their own leisurely culture and their love of their surroundings. These readers preferred fancy fact. They heard the melody of the mocking bird's song in the magnolia, not its dissonant scolding. They liked

⁹Ibid., p. 14.

But today, well lived, makes every yesterday
A dream of happiness, and every tomorrow a vision of hope.
Look well, therefore, to this day!
Such is the salutation of the dawn!"

These few lines should be an inspiration to all who read them to make the most of every day of their lives.

One of Miss Margaret Hobson's poems which has become a challenge to me is "LIVE ON THE BEAUTIFUL SIDE OF LIFE." This poem is taken from Miss Hobson's book, "SONGS AND STORIES FROM MAGNOLIA GROVE," which, strangely enough, was the first book in my poetry collection.

"To live on the beautiful side of life 6
Is lovely beyond compare,
Never to add to its pain or its strife
But to make the world more fair;
Never to cause a tear or a sigh
But to cheer as we go along;
To make folks glad as we pass by
With a smile or a happy song;
Never to add to the world's despair
But hope and courage to give
When all our joy and good we share;
'Tis a wonderful thing to live."

I think that no person can keep from resolving to "live on the beautiful side of life" after reading this poem.

The value of poetry to youth is inestimable, for one certainly can not "weigh out" the amount of pleasure, inspiration, and comfort derived from the reading of poetry. Some bit of verse may influence a person's entire life, in that it may set for him a goal toward which to work or it may set a standard by which he may wish to live. Through poetry, one may learn to understand people, their customs, thoughts, and behavior, whether these people be American or foreign born. In no form of literature other than poetry, is there found such a vast store of beautiful language, culture, and thought. The youth may, by reading poetry, increase both his knowledge and his vocabulary as well as broaden his views and opinions. These things are important to the youth of today, but of even more

And made a trading center in their midst
Where, taking corn, he would give them meal and meat,
When winter rains and winds had closed the gate
Of travel to the scattered settlements,
Dale's warehouses were full of good sweet corn.
But careless pioneers who came too late
To bring their crops to harvest's golden prime,
Saw dwindling stores of common food,
Found stark starvation camping on their land
And hunger lurking at their cabin doors.
They measured less of meal from day to day,
And grew almost too weak to bring in game.

"Ho! age-bent squaw with cakes of meal
Fresh baked on hot, flat stones!
Did hungry children pass your way
And bring you dried pine cones?"

"Ugh! Ugh!" she answered, bending down
To stir a pot of brew,
"One sweet *alla* with yellow hair,
One dark, with eyes of blue."

"And did they tarry by your fire
And dare to beg your bread?"
"Ugh! Ugh!" she grunted once again,
And nothing more she said.

"Ah, woeful me!" the father cried,
"And did you let them taste
The magic bread and hellish brew
Which make of life a waste?"

"Last night I heard them whispering
When they were tucked in bed,
Of one who could strange wonders work
On those who ate her bread."

"Hold back your words, big proud pale-face!
Could squaw eat all her cake,
And hear the pretty children cry
When they had helped her bake?"

Expectancy poised quivering in the air,
For word was brought that from the Ohio
Would come the Shawnee chief to see his kin.
His cabin was made ready, set apart,
With skins and viands stocked. And while they talked
About the Great White Father's plans to help
His children, and bounties that they hoped to get,
And when and why they had done thus and so,
All ears were listening for the beat of feet,
And the younger warriors in their place sat tense.

When days were long and warm the summer nights,
Young Tuskennea, son of the Upper Towns,
Had journeyed to the north and visited
With Shawnee warrior-kinsmen for some moons.
His companions loitered in the northern camps
And revelled in the tales of prowess told
Around the fires about the great Tecumseh,
The mighty hunter of the Buffalo.
They saw the British agents seek him out,
And heard the talk of war against the whites.

They heard the Prophet, Tenskwantana, weave
His mystic spells and make his own boasts of power
To draw a magic circle round his own,
To turn the earth outside to soft quagmire,
To strike with lightning's fire his enemies,
And make the earth to quake at his command.
He was the Open Door, his name professed.
To the Master of All Life, who holds men's breath.
A prophet maker, he essayed to be,
And new-made prophets preached sure victory.

Among the thousands gathered there to hear
The Council talks, were whites, half-breeds and slaves.
Along with Hawkins came commissioners,
Men from the Georgian and Carolinian coasts.
The good scout, Samuel Dale, moved in and out
To greet old friends. Among the milling crowd
He found Will Milfort, half-blood Indian boy,
Who once had been his charge to nurse to health
When stricken with a fever far from home,
And Milfort gave him news he had else not heard.

Great men come to the top in any crowd,
So in this Tuckabatchie Council rose
Big Warrior, Speaker of the Upper Creeks;
Josiah Francis, head official of
The great Creek busk; Menawa of Okfuskee town,
Whose daring raids beyond the Tennessee
Not much unlike those of his Scottish sires,
Had netted him full paddocks, made him rich—
He drove his string of a hundred ponies south
To trade at Pensacola pelts for gold.

As big of spirit as of mighty frame
Was Pushmataha, the Choctaw's noble chief,
Who left his hunting grounds, his peaceful fields
To lift his voice in favor of his friends,
The white men he had learned to know and like.
He ruled the Choctaws and their kindred tribes
In the country where the good Tombigbee flowed.
His people were of ancient blood, and fought
Against DeSoto on Mauvilla's field
Where Tuscaloosa, the great Black Warrior, fell.

A day of council slowly finding end,
The feasts were spread when night was dusking day.
Their fasting past, great trays of roasted meats
Were garnered from the pits of red hot coals,
And flattened pones of corn bread—hot ash cakes—
Were brought with sweet potatoes, beans and nuts.
With grace and beauty many maidens served
While the older squaws were busy with their tasks.
When later round the camp fires old men smoked
The younger braves and maidens danced and sang.

Out from a lodge appeared
A bronze-skinned cantatrice.
Her voice was crooning, sweet,
And her words were of love and peace.

"A white maid," chanted she,
"Once came from a far off land;
Her eyes were blue as the sky,
Her braids like the golden sand.

"The father of this maid,
Had a paper from his king
That gave him right to rule
Where Oconee waters sing.

"He told the maiden tales
Of the red man's bravery,
Of his prowess in the hunt
And his scorn of slavery.

"He told her the Muscogees
Were of ancient race and clan,
That their hearts were high in pride
And their heads unbowed to men.

"These stories passed the time
When the winter winds were cold—
There were guards about his house,
And his words were free and bold.

"When the early spring days came
And the birds began to nest
And the dogtooth violets blew,
The maid had a deep unrest.

" 'Had I been wed at home,
A lord had been my mate,
I'll find a red lord here
And marry him in state.'

“ ‘No! No!’ the father pled
‘My child, make not that choice,
It would only bring regret,
I must now lift my voice.’

“Too late such words have come.
We have here a princely race.
No other will I wed
But a brave with a ruddy face.’

“When came the next new moon
The father’s pleading ceased,
And he called Muscogee braves
To join him in a feast.

“A plentiful board was spread,
The best of our men were there,
Not dreaming what was planned
Nor showing any care.

“Well screened from every eye
Was the maid of blue and gold,
But she scanned each face and form
And in time her choice was told.

“ ‘Go to the bronze boy there,
Tall, straight, so much at ease—
He with the fearless eyes—
I think he would like to please.’

“No brave from the red face tribes
Had ever a bride so fair,
But he took her not away,
He was kept like a paleface there.

“He was scrubbed by the dark-slaves,
His hair cut to her taste,
His shoes had buckles of silver
His shirt was of linen, and laced!

"No brave from the red-face tribes
Had ever a bride so fair.
But he took her not away,
He was kept like a pale-face there!

"The son born to this pair
Soon spurned the white man's ways,
He drifted back to the Creeks
And kept there through his days.

"He found a Shawnee maid
Who gave to his heart a song—
Now her kinsmen claim his son,
Tecumseh, the brave, the strong.

IX.

Next day he came, the mighty Shawnee chief,
Tecumseh, followed by two dozen braves.
The warrior stepped into the hollow square
More like an entrance on a well-set stage
Than finding there a journey's longed-for end.
His crested head, his paint of black and red,
His amulets of silver, setting off
His good buckskins, were matched in less degree
By those who followed with as noiseless step—
Strong men, handpicked for courage, brains and fire.

How came they, was the question piquing Dale,
Quite certain Tory brains had mixed with theirs,
And with their wampum British sterling pounds;
And knowing all that scouting trips entail,
Dale could but vision how they made their plans
To follow diverse paths in huntsman's garb
As though, all peaceful, they were out for game.
There must have been stout ponies with their packs
To join the travelers somewhere on the way,
For British money made that possible.

Perhaps they found in time a good flat boat
And kneeled into and up the Tennessee.
At Ditto's landing, it could be surmised,

They set their feet on Alabama soil.
They found, Dale reckoned, friendly Shawnee hosts,
Who took their talk and sped them on their way.
No paint of feathers then, no beaded belts,
Or clouts bedecked with swinging bison tails.
Their strong lithe limbs were cased in stout buckskins,
Guns, tomahawks and clubs right to their hands.

This but a flash of thought as, step in step,
The warriors filed into the Council square.
Tecumseh, six feet high, austere in face
And of imperial mien, strode on ahead;
Then followed others with the Prophet Sugaboo,
And Jim Blue Jacket, famed in savage wars,
To stand in utter silence, eyes to fore,
Before the Tuckabatchie Council House.
No salutations came from either group,
No whispered word was heard throughout the throng.

At length Big Warrior, speaker of the Creeks,
A man of splendid build and poise and grace,
Approached with dignity, his pipe in hand,
To tender it in silence to the chief.
Tecumseh took a puff and saw it passed
In turn to each one in his retinue.
This ceremony done, in silence still
Big Warrior pointed where the cabin stood,
Made ready for the guests when they should come,
And the Shawnee warriors wheeled and strode thereto.

Day after restless day the council sat
And feigned deliberation, marking time,
Awaiting word from that proud visitor
Who claimed the right to rest and be refreshed
Before appearing in their stately midst.
Each morning an interpreter brought the expect word:
"Tecumseh comes today to make his talk—"
Then later this: "The sun has traveled too far,
Tomorrow, maybe, it will please your chiefs
To hear Tecumseh, brother from the North."

That there were secret caucuses within
The cabin, Dale had reason to surmise.
He, knowing well the red man's devious ways,
Could not but doubt that time so dearly bought
Would now be wasted by the fruitless days
That seemed to drag by on reluctant feet.
Each night Tecumseh and his braves came forth
And made a spectacle not soon forgotten, as
In full regalia of the Shawnee tribe,
The exhibitionists with drums, strode forth.

They came with quick-step from their cabin door
And set themselves to dances of the North.
No word was spoken but their drums beat out
A savage rhythm full of pride and hate
To match their hearts' up-speeded metronome.
Around about they went, and then *exeunt*,
As though the act were over, curtain down;
And those who came to see the wild soiree
Were left to wonder when the play would end
Then drift apart to business of their own.

And what that business was no white man knew.
But tense and tenser grew the atmosphere,
And dark and darker boiled the great unrest.
That clouds up-pitched by ever freshening wind
Would reach the apogee, Dale did not doubt;
And as a watcher lives through such a scene
When lowering clouds overshadow his mundane sphere,
So Dale and others felt the time was soon
To come when words would end the long suspense
And astral clouds be laid by bursting storm.

Colonel Benjamin Hawkins, agent of affairs
Between the Nation and the Great White Father
At Washington, kept there for several days
To hear the Shawnee's speech, inclined to think
It would be just one more, the like of which
He had been hearing for these many years.
Sometimes they presaged trouble for the whites,
But oftener showed that inter-racial strife
Which smouldered, flared to flame, perhaps, then waned . . .
"It means but little," Hawkins said to Dale.

The Colonel grew impatient of delay
And gave command to have his horses packed
For an early start to Indian Agency on the Flint.
Dale cautioned him, "The Shawnees plan no good,
The Creeks are irritated, growing worse,
And this excitement bodes us ill if fed.
The Shawnees mean us mischief, do not go."
His caution was derided. Hawkins knew,
He said, the warlike temper of the Creeks,
Once fierce, but growing like the white man's now.

With ostentatious show of taking leave
The white men left next day for parts unknown.
Big Spring was their objective for the time,
And there the Agent stayed for several days
While Dale returned to keep himself informed
Of what was brewing at the Council town.
What happenings were imminent, he knew
Would mightily concern both whites and reds.
(As for himself, he had a stock of goods
Within the Nation's bounds he could not leave.)

He hid about in that vicinity
Until the secret sign from Milfort came.
Then, covered by a camouflage of leaves,
And quiet as a scout knew how to be,
He witnessed pageants, length and like of which
He never thought, nor wished again to see.
Exactly at the moment when the sun
At noon had reached its zenith radiant,
Tecumseh strode forth from his wide-flung door
Followed by his band of Shawnee braves.

Jet black from head to foot and quite unclothed
Except for belts with flaps before, behind,
Each face there wore a scowl as ominous
As that of some vile devil from the pit,
And silent each as though no speech he had.
And silent was the throng assembled there,
As stepping each in other's measured tracks
The Shawnees came up to that flagpole spot
Where burned the Council's ceremonial fire.
Tecumseh leading, they turned quickly left,

And as they went three times around the square,
Each warrior at each corner cast a gift
To the four great cosmic forces—sumac dried
And ground to powder with tobacco leaves.
They went three times around the central fire
And facing north, Tecumseh poured thereon
What leavings there were in his doeskin pouch.
The flames grew blue above the smouldering coals
And flared in brilliant light as one by one
Each visiting warrior made his offering whole.

And as the aromatic fragrance rose
To that Great Spirit, Father of Mankind,
Tecumseh led his braves to the Council House
Where sat Big Warrior, Speaker of the Creeks,
And other leading men awaiting him.
With head held high and nostrils dilated,
His eyes flashed lightning to those fixed on his.
His will went forth and drew theirs out to him,
And then the perfect moment came, the Shawnee
Rent the silence with a hideous whoop.

Blood-curdling, but with quick relief in tow—
Such utter comfort as the dam must feel
When sluice gates open and the strain is past.
When storms are imminent and clouds upboil
And men inbreathe the noxious gasses brewed
By nature ever in her darkening moods,
And comes the thunder's roll and deafening clap,
'Tis done—the lull before the great cloudburst.
So war, when brewing, poisons every joy.
Men shout with wild relief at action come.

And as that yell rose from the Shawnee's throat
It swelled and made a funnel of the sound
To waken echoes in the hills about;
But ere the tones were softened and returned,
A quicker echo came from other throats
That knew as well those savage cadences,
Which circling and interlacing, looped and bowed
And made a pandemonium wierd and strange
And scarcely to be borne by ears unused
To savage sounds sent out from savage souls.

This ceremonial greeting done, the chief
Untied his wampum belt of rich design
And made a gift of it to Big Warrior.
Five strands of different colors formed the belt,
And it well became Big Warrior, straight and tall,
As he settled it about his ample waist.
Tecumseh then produced the Shawnee pipe,
Profusely decked with painted eagle feathers
And shells and beads and quills of the porcupine,
And lit it from the ever-burning fire.

To the Speaker first it went. He passed it on
To the Chiefs assembled there, and for their tribes
They pledged as each his long, deep breath inhaled.
This ritual by its deep significance
Was meant to draw more tautly still the web
Of common interest race and hardships wove,
And make into a strong and potent whole
The mighty nations of the great Southwest.
So silent all, the wood even seemed to sleep—
Dale could only hear the gently rustling leaves.

But one alone refused the Shawnee's pipe,
Captain Isaacs of Touroula, a Coosada chief.
With simple dignity he waved it by
And in doing so made known his sentiments.
His will was set against the war party.
He read his long experience with the whites
And reckoned they had come to stay wherever
They willed. He dared that day at Tuckabatchie!
When he would not take Tecumseh's talk, he sealed
His doom. The Redsticks were henceforth his enemies.

X.

At length Tecumseh spoke, at first quite slow
As though he feared to break into their trance.
His words were deep and sonorous in tone,
But soon he grew impassioned in his speech
And words like avalanches left his lips.
His eyes burned with a supernatural glow
And his whole frame trembled in emotion's sway.

His voice resounding over the multitude
Now sank in musical whispers, low, now rose
To its highest key and hurled out thunderbolts.

“White warriors of Kentucky stayed me not,
Nor ever knew I crossed their settlements
Where once were found our favorite hunting grounds.
No war whoop then was sounded, but there’s blood
Upon our knives. The paleface felt the blow
But knew not whence it came. Accursed be
The race that seized our country and made our warriors
Into women! Our fathers from the tomb
Reproach us, ‘Slaves and cowards, all!!—I hear
Them ever in the wailing of the wind.

“Muscogees once were held a mighty tribe.
The Georgians trembled at your wild war whoop.
The maidens of my tribe on the distant lake
Sang praises of your warriors, sighed for their embrace.
It seems that now your very blood is white,
Your tomahawks have lost their edge. Your bows
And arrows must lie buried with your sires.
Oh, my brothers, off from your heavy eyelids brush
The sleep of slavery and once more fiercely strike
For vengeance—for your country quickly strike once more!

“The spirits of the mighty dead complain,
Their tears drop from the weeping skies. Now let
The hateful white race perish from the earth!
They seize your land, corrupt your women, yea,
They trample on the ashes of your dead.
Back whence they came on a trail of blood they must
Be driven. Back! Aye, back into the sea—
That great water whose accursed waves have brought
Them to our fruitful shores. Destroy their shacks
Burn down their dwellings! Slay their wives and children!

“The red man owns this country. Never shall
The paleface live and find enjoyment here.
War now and war forever! War upon
The living! War upon the dead! Go dig
Their very corpses from the graves. Our land

Must give no rest even to the white man's bones.
And this is the will of the Great Spirit, late revealed
To his familiar, my brother, Tenskwantanna, Prophet of
the Lake.

All the tribes of the North are dancing the war dance now.
Up you! and beat your measures into ours.

"Two mighty warriors there across the sea
Will send us arms . . ." So moving were his words
That all in that vast crowd of restless souls
Were trembling with emotion—they whose wont
Was not to show even when most deeply moved.
Big Warrior, ever friendly to the whites,
And knowing well how great a folly seethed,
Was seen to clutch his knife with nervous hand
And shake with anguish at the picture drawn
Of Creeks dishonored, shamed and woman-weak.

"Tecumseh will soon return to his country north,
But the prophets he leaves will tarry here with you awhile.
Between you and the deadly balls of the white man's gun
My prophets will surely stand. When the paleface foes
Approach you, the yawning earth will swallow them up.
You will soon see my arm of fire stretched out
Athwart the evening sky. At Tippacanoë
I will stamp my foot and the very earth will shake . . ."
The Northern pipe was passed around again,
Then the Shawnees leaped up as one man and whooped.

They danced their tribal dance and showed therewith
A battle's evolution—first the scout,
The ambush next, then the final struggle when
They brandished clubs and screamed in a terrible concert
That made an infernal discord only fit
For the very lowest regions of the damned.
A thousand threatening tomahawks came out
And shook about in anguished sympathy.
The pageant done, the crowd dispersed, forspent
With deep emotion . . . It was then midnight.

XI.

Such freedoms as the red men knew were doomed,
But how was he to sense that he must then
Submit to civil power and bow his will
To that great Force that makes its stern demand,
"Go, work your talents for the good of man,
Or else that talent hid away, unused,
Shall confiscated be and given to him
Who can make nature's gifts increase five-fold?"
Though hard, such edict cannot be gainsaid—
God speaks and man's predestined course is set.

Impassioned words outpoured with eloquence
That day at Tuckabatchee bring to mind
The call for liberty or death rung forth
By Patrick Henry in Colonial days.
All the outraged pride and rankling, smarting hate
Stored long within Tecumseh's anguished mind,
Burst bounds and poured out on the quickened throng.
Such words are seeds that quickly germinate,
Send down their roots and spring to lusty growth
That flaunts its gaudy blooms of frightful war.

Ambitious red man! Clever British foe!
A comet soon appeared, a flaming sign
That the Prophet's promise was in truth fulfilled;
And when the quakes of earth already felt
Along the lakes, were noted in the South,
Tecumseh's words had more compelling power,
And hostile factions grew each day in strength.
The Great Spirit moved—his mighty finger left
It's nightly message in the sky! Tecumseh
Stamped, and quaking earth was underfoot!

Dale spent the winter months as need he had,
Going in and out of the Nation at his will,
For trade the red man likes, and traders sought,
And none more welcomed ever found himself
Than Thlucco Sam. The red man held his tongue
And so could Dale, but none the less he sensed
A something growing that should cause alarm

And put the scattered whites upon their guard.
Twelve months and half as many came to pass
While hatred bred about the Holy Ground.

Red warriors came to plan and plot their course
And seek instruction from the prophets there;
Old trails were beaten out to Florida.
Peter McQueen led a hundred Redsticks south to trade
With the Spaniards who opened to him their arsenals.
Alarmed, the whites throughout their settlements
Appealed to the militia for help, to the Choctaws, too,
And the half-breeds . . . First blood flowed at Burnt Corn
Creek

When High Head Jim with the Pensacola party were met
And dispersed, but the whites came off the worse for the
fight.

As a poisonous mushroom their bad feeling grew,
And the settlers began to build a stockade fort
At the home of Samuel Mims, a pioneer.
Before this fort was finished, in there poured
Five hundred whites, with slaves and household goods,
Who stored provisions there in case of seige.
The too small garrison made them feel secure,
And they set about enjoying social life
So long denied them on their scattered farms—
“It can not happen here, they seemed to think.

The blow that fell that fatal August day
When least expected tore to bloody shreds
All chance of framing treaties with the Creeks,
And made that horrid victory their doom.
For every scalp they took, a hundred men
Up-sprang to arms—not those alone who lived
Within the Mississippi Territory,
(Although one thousand volunteers signed up
At Natchez when the awful news came in)
But Tennesseans took up arms and Georgians, too.

These three militia groups were generated by
Strong men in that or any other day.
With the Generals Andrew Jackson and John Coffee

Came the regulars and volunteers of Tennessee,
And with General Claiborne's troops, the Mississippians
Marched, and the Georgians under General Floyd
Attacked Autosse, the home of Chief Jim Boy.
Campaigning through a land, where trails were few
And winter rains made all their travel slow,
Brought hunger, weakness, sickness, even death.

Complaints against the hardships then endured
Were trials that the leaders daily bore . . .
"We only volunteered for such a length
Of time; when that is passed we must go home."
"Who will plant the crops with menfolks all away?"
"How do we know but what a savage foe
Is even now molesting our most dear?"
It was then the leaders knew what steps to take,
What discipline to give or soothing words
To speak . . . A battle put all men in shape.

Then vanished the threatened weakening of the will
And came a second strength undreamed before.
Each rifle spoke and quickly spoke again,
And cannons hurled their deadly loads against
The wielders of the tomahawk and bow.
No quarter asked the red man, none he got,
But when the cold steel of the bayonet approached
His flesh and blood rebelled, and overcome
Was all his stoic pride—he broke and fled
In wild confusion to the sheltering woods.

On Tallasahatchee's ground he left his dead
Where burned the pleasant village he had made;
At Talladega he rallied in such strength
That a fearful battle raged over rolling hills;
And though twelve decades since have passed, and more,
His arrow heads can still be found today
Where the regulars and Tennesseans joined
With stern resolve to wipe him from the earth
And make him pay with the last drop of his blood
For the ruthless raids and savage tortures done.

But be this said: The friendly red allies
Fought bravely with the whites on every field—

The Uchees, Cherokees and Chickasaws,
And even many of the friendly Creeks,
While the Choctaw Nation as a whole pledged faith . . .
How long, O Red Man, did your faith endure!
And had you hope that such a course would leave
You free to rove your Nation's bounds at will
When the valliant Creeks were vanquished in their fight?
Or did some strange compassion move your heart?

At Econachaca, the Holy Ground, were hid
Those warriors routed, wounded, in distress.
They found their women there with soothing balms
To dress their wounds and make them whole again.
William Weatherford made this secret meeting place
Upon the east bank of the Alabama,
And fortified it in the Indian way.
Here stored was looted plunder of all kinds,
And here the prophets cast their magic spells
And brought new courage to Red Eagle's weary braves.

From the fort that bore his name, General Claiborne
marched
A thousand men, among them Pushmataha
And his Choctaw braves (and Big Sam Dale, as well,
A captain now.) They pressed through woods and swamps
And built an earthworks fort they called Deposit.
They left their cannon, and the sick and wounded there,
And taking each his three days food supply,
Soon onward pressed for thirty pathless miles
To fall upon the unsuspecting foe
And battle him within his Holy Ground.

Red Eagle, fearless leaders of your kind
Had well forego the prophet's soothing words
And put their trust each in his strength of arm
And will to overcome against all odds.
You were no fool—perhaps you sensed the whites
Would have their way, and in extremity
You made this effort to regain your power
By seeking to believe the prophets words
And drinking deep of their dark medicine.
Red Eagle, then your mighty wings were cropped!

No quagmire swallowed up your enemies
As they neared the hallowed bounds of your Holy Ground;
No lightning flashed from your Great Spirit's watchful
 eyes;
No rocky barriers rose for your defense . . .
But still there was an odd against the whites—
One column of their pincers closing in
To crush the savage torturers was too slow;
Perhaps because of hunger, rations being gone,
And through this gaping breach quite many fled
The fierce onslaught, and lived to fight again.

When all about him lay the bloody dead
And torches flared and wrapped with lapping flames
The tinder that had been the rustic huts,
Red Eagle sprung upon his swift white steed
And spurred him on and out through bullet hail.
Only once was there a break in his wild gait—
This was when he paused upon a jutting bluff
To take a desperate plunge into the flood.
Pursuers halting, saw horse and rider sink,
Then in midstream emerge, and swim to the further shore.

“But,” writes Thomas S. Woodward, de-bunker in his day,
“Men who write history and have a wish to deal
A little in the marvelous while instructing and amusing
 their readers,
Should take a look around them and see who is living still,
Particularly if they are writing about those things known
 to have happened
In their own times, or a little before. A pretty story,
But I've heard this warrior tell how he rode down a ravine
And picked his way along the water's edge.
Strange how an Indian fight in a canoe or in the bushes
Alters its appearance by getting into a book or a news-
 paper!”

XIII.

By blazing trails and opening roads, and building
Forts when there was need, the Jackson army
Met the Redsticks in their wooded glens
And grimly battled them at Emuckfou,
Enitachopco, and in the Horseshoe Bend
Of the Tallapoosa River, where had come
All that was left of the hostile Indian force.
When at this Tohopeka—"Fenced-off Place—"
The Redsticks mustered all their flickering strength,
It proved a challenge to their enemies.

Menawah, the dauntless war chief in command,
Put faith in the words of frenzied medicine men,
Three prophets came to him from Josiah Francis,
(First of the Hillis Hadjo made by Suckaboo.)
While the Creeks were felling trees for a stout breastwork
Across the narrow isthmus of the Bend,
The Prophets set about their mystic rites
Of consecration. With faces painted black
And heads bedecked with guady quills, they shook
Their long cow tails over every foot of ground.

Entranced, they then professed to see the place
Where Jackson's army first would make attack—
"He will strike first at our rear, put there your strength,
Just where the water sweeps around the bend . . .
He will see this stout breastwork and never dream
But what our warriors are in ambush there."
Canoes were hidden in the willow fringe
About their fenced-off place, all ready for
A mad regatta when the day was done
And Creeks in pride and victory should go home.

A little magic is a dangerous thing,
And the little that those Hillis Hadjos guessed
Served only to bewitch their simple minds
And make them disregard the brain and skill
With which their race was liberally endowed.
"Post your warriors there . . . this medicine is sure."
And so Menawah was in fact displaced

On that momentous day and took commands
From the frenzied prophets taught of Suckabee
Who came from the Lakes in the train of the Shawnee
chief.

Each overlapping another, the trees were felled
Which turned that woodland village to a fort.
Strong ropes of muscadine entangled there
And bamboo vines and prickly brambles twined
To hold the earthwork quickly tossed and rammed
When word was brought that Jackson's army moved.
The vernal woods were gay with white dogwood
And scent of honeysuckle filled the air
Admixed with fragrant sweet gum leaves, all bruised,
And the pungent sap of new cut oak and pine.

A thousand warriors milled about inside
And trampled on the ferns, the trilliums and sweet
heart leaves
Up-sprung in hope from their tiny brown jug roots.
All ready for attack, each warrior's heart
Was beating high with hope and confidence—
Had not the prophets promised sure success?
They would see their enemies grow weak and fall
Before the Hillis Hadjo's upraised wand.
The red man now would see the promise kept
That The One Above had finger-written in fire.

No village less aware at break of day
Of the havoc to befall it ere the close!
While the squaws went about their usual daily tasks
And children played their games of peace and war,
John Coffee with his cavalry had crossed
The stream, and from the east was ringing round
Tohopeka town. Near mid-day they charged in
And set the torch to the shacks and sheds of wood . . .
The women and children in panic ran away
To the river's edge and crouched amid the cane.

When cannon balls tore through the rustic wall
Menawah for one moment stood aghast,
Then turned in dreadful wrath and struck him dead

Who stood there falsely prophesying still.
A war whoop rallied his Okfuskee braves,
And through the yawning gaps they leaped to meet
With "Old Mad Jackson's" bayonets and guns.
Fierce fighting raged about the breastworks then
Till the vanquished fled to the thicket's underbrush . . .
Menawah, wounded, fell with many dead.

And not alone the red men shed their blood . . .
An Alabama county on that day
Was destined to be named "Montgomery"
When a gallant major of the Thirty-ninth
Was first to fall, as he leaped to charge the fort.
Sam Houston, he of later Texas fame,
Was wounded, also, on that fateful day;
And many now who claim this native state
Can say (and so, of sturdy stock, say I)
"Great-grandfather fought with Jackson at the Horseshoe
Bend."

XIV.

Left there for dead, Menawah pushed away
The corpses of his braves, and crawling forth
Took note the battle had moved on, and saw
The nearby thicket turned by firebrands
To a smoking furnace, his routed followers gone,
(A fraction only of the ones he led)
In frantic haste to find their tethered boats
And make off down the river. Menawah hid
Among the canes till dark. By lucky chance
He found a boat and made of it a couch.

The moorings loosed, it drifted down the stream.
As it bore his pain-wracked frame away, his soul
Still hovered there in anguished dreams; and when
Next day some busy, keen-eyed squaws observed
A drifting boat swerve toward the shore, they dragged
It in and saved the life of that great chief . . .
Three days the stricken warriors at a place
(Their wounds undressed) bewailed their awful fate
And mourned their dead. That done, they set about
To heal their injuries and plan their course.

So loosely knit together were the tribes
That formed this southern Creek Confederacy,
No termination of the state of war could be
Effected till each hostile chief had signed
Who had the right to pledge his towns to peace.
This General Jackson knew, and he set himself
To build a fort where he could for a time maintain
That force of arms and watchful oversight
He deemed was needed to assure the health
Of the whites and reds alike within those bounds.

Mobile was French Louisiana's capital
When the Alibamous in their scattered towns
Besought the friendly French to build a fort
Above their river's head. This Fort Toulouse
Sent the French influence for sixty years, in trade
As well as arms, to the eastmost part of the valley.
Now on the ruins of that old French Colonial fort
A frontier fortress once again rose
Near where the Coosa and the Tallapoosa meet
To be called by the victor-general's name, Fort Jackson.

One day Red Eagle came, that chief most loathed
For his part in the cruel massacre at Mims.
Unarmed and unattended, he rode in
And asked for an audience with the commanding general
there.

This granted, his surrender was unconditional . . .
He saw their suffering—the aged, and the wounded braves.
The hungry women and children moved his heart.
No longer could he bear their misery—
No shelter but the forest overhead,
Nor food except the scanty woodland yield.

Then Andrew Jackson frankly clasped his hand
And offered him his friendship, man to man.
Still more, he offered him the sanctuary
Of his "Hermitage" in Tennessee until
The bitter hatred of the whites for him
Should be allayed by time and understanding . . .
On a day in August of that fearful year,
The remnant of the humbled Creeks assembled there

And ceded, as indemnity, all of their Nation's lands
Lying West of the Coosa and a line southeast from
Wetumpka.

One by one the Muscogee warriors came
And set their hands to the articles prepared—
And they were stern, no effort being made
To spare the pride of the vanquished hostile race.
They had matched their haughty strength of will and arms
Against the white man's greater strength, and lost.
Whatever lot was theirs herceforth must be
Overshadowed by the white man's will and law.
Strong Weatherford! Did you not envision this
When you were loth to follow where Tecumseh led?

TO RED EAGLE, CHIEF OF THE CREEKS

By Ione Guerrard

*

Against an alien foe, you swore
To guide your warriors and seize
The hunting grounds by Coosa's shore
Believing Manito meant these
Lands for the aborigines.
Because such dreams to which you clung
Crumbled on purple hills and leas,
What bars of requiem are sung?

Yet, in a frenzied swoop you bore
Your talons deep at Hillabee's;
And from the Talladega gore,
Your war cry roused the Cherokees
To name themselves your devotees—
For these supreme convictions wrung
From broken wings like monodies,
What bars of requiem are sung?

Smother the few bright coals. No more
The fire, rekindled to appease
Manito's anger and restore
A waning faith, looms high. Decrees
Of conquerors obtain at ease
By Coosa's shore . . . Yet, now, among

Those groves are there no memories?
What bars of requiem are sung?

Red Eagle Chief, when huge ole trees
That lift majestic branches hung
With moss, invoke a gulfward breeze,
What bars of requiem are sung?

* From SINGING THOUGHTS—Included by permission of the author.

XV.

Sam Dale stood there at ease and watched the groups
Of strangers come to Milledgeville to buy
The Government land that was so lately freed
From Indian title. He saw their confidence
That youth and hope and strength would build a state,
That fertile acres could be made to yield
Such wealth as they had only dared to dream—
One saw on his cotton plantation's highest point
A great house rise with columns glistening white,
A pleasant lawn, a grove of stately oaks.

Another looked to build a simpler home,
But holding his own land, he visioned, too,
The nearby time when to his sawmill's hum,
Like the music that raised the fabled walls of Thebes,
He would see a well-built town begin its growth . . .
Dreams sweet and golden piled their castles high,
And made a kind of shadow of a place
That took on form and substance with the years
That followed . . . Dale knew the toil that must be his
And theirs to make that state rise in the wilds.

He knew that roving bands of savages,
In spite of treaties, must be reckoned with,
That titles to still other Indian lands
Would be extinguished when the white man willed,
But not without some trickery and much
Keen anguish to the red man dispossessed.
His heart was tender toward the weakened tribes,
But he never doubted he would live to see
The time when the Indian's moccasin would be cast
From the Chattahoochee's banks to the western plains.

Sam Dale stood ready at that place for calls
To come from those who soon would need a scout
To lead them with their hopes to new-bought lands . . .
So waited he on that night at the Creek Agency
When there was need for one to ride an express
Quickly on from there to New Orleans
To General Jackson. The message bore good news
Of a treaty signed at Ghent—peace declared.
But Dale knew not its content, only felt
It was his trust to get that message through.

He found and bought good Paddy, took the notes
And was away to ride a wilderness route
Infested by a perfidious and revengeful people.
Too good a scout to overtax his horse,
But taking only such time out for rest
And food as nature made imperative,
He reached New Orleans within eight days.
Halting above the Chalmette plains, he saw
Buckskin-clad woodsmen back of cotton bales
Battling the British red coat's hollow square.

When firing ceased and Jackson could be reached
It was midnight. The scout dismounted and drew near
To place his dispatches in the General's hands.
Dale saw him break the seal, heard him exclaim,
"To late! Always too late at Washington!"
He guessed then what splendid news the paper bore.
After peace was declared that battle had been fought.
Was useless all the strain and sweat and blood?
An invasion had been made and fairly checked.
After peace was declared that battle had been won.
And on and on the bright mosaic spreads—
There ready to be searched out, scanned and brought
To light. It is written in the books of men
Who lived through times as stirring as our own.
It is gathered in great tomes, too often unread,
And treasured in the memories of the old.
It lies there in old letters, attic stored,
And diaries withheld through too great modesty.
Wake up, young Alabamians, claim your own
And find within your state a treasure trove.

So much unknown!" you say, "So much unsaid!"
Yes, true, but insofar as I have failed
Let that a challenge be to you to write
A better poem, one of greater beauty,
Wider scope. Go read the epic story
Of our State. Uncover where they lie
Still other gems in settings dull or bright.
Arise you poets! Up in the deep blue soar,
And write yourselves into the glorious future . . .
Here spreads our ALABAMA . . . Words aweigh!

POEMS

"THE BRIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN"

Would you know the tragic song and story
Of the maiden Talladega? Of the
Love she cherished, dear yet transitory,
The fated love, the hopeless tragedy?

Chocolocco, Chief of the valorous tribe
Of Creeks, called his daughter Talladaga,
"The Bride of the Mighty One," so to bribe
Her youthful heart. He was eager
She should wed old Cheaha, rich and proud,
With many lands and mysteries endowed.

But Talladaga gave no thought to love,
She sought the woods and little birds that sing,
She gloried in the deep blue sky above,
And all of nature's spring awakening.

Suitors came with gifts to win her favor,
Belts of wampum, furs and glittering ornaments,
Not for such as these did her proud heart waver,
She pushed them aside with proud indifference.

Chocolocco fussed, Chocolocco fumed,
Made dire threats of woe against his daughter,
With quiet smile, obedience assumed,
Talladaga turned, and went to fetch the water.

As she tarried dreamily at the spring,
She heard a birdlike note of such completeness,
That she herself must tarry there and sing,
The welcome in her heart with all its sweetness
Next morning, at first crimson touch of dawn,
Talladaga, heart aflame, made her way,
By some mysterious power she was drawn
To tender waiting arms that bid her stay!
So began the ardent wooing, The song
Found gentle echo in her heart:
The music she had dreamed of for so long,
Was her's alone . . . a blessing set apart.

Came another warrior wooing: bearing
Richer gifts to Talladaga, . . . to her
Father, Choccolocco: boldly daring,
Boasting his right her maiden heart to stir.

Came then Coosa, he who sang his way
Into her heart. No dazzling gift he brought,
Only his true devotion day by day,
The mutual love by the Great Father taught.
The haughty Chief bade him take his leave,
"Away! Let not ambition your heart deceive!"
(Princess Talladaga was not for him!)

Coosa whispered to his love: "Do not grieve.
Let the night fall, the moon and stars grow dim,
Then Talladaga, follow where I go!
The man of medicine will lead the path,
To guide us on a way we do not know:
A peaceful way, secure from pride and wrath,
Where love is ours, and everlastings grow."

The night came down, the sun had made his rounds,
Choccolocco lay awake, longing for the dawn:
He heard a hooting owl, "Bad luck, those sounds,"
Awake, he wondered where the sun had gone!
When Choccolocco left his wig-wam,
By early morning light, restless with care,
The air was heavy with a passing storm,
He called; "Talladaga." She was not there.

He looked to the mountain, Coosa lay sleeping,
Stretched on the mountain, in a long, long rest.
Softly beside him, her dear love-watch keeping,
The princess lay quiet, a knife in her breast!

Coosa still sleeps across the mountain bare,
Sleeps on the mountain, nor sighs for release:
Talladaga, the city, "Bride Of The Mountain,"
Keeps watch by her lover,
That he rest him there,
In peace!

PROGRESS.

So it has been, so it will be,
Poor old tired Mulberry tree.
Bereft of clothes, green leaves, silver lined,
Bare roots exposed, it seems unkind!

Rare fragrance it gave, Progress? even so:
The new must come, the old must go.
A tall apartment soon will be,
On the block once graced by the mulberry tree!
Anne Southerne Tardy

LEGEND OF MONTE-SANO

Monte was an Indian maiden,
And she loved an Indian lad,
Fate and fortune smiled upon them,
Their two hearts were brave and glad.

Ioka was her lover's name,
A stalwart brave was he,
When spring-time came she would away
As bride to his teepee.

To the mountain came a stranger,
Fair he was and strong of limb,
So it happened Monte lingered
In the twilight shade with him.

Lingered in the mountain stillness
When the rosy day had flown,
Listened to the white-man's wooing
Till her heart was all his own.

All in vain Ioka's pleading,
All in vain the Chieftain's wrath,
Monte loved the pale-faced stranger,
Chose to follow in his path.

Through the gloom Ioka wandered,
Where the mountain laurel's grow,
From his hiding, soft he pleaded:
"Monte, say no. Monte no."

In the east the crimson sun-god,
Told the dawning of the day,
Swift the wary stranger hastened,
In the mist he rode away.

Monte watched his disappearing,
With a quick and gasping breath,
Wildly flung her hands above her,
With a cry she leaped to death.

Reason left the brave Ioka,
Still with heart and brain aflame,
Wanders he across the mountain,
"Monte-Sano is its name.

Anne Southerne Tardy

AN OLD DOCTOR SPEAKS

Dedicated to the memory of Dr. Job Thigpen, of Greenville, Ala., father of Dr. Charles A. Thigpen, of Montgomery, Ala.

These low red hills and yellow streams are where
I lived these many years, with silent prayer
That I might be a help to people here.
'Country Doctor' is how they spoke of me;
My calling was a sacred ministry,
Its duties, outlined in my heart, were clear.

From childhood days I longed to serve these men,
Bind all their hurts and bring to them again
Their health and usefulness. The way was long
And hard, but every life was one to save.
It was with love, my time and strength I gave,
While every weary hour passed like a song.

With inner sadness I behold this change.
Young doctors will not sacrifice. How strange
And tragic is this present mystery!
I cannot fathom it—old wits are slow;
But I would tell young men what now I know,
That love, not wealth, lives on eternally.

Edith Tatum

TRAMP FIRES

By the tramp-fires burning glow
Haggard figures in a row
Move as hungry wolves that prey
On the thoughts of passing day.

By the tramp-fires burning low
Shadows come, and shadows go
Blind as moles that seek the light,
Tracing by-ways through the night.

By the tramp-fires tales are told
Why each lost sheep left the fold,
Why their very souls were shorn,
Laughing souls, and souls who mourn.

By the tramp-fires men sit down
Caring not for fame . . . renown,
Men with motives high and keen,
Noble men . . . as ever seen.

By the tramp-fires men meet God,
Drifting leaves, and mellow sod,
Star-eyes watching over head;
Men who neither fear, nor dread.
John Proctor Mills

ABANDONED HOUSE

Within a field of bitter weed,
Snow-banked with fragile Queen Anne's lace,
Stands an abandoned house, where mead
Of Joy once ruled with lyric grace.

The fence has fallen, but the frail
Gate swings when jarring winds blow free,
And on the weathered top-most rail
A cardinal sings merrily.
How sad the house! The windows seem
Like faces pallid and in pain,
That peer to see—as in a dream—
The old folk trooping back again.

J. Mitchell Pilcher

GENEALOGICAL INQUIRIES

ANDREWS—Athelston Andrews, was a Baptist minister, of Autauga County. He was the son of Richard Andrews and his mother was the daughter of Gabriel Ray. Athelston Andrews was born in Washington County, Ga., and died February 4, 1892, in Autauga County, Ala. He was married five times. Any information about him or his ancestors. Mrs. E. W. Schwartz, 1225 Talbert St., S. E., Washington 20, D.C.

DUNCAN GAY—These lines in Alabama. In Duncan family the given names that appear are Rhodes, Jacob and John, while in the Gay family we find Cecelia. Mrs. Florence L. Sawyer, 1106 Fifth Ave., Ft. Worth, Texas.

ESTELLE—Wanted information on the Estelle, Joiner, Booker and Pope families of Alabama. LeRoy Estelle, Valley Homes, Apt. 27 C, Ambridge, Penna.

GARRETT: My father, Mitchell Robert Garrett, was born near Lineville, Ala. My grandfather, William Elijah Garrett, was a Baptist minister near Lineville. My great grandparents were Mitchell Bennett Garrett and Matilda Caroline McCain. Any information appreciated. Mrs. Elaine Garrett Nelson, 4818 Hillside, Lincoln 6, Nebraska.

GWIN: Interested in Clarke County families. Elbert Bruce Gwin came to this county in 1810 with his parents. John L. Burton was born in Georgia and married Amanda Frances Booth in that State. Neville C. Booth was county surveyor for Clarke County in 1865. Martha Jones, sister of Major Joseph Jones, of Walker Springs, married my great grandfather. Mrs. H. Wilson Maghidt, 3746 Tudor Arms Ave., Baltimore 11, Md.

LOTT: George Lott, of Morgan County, had the following children: Ann (Lott) Edward, Esther (Lott) Riggs, Leonard Lott, James Lott, William Lott, George Lott, John Lott, Jess Lott, Rachel (Lott) Dunway, Gensey Lott, and Rebecca Lott. I am also interested in Isaac Edwards, of Morgan County. Homer D. Holmes, Box 1544, Abilene, Texas.

McCULLOCH: Sam McCulloch, born in 1812, in Alabama, married Polly Vess, born in Alabama in 1815. Grateful for any help. Mrs. Jack H. Rice, 642 Divine Ave., Casper Wyoming.

ROACH: John Roach married Deborah Howard. They had a son John Daniel Roach. John Daniel Roach was born in 1787 in St. James Santee Parish, S. C., where his parents were married in 1785. John Danile Roach died in Dallas County, Ala., in 1837, having moved from Monroe County before 1824. Mrs. Percy Caldwell Fair, 530 Louisiana St., Mansfield, La.

WILKINSON: I am interested in the Wilkinson family. Capt. Thomas A. Enloe, AGD, 2120—16th St., N. W., Apt. 301, Washington 9, D. C.